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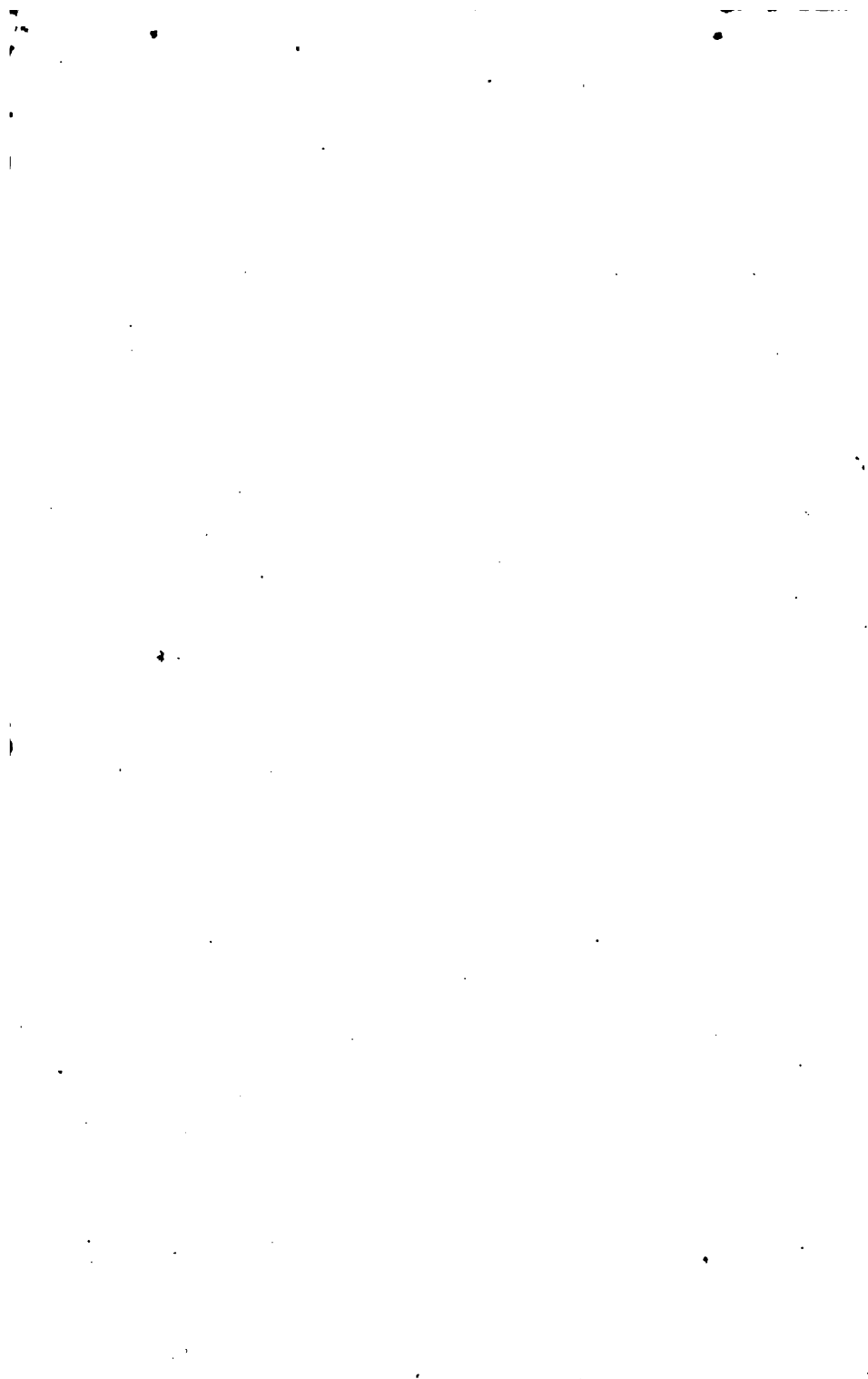


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THE

BATTLE-FIELDS OF 1866.

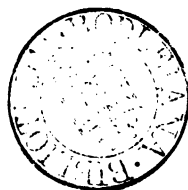


THE

BATTLE-FIELDS OF 1866.

BY

EDWARD DICEY,
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THE
BATTLE-FIELDS OF 1866.



THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY.

14 THROUGHOUT the last summer I wandered about Europe in search of a war. From a variety of causes, which I need not enter into here, I have always—north as well as south of the Alps—been just too late for the battle. In fact, if I am to speak the plain honest truth, though I was in the midst of great armies since the very outbreak of the war, I never saw a corpse lying unburied on the ground till one night, when I myself was all but being one of the victims of the great railway accident at Wildenschwert. This being the case, I could only give second-hand reports of battles I have not witnessed. It is true that, if I had been present at the series of great victories by which Prussia has overthrown the military power of Austria, I should probably have known very little more about them than I do now. People talk vaguely about seeing a battle; but it is only those who have seen battles who are aware how very little is to be seen after all. Years ago there was an exhibition

of a model of the field of Waterloo shown in London. In order to give additional attraction to the show, the exhibitor was an old Waterloo soldier. He had his story by rote, and could explain most lucidly the operations by which the great Napoleon was defeated; but when he was asked what his own personal observation of the battle amounted to, he used to confess candidly that he had stood all day in the centre of a square, and had seen nothing but a great deal of smoke. Now, if all eye-witnesses of battles were equally truthful with this poor sergeant—who, I need not add, never made a fortune as an exhibitor—I believe the written records of battle-fields would be far more barren of detail than they are at present. The instances are very rare when, from the configuration of the ground, spectators can see much of a fight; and actors have neither the time nor the opportunity to mark much of what is passing around them. Sonderburg was one of these rare exceptions; the battle-fields of Bohemia and Silesia, as far as I can learn, were not. At any rate, whether there was much to be learnt by actual observation or not, I did not learn it. Still I flatter myself, rightly or wrongly, that what I lost was not altogether uncompensated by a corresponding gain. Short of the power which the Irishman attributed to the birds, nobody could have seen any thing like the whole of the campaign; and I observe that those amongst my acquaintances who really were spectators of some portion of it have lost all sense of the proportionate importance of what they did, and did not, witness. I fancy, therefore, that I am perhaps better qualified to give a general view

of this seven days' war than I might have been if I had actually been in any degree a partaker in its vicissitudes.

I have had very considerable opportunities of judging of the Prussians and their army that engaged in actual war, if not in actual fighting. I have heard much from all sort of quarters about the character of the campaign; and from my own observation, and the information I have collected, I have formed a decided opinion of my own as to the causes of the Prussian success. It is that opinion, and the grounds on which it is based, which I want to explain. At the time I left England not only was public sympathy very strongly in favour of the Austrians, but the almost universal conviction was, that if France did not interfere to help her, Prussia would inevitably be defeated. The reasons why we bestowed our sympathies on what proved to be the weaker side are obvious enough. We thought the Prussians were the aggressors in the war, as they undoubtedly were; we considered they had behaved most unjustifiably towards Denmark — a matter about which there was a good deal to be said on both sides; and we believed, with truth, that they had treated us most cavalierly in the abortive London conferences, though we forgot that it was entirely the fault of our own Government if we placed ourselves in a position where Prussia could slight us with impunity. And, what perhaps weighed with us more than deeper considerations, we did not like the Prussians personally. Every English traveller knew that the Austrians were much better behaved, much more courteous to strangers, much pleasanter to meet with,

much greater gentlemen in manners and dress and language, than their northern neighbours ; and this experience of the tourist world had produced a deep impression on the public mind. In truth, so long as our national views of foreign questions are to be based on sentimental considerations instead of cold study of facts, we had rather better reasons than is usual in such cases to show for our preference for Austria. No great national or political issue appeared to common English apprehensions to be involved in the struggle ; and, in spite of the event, we have no particular cause, I think, to feel ashamed if most of us at first wished success to the defeated party.

It is, however, more hard to understand what led us to believe that the "causa victa" would prove the "causa victrix." It was popularly supposed that Austria was united to resist invasion, while the Prussian people were bitterly averse to the war ; and that the lesser German States would rally like one man round Austria. Assuming the theory to have been grounded on fact, the conclusion drawn would have been most logical. Unfortunately, the facts were diametrically opposed to the theory, so that our conclusion turned out to be erroneous. But a more inexplicable circumstance than this popular delusion is the extent to which it was shared in by professional military men. Every English officer almost pooh-poohed the notion that the Prussians could possibly defeat the Austrians. That Benedek would be in Berlin before a month was over was a received article of faith at all regimental messes ; and the diplomatic world was equally convinced that

Prussia would have to cede the Rhine provinces to France, as the price of the intervention which was to rescue her from utter destruction at the hands of Austria.

I only allude to the state of public opinion which preceded the Austro-Prussian war, in order to point out the danger of jumping to a premature conclusion about the causes of the non-fulfilment of our expectation. Women, so their detractors say, have a way, when their assertions are disproved by unmistakable evidence, of arguing that they would have been right after all, if they had not omitted something from their calculations they could not reasonably be expected to remember; and this feminine style of argument seems to be in fashion with us on the present occasion. We have all agreed, by a sort of tacit consent, that, whatever people may choose to think, we were really correct in our assumptions, and that Austria would certainly have won, if it had not been for the needle-gun, about which we knew nothing, and could know nothing. Now, that our military men did know nothing or little about breech-loaders, I believe to be the truth. Though our military administration is the most costly in the world, we never seem to have any officers competent to profit by experience at any place where experience is likely to be learnt. Our military *attachés* are generally well-connected officers—out of employment or out at elbows—to whom the post is given as a convenient sine-cure; while in time of war, we either, as in Schleswig, send out no professional commissioners at all, or else, as in the case of this last conflict, we send them out just too late

to be of any practical use. Still, though we individually were unacquainted with the "Zündnadelgewehr," yet other nations—and Austria above all—had studied the weapon carefully beforehand; and though different opinions were formed as to its imperative excellence, no competent military judge ever imagined for one moment that the possession or non-possession of the needle-gun was of sufficient importance to decide the fate of a campaign. Of course the whole world may have been mistaken; but, to say the least, the antecedent probability is immensely strong in favour of the supposition that the campaign was decided by many other causes besides the especial efficacy of that peculiar weapon. Some few of these causes may be ascertained easily enough by any one who is content to look at facts as they are.

In the first place, Prussia is a united country, whilst Austria is a mere conglomeration of different nations connected by a dynastic union. Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Venetia, Galicia, Silesia, and Austria Proper, have little other tie between them than that which for a hundred years and more bound Hanover to England. They do not like each other, and most of them have no particular affection for their common sovereign. But in Prussia the case is different. If we omit a part of Posen, there is not a more homogeneous country in all Europe than Prussia. She has no Venetia, no Algeria, no Ireland. Her people speak the same language, are trained with the same uniform system, have to a great extent the same common faith. Any person who has followed at all attentively the

long wearisome conflict between the Prussian Parliament and the Court must have been struck by two circumstances. First, that, even when the struggle was at its bitterest, and when Herr von Bismarck pressed most cavalierly on the popular party, nobody ever proposed or mooted the idea of a change of dynasty; and secondly, that there never was the slightest talk of any disruption of the monarchy. It is little more than a century ago since Frederick the Great took Silesia by force from Austria, and yet this province is now as loyal and as intensely Prussian as Brandenburg itself. And, when the whole force of the kingdom was engaged in a gigantic struggle, the Rhine provinces were left utterly denuded of troops, without the least apprehension of any local outbreak being even possible.

Then, too, the Prussians have the great advantage of being contented with their own government on the whole; an assertion which cannot be made about the Austrians. The Prussians wished, and rightly wished, for fuller political liberties than they now enjoy; but, whenever they obtain what they want, they will not have to use their power to rectify gross abuses in the administration. In most things which affect the daily life of ordinary men, Prussia is, and has been for years, excellently well governed. In all social relations there is absolute personal liberty; justice is administered with proverbial fairness, and the bureaucracy, however vexatious in its dealings, is utterly free from the taint of corruption; the system of national education is the best in Europe; the people are

very lightly taxed; there is next to no national debt; and the whole government of the country, from the Court downwards, is conducted with a more than republican economy. Now, not one of these statements could be applied to Austria. With an immense debt, an ignorant and priest-ridden population, an enormous taxation, a body of officials notoriously corrupt, and an extravagant administration, she entered the lists against Prussia hopelessly overweighted.

When the war was first seriously anticipated, it was undoubtedly unpopular in Prussia; but the character of this unpopularity was hardly understood abroad. The war was objected to by the people, not because they did not sympathise with the object for which it was to be waged, but because they hesitated to believe that these objects could be promoted by it. The patriotism of a Prussian has inevitably a sort of dual nature which it is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate. The Prussians—I am speaking of the educated classes, who alone make their voices heard abroad—are patriots first as Germans, then as Prussians. Their first ambition is to see Germany great, united, powerful, and free; their next is to see Prussia aggrandised. For a long time it was believed, even in Berlin itself, that Herr von Bismarck simply wished to make war in order to enlarge the territories of Prussia, and that he had no intention of making Germany identical with Prussia. But, when it once became clear that, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or ignorantly, the war with Austria meant a war for the creation of a united Germany

under the leadership of Prussia, popular feeling changed ; and the cause of the Government became forthwith the cause of the nation. Moreover, the northern Germans, though they received with distaste the idea of a conflict with their southern brethren, were firmly convinced that such a conflict was, sooner or later, inevitable. Prussia was, in their judgment, the representative in the Fatherland of free thought, intellectual culture, material progress, popular government, and national independence ; while Austria, by virtue or vice of her conditions of existence, was the representative of Ultramontanism, aristocratic rule, internal weakness, and foreign intervention. Between the two antagonistic principles thus embodied there could be no permanent peace. One of the two must make place for the other ; and the contest could never be decided without an appeal to arms. Even taking a lower ground, it was evident there could never be one Germany, unless either Prussia or Austria ceased to exist as a great German power ; and Austria was never likely willingly to recede from her hereditary position, unless she was compelled to do so by force. How far these views were founded on fact, it is not necessary to consider now. It is enough to say, that they were generally believed among the Germans of the north, and the circumstance of their being so believed secured for the war against Austria the sympathy, not only of the Prussians, but of the people of the northern states. Nobody who has talked much with Prussians at this period, whether civilians or soldiers, but must admit that they imagine themselves to be engaged in a just and

noble cause. They may be wrong, but this conviction gives them a strength not conceded to their adversaries. The only thing which could have supplied the Austrians with a similar enthusiasm would have been a feeling that they were fighting for national independence. Unfortunately, Austria is not a nation, but, what Metternich once called Italy, a "geographical expression;" and five-sixths of the empire did not consider an attack upon the position of Austria in Germany to be in any sense an attack upon their separate national independence.

Thus Count Bismarck—if popular opinion is right in crediting him with the authorship of this war—must have known beforehand that his country had certain great advantages in entering on the contest, which diminished materially the apparent temerity of his enterprise. He had a united nation at his back, a great popular enthusiasm, a full exchequer, and a reserve of more or less trained troops, co-equal in number with the able-bodied adult male population of the country. But, on the other hand, he had to encounter this great difficulty, that he could not afford a prolonged contest. It was necessary for him not only to win, but to win rapidly. In a country so rich and prosperous as Prussia has become of late years, the calling out of the Landwehr reserves creates an amount of private loss and expense and inconvenience which is almost incredible. We can imagine pretty well what English feeling would be if some three hundred thousand of our volunteers were summoned from their homes and business, by a highly unpopular Government, to fight, hundreds of miles away

from England, in a cause which, at first sight at any rate, was not one of national existence. If the war was one succession of brilliant and rapid victories, the nation would bear the infliction patiently enough ; but if the war languished, no very evident progress made towards its end, and the campaign were attended with heavy loss of life, there would be an irresistible outcry that enough had been done already for the honour of the country, and that it was folly to waste our strength on a needless struggle. A similar outcry would certainly have been raised in Prussia if the war had gone on week after week, and month after month, without inflicting any decisive blow upon Austria. Besides this, a protracted war, with varying fortunes, would have encouraged the Governments of the petty states—all anti-Prussian at heart—to use their power upon the side of Austria, while it would have led almost with certainty to foreign intervention. Under these circumstances, it was necessary for Count Bismarck to carry all before him ; and the courage with which he determined on staking every thing on one throw entitles him to the same sort of repute as Sherman earned by his march through Georgia. As a common rule, it is a mistake at whist to play out all your trumps at starting ; but a great player knows when it is worth while to risk the trick for the chance of the game.

Accident plays a very important share in all wars ; and I suspect that many brilliant military operations, held up to the youths of Sandhurst and Woolwich as examples of far-sighted calculation, were never anticipated beforehand ;

but the campaign which has just ended can hardly have been much modified by accidental circumstances. The war proceeded all through with as much order and regularity as if the invasion of Austria had been a mere march from Potsdam to Berlin. There can be no doubt about the tactics of the Prussian generals; they consisted solely in the simple maxim to strike at once, to strike home, and to strike hard. From the moment that the famous note of the Frankfort Parliament which had given the cause—or, if you like to call it, the pretext—for war, not an hour was lost by the Prussians. As each corps is quartered habitually in the province from which it is recruited, the army can be mobilised—or, in other words, the men who have completed their normal time of service, but are still liable to be recalled to arms at any moment, can be brought back to the ranks with extreme expedition. The call to arms was responded to with extreme alacrity; and the Prussian army was ready to take the field, while a great majority of the Austrian regiments were only half-filled up. According to the whole theory of war, the Prussians ought to have gathered a large force to defend Berlin, and then advanced towards the Austrian frontiers, leaving garrisons behind them at every stage to keep open their communications with their basis of operations, and dispersing any force, and capturing any fortress, which lay in their way; it was on this theory that the Austrian plan of defence was based. Unfortunately the Prussians neglected the established maxims of strategy. They left the capital undefended, after removing the only

danger which threatened them in their rear by the dispersion of the Hanoverian army, and then they marched straight on for Vienna, *viâ* Saxony and Bohemia. The Austrians were taken by surprise. They had meant to occupy Dresden, and give fight in Saxony on the borders of their enemy's dominions; but, as usual, they were not ready when the decisive moment arrived. In the same way the Austrians reckoned on the Prussians not attempting to pass the gorges of the Bohemian mountains without extreme caution and circumspection. The calculation was unimpeachable; but, as the Prussians simply pushed on as hard as possible, they again found the Austrians unprepared to resist their advance. Even after the fatal and disastrous defeat of Königgrätz, the Austrians still repeated their original blunder, and assumed that the enemy would never leave the fortresses of Olmütz, Josephstadt, and Königgrätz uncaptured in his rear; and the consequence was, that the Prussians did the very thing they were expected not to do, and actually arrived within sight of Vienna before the Austrians were prepared to defend the capital of the empire. Nor can there, I think, be any reasonable doubt that, if the Emperor had not consented to buy peace on terms which amounted to a surrender at discretion, the successor of Frederick the Great could have entered Schönbrunn as a conqueror. Had this not been known to be a matter of certainty, no Hapsburg sovereign could ever have submitted to abdicate his position in Germany while an army remained in the field.

If you talk to Austrians, as I have done of late to

many, about the causes of this succession of disasters, they always tell you that their defeat was due to the incompetence and inefficiency of their generals. I have no doubt their generals were very indifferent ones; as, indeed, they have been at most periods of their history. General Benedek had an immense reputation before the war, based on as small evidence as that of any commander I have ever heard of, not excepting General M'Clellan or poor Lord Raglan. The Austrians chose to make up their minds that they could never have been defeated at Magenta or Solferino if somebody else had been in command; and, as Benedek was considered a dashing officer, and was believed to have remonstrated against the tactics of Giulay, it was decided by popular acclamation that he was the military genius who would have saved Austria, like Radetzky, if he had only had the opportunity. In spite of his blunders, the people still assert that he is a brave and gallant soldier, and such assertions are generally correct; but it is clear that, whatever else he was, he was not a great general. Of the archdukes, counts, and high-born nobles, who held command under Benedek, not a single one has given proof of military ability. The stories which are popularly repeated by the Austrians of the want of nerve and utter neglect of duty shown by some of the highest of Benedek's generals are, I hope, grossly exaggerated; still the fact that such stories should be commonly current shows the estimation in which the superior officers of the army are held by their own countrymen. But, in estimating the damage that the Austrians suffered

from the want of generalship, it should be mentioned that they were not opposed by troops led by commanders of high repute and genius. The chief command was entrusted to the King, to the Crown Prince, and to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Now the experience of all nations has shown that royal princes are seldom, if ever, good commanders-in-chief, and I believe the present campaign has been no exception to ordinary rule. Even in the Prussian camp, where respect for all constituted authorities is carried to an exaggerated degree, complaints were rife as to the extent to which the rights of royalty interfered with the efficient conduct of military affairs. Without in the least wishing to deny the merits of the Prussian royal generals, who, one and all, were brave men and gallant soldiers, I think I may assert that the success of the campaign was in no sense due to their military abilities. Generals Steinmetz and Herwarth von Bittenfeld had a considerable reputation amongst their troops; but I doubt if either of these had occasion to give proof of first-class, or even second-class, military talent. In as far as the credit of the campaign was due to any single person, it was doubtless due to General Moltke, who from Berlin dictated by telegraph the movements of the Prussian armies.

But still, even placing the utmost estimate upon the ability of the princes and the ennobled generals who commanded the Prussian armies, it would be the greatest flattery to say that their success was chiefly owing to the military superiority of their commanders; nor, as I have

said before, do I think undue weight should be placed upon the superiority of the needle-gun. In the first place, a very considerable portion of the Prussian army, as I can vouch from personal observation, was not armed with breech-loaders, but with old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets. In the second place, in many of the engagements, in all of which the Prussians proved victorious, the musket, whether breech-loading or muzzle-loading, played a very insignificant share. Both before and since the war, Prussian officers have assured me that the artillery was really the finest arm in their service; and, from what I saw at Sonderburg, I am inclined to believe the statement is correct; but, owing to the circumstances of the war, the Prussians were never able to employ any portion of their artillery, with the exception of the light field guns. I have no doubt that the prestige of the Zündnadelgewehr, the rapidity with which it was fired, and the precision with which it hit its mark, did much to discourage the Austrian regiments. But this fact alone is not sufficient to account for the issue of the campaign.

The plain, simple, unvarnished truth I take to be, that the Prussians uniformly defeated the Austrians because, man for man, they were better and braver and stronger soldiers. They were not so well drilled, they were worse dressed, they were not so rapid in their movements, they were far less soldier-like looking; but they were much more ready to encounter danger, they were animated with a far higher and more intelligent courage. Physically they were stronger, stouter, and more powerful men than

their opponents; mentally they were immeasurably superior to the mixed hordes of Croats and Bohemians and Hungarians arrayed against them. They knew, or fancied they knew—which comes much to the same thing—what they were fighting about; they had a strong sense of duty; they were steady, orderly, God-fearing men. From the highest general to the lowest private, they had learned how to obey; and they had implicit confidence that their officers, whether able or not, were prepared to do their duty also. All estimates of the men I have yet seen seem to me to leave out of sight the power of what I may call the religious element of the Prussian army. You may call it superstition, or bigotry, or fanaticism, as you choose; but no person who has studied the subject cordially can deny that the Prussian soldiers had a sort of reliance in their own cause, as being that of duty and religion, which was entirely wanting amongst the Austrians. The phrase of "Holy Prussia," about which we in England have laughed so often, when it was used by the King in his addresses to his people, had a real meaning and purport for the Prussian peasant. And so the Prussian armies, in my judgment, conquered for much the same reason that the Puritans conquered the Cavaliers, the Dutch conquered the Spaniards, and the Federals conquered the Confederates—because they were more in earnest, more thoughtful, more willing to risk their lives for a principle, whether false or true, more imbued with a sense of duty.

If this explanation be true, as I hold it to be, the apparent mystery of the campaign vanishes. Given the

knowledge which Herr von Bismarck undoubtedly possessed — that his countrymen, on any thing like equal terms, would be more than a match for the Austrians — all he had to do was to secure that the Prussians should be placed in a position to choose their own fields of battle ; and this was secured by the daring strategy of pushing forwards at all risks and all costs. But I doubt whether this campaign, any more than the bold move by which Garibaldi marched on Naples from Sicily, will be cited hereafter as any great achievement of military genius. It is very easy to show that one crushing defeat would have been almost fatal to the Prussian armies. They were completely isolated in a strange and hostile country ; they had but one, and that a most circuitous, line of retreat open to them ; they were liable at any moment to be cut off from their supplies and resources. If Sadowa had been a defeat instead of a victory, the Prussians could hardly have hoped to regain their own territory. But the fact for which, I think, in a military point of view, they deserve the chief credit is that, having resolved upon a most hazardous plan of campaign, they sacrificed every other consideration to that of success. They took no tents with them ; they provided, I may say, no resources ; they relied on the country in which the war was to be carried on to give them food and shelter. According to their own notions, they paid honestly enough for what they took. The farmers whose carts and horses they seized ; the cottagers upon whom they quartered themselves ; the shopkeepers whose stores they

took,—were all furnished with acknowledgments of the debt, which the Austrian Government may present as part payment of the indemnity it is required to pay Prussia for the cost of the war. By this system, and by an economy so rigid as to be almost parsimonious, Prussia has been enabled to carry on the war without loans, without extraordinary taxation, and without any important addition to her insignificant national debt.

At the same time, it must fairly be owned that the campaign, however brilliant, has not enabled the world to pronounce a decisive judgment upon the merit of Prussian troops as compared with those of other nations. The Prussians have shown that they are able to march well and fight gallantly; and more than this they have not had the opportunity to prove. It is still an open question how they would stand a serious defeat, or how they would bear the fatigues and sufferings of a protracted campaign. *Veni, vidi, vici*, might well be the motto of the Prussians in this war. Scarcely a month passed between the declaration of war and the conclusion of the armistice; and the actual fighting, which decided the campaign, only lasted seven days in all. The amount of sickness in the army after the truce commenced was something terrible. In official reports it was attributed to the prevalence of cholera; but I believe that the cholera itself was mainly due to the bad state of health to which the army had been reduced by over fatigue and insufficient nourishment. Under no conceivable circum-

stances could the war have ended more opportunely for Prussia than when it did; and though the army was naturally disappointed at not entering Vienna in triumph, the higher officers were only too thankful for a solution which relieved them from grave and increasing difficulties. If I am to give a hypothetical opinion concerning what might have occurred if something had happened which did not happen, I should say that the same qualities which secured the victory for Prussia, in this short campaign, would have ultimately secured it to her if the war had proved a more arduous and protracted one. As it is, she has gained the object of her ambition, she has fulfilled her "manifest destiny," with so slight a sacrifice as to be of no comparison with the ends achieved.

For henceforth, whatever may be the exact terms of peace, Prussia will be Germany. It is all very well for foreign admirers of Austria to talk about the grand future which is still open to her; but, as a matter of fact, the empire of the Hapsburgs, as we have known it, has received its death-blow. It is possible, though not probable, that a ruler of genius, who was prepared to throw aside his German predilections and connections, might create a great Slavonic monarchy out of the *débris* of the old Reich. But the task would be one of Herculean difficulty; and the Hapsburgs are not Napoleons. The real nature of the old Austrian rule is seldom understood in England; it was not altogether unlike our own rule in India. By sheer force of superior talent, energy, and

culture, a small minority of Germans reigned supreme over a large number of different races and nations, immeasurably outnumbering themselves. But this German minority prized the supremacy thus obtained far more for the importance it acquired thereby in Germany, than for its intrinsic value and profit. Austria was at once the first of German powers, and a great non-German state ruled over by Germans. It has lost its pristine and most important character. The empire can no longer compete with Prussia in the Fatherland; her Teutonic population, who share, equally with their northern kinsmen, the pride, and prejudice, and aspirations of Germans, will now look to Prussia, not to Austria, as the representative of their nationality abroad and at home. How Austria is to retain the affections of her German subjects, and yet to become the centre of a great non-Teutonic empire, is a problem for which nobody has yet ventured even to suggest a solution.

Thus the long and weary struggle between Austria and Prussia, which dates from the day that the Electors of Brandenburg first became independent princes, has terminated finally in the triumph of the Northern Power. The seven days' war was the grand sequence of the wars of Frederick the Great. As Prussia has grown in strength Austria has declined; and the final issue has been decided by causes which have been operating for centuries, not by any mechanical device, or any discovery in musketry. That a nation is always more powerful than an army—

this, I think, is the true lesson to be learnt from the war which has changed the face of Europe, and has created a power that, happily for the world, can afford to be independent both of France in the south, and Russia in the north.

BERLIN DURING THE WAR.

July 22.

FROM skies blue with a dazzling sameness of azure colour, to a cold gray canopy of clouds—from heat so intense as to be painful, to drizzling dismal rain—from a city bright and gorgeous with colour, to one dull and colourless and uniform—such is the change in outward aspect from Milan to Berlin. The magnitude of the war now waging throughout Europe is strangely illustrated by the journey I have just taken. Travelling pretty well night and day, across the Alps, along the Swiss lakes and valleys, over the broad champaign country of France, through the length and breadth of Belgium, then across the Rhine past Hanover and Brunswick, and over the dreary moorland marsh tract which surrounds Berlin, I have come at last to the extreme left, if I may say so, of the great Prusso-Italian army, whose right wing is marching onwards through Venetia. Throughout the whole of that long, weary journey I never seemed to leave the war behind me. Every where and from every body I heard of nothing, read of nothing, talked of nothing, and I may almost say thought of nothing but the war. In each country through which I passed, judging from the chance conversations a traveller overhears, the possible or pro-

bable contingencies of the war excited a personal interest to which in our own country we are happily strangers. That the campaign would and must end in the virtual overthrow of the Austrian Empire and the formation of a great German kingdom was accepted, willingly or unwillingly, as a foregone conclusion. That this result was only the beginning of yet greater changes seemed also to be as generally admitted. In Switzerland I heard gloomy anticipations uttered, that the era of small States had passed away, and that ere long Italy would claim the sub-Alpine Cantons as belonging to her equally with the Italian Tyrol. In France every body declared that the Empire would take no part in the contest; but the declaration was characterised by a vehemence which made one doubt the fulness of the conviction on which it was based. In Belgium the possibility of annexation to France, as an ultimate result of the war, was discussed by my fellow-passengers with such bitterness that, as a bystander, I thought it prudent not to engage in the controversy. In Prussia the future of Germany as a great united Power was the chief topic of conversation. Of course it would be absurd to assume that a few haphazard remarks of this kind, overheard in a hasty transit through many lands, could be taken as exact exponents of the opinions commonly entertained by the public of these countries; still the fact is worth noting, that though I heard many wishes expressed, especially by Frenchmen, for the success of Austria, I did not come across a single person who did not assume as a matter of fact

that the days of Austria as a great Power were already numbered.

Of the actual outward traces of war there were few visible in that part of Germany which I traversed. Numbers of invalided soldiers were travelling along the line, with their uniforms tattered, soiled, and stained, fresh from the field of battle in the south. At each railway station there were gathered groups of people, chiefly women and children, watching the trains eagerly to see if they could recognise any known face amongst the soldier passengers. Whenever they did so, or whenever even they saw the number of a regiment on the uniform in which they had some personal interest, they rushed forward with eager inquiries about Fritz, or Johann, or Wilhelm, or whatever might be the name of the friend of whom they sought anxiously for news. But, as a rule, the inquiries were rather about their friend's health and comfort than about life or death. The loss in the South German campaign has not been heavy on the Prussian side; and the Government has given such prompt and ample information as to the names of the killed and wounded, that here the families of the soldiers in the war are spared the bitter anxiety of not learning for weeks how it has fared with those they love. Moreover, in a great nation, victory, somehow or other, always covers a multitude of private sorrows: at any rate, explain it as you will, these crowds of Prussian women seemed to me cheerful enough; and the train generally left the platform amidst a chorus of those

quaint German adjurations which sound so oddly in English ears. Looking on the matter philosophically, it may appear odd for a lady to call upon "dear Lord Jesus in heaven," because she learns that one set of German Christians have succeeded in killing, maiming, and wounding a still larger number of their fellow-countrymen and believers; but, happily or unhappily, neither men nor women are philosophical in such matters; and Austrians and Prussians, Bavarians and Italians, thank God for victory with equal fervour and equal sincerity.

Except these stray soldiers and the crowds at the station, there was nothing to indicate the near presence of war. A traveller might have passed through Hanover a hundred times and not guessed, from any thing I could observe, that he was in the capital of a country that had just been conquered. But, indeed, ever since the establishment of the Zollverein, the outward assimilation of the Northern States of Germany has been so complete, that there was nothing, except the colours painted on the railway sign-posts, to indicate to a stranger whether he was in the dominions of the Hohenzollerns, or the Guelphs, or the House of Brunswick, or of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. This removal of all barriers of custom and transit between the different States has done much to render possible that absorption of the lesser kingdoms into Prussia which now appears to be on the eve of accomplishment. Hanover looked from the railroad duller and more desolate than ever; but every thing went on, so far as the journey was concerned, exactly as if King George were still upon

the throne ; and there were no signs of military occupation visible about the station or its immediate neighbourhood.

Here in Berlin every thing is very quiet, almost oppressively so to me, who have just passed from the noise and excitement of Italy. The Prussians are not a demonstrative people ; and it seems strange to me to hear no singing of patriotic songs in the streets, to miss the red, green, and white stripes of the Italian tricolour, to sit in my room in peace, without being deafened by the constant cries of the newsboys, vending broadsheets of the war, containing always, according to the promise of the vendors, "*grandissime notizie*." Here, on the contrary, there is little noise and no bustle of any kind. The great broad streets seem emptier than ever, and few carriages of any kind are visible : in front of the royal palace there are a score or so of guns, taken from the enemy, and guarded by a sentinel. Round these all day long crowds are collected, staring stolidly : every now and then you see small detachments of Austrian prisoners escorted through the streets by a corporal and two soldiers, and followed by a rabble of men and boys, who, however, to do them justice, so far as I have observed, never annoy the prisoners in any way except by staring at them as if they were a show. The royal flag waves from the windows of the King's residence, and small bodies of troops may be observed constantly marching to and fro on the roads leading to the railway depôts. Also at some house in every street you see the dull black

and white flag, hanging over a notice that gifts of any kind are received there by the commission for the relief of the wounded. In every station and hotel and public place of resort, and in many private houses, there are hung up black-and-white-striped boxes for subscriptions to the army sick fund. Mourning is very common in the streets, and the grave, sombre-looking Berliners are more grave and more sombre now than their wont. Nor, indeed, is this to be wondered at. The papers are filled day after day with whole columns of closely-printed type, containing the names of the dead and wounded, and beside these official records there are rows after rows of black-edged advertisements, signed after German fashion by all the near relatives of the deceased, announcing to sorrowing friends that some son, father, brother, or husband has died from wounds received on the field of battle, fighting for King and country. And then, too, side by side with these death records, there appear, ominously enough, advertisements of patent remedies, antidotes, and specifics for cholera. As yet the epidemic has not been very severe here, hardly enough so to deserve the name of an epidemic at all; still its mere presence is enough to cast a gloom over the city. So the contrast between the war-look north and south of the Alps is a very startling one. The Italians feel as deeply as the Prussians, and there is as much public anxiety and private sorrow in Milan as in Berlin; yet, underneath that glorious Italian sky, where every thing is so full of life and colour, cities cannot well look sad to

English eyes, whatever may be the real temper of the hour. But here, in this gray, cheerless north, war seems at once nearer to us and sadder.

July 25.

For the last two days I have been constantly interrupted when writing or reading by the sound of cheering in the streets outside my windows. At a time like this, when only a few hours separate us from the expiration of the armistice, it is difficult to convince yourself that this demonstration of public feeling does not possess some political importance. In spite of repeated disappointments, I have not courage enough to sit still and unmoved. I fancy either that peace has been declared, or that war has recommenced, or that Count Bismarck has returned, or that, to say the least, a convoy of Austrian prisoners is passing through the town. So I leave my work, and go out to inquire the cause of this popular excitement, and find invariably that the cheering arises from a mob of boys and idlers who are following the Chinese ambassadors. Since Sunday a body of envoys from the Celestial Empire have been stopping at Berlin, and the Berliners are never tired of staring at them and following them. These mandarins have taken up their quarters at the hotel next door to mine, and all day long a crowd is stationed in front of the building, who cheer vociferously whenever one of the pigtailed gentry appears at the windows. What they are doing here, whence they have come, or who they are, nobody that I have met with seems to know with any certainty.

However, they are a nine-days' wonder; and the good people of Berlin are terribly in want just now of any thing to look at or to talk about. This statement may appear astonishing, considering that I am in the capital of a country engaged in one of the greatest wars that has taken place within the memory of living men; but it is the plain and simple truth. To-morrow the armistice ends; and yet, though every body expects to hear of a prolongation of the truce before the next four-and-twenty hours are over, nothing positive is known. On the contrary, I have reason to believe that up to this morning no official information has been received that the original armistice has ever been signed at all. In Italy it was very difficult to get any intelligence whatever, because the Government had placed a complete and formal interdict on all communication between the army and the public. Here this is not at all the case. According to Continental ideas, the Prussian Government has shown very great liberality in the facilities it has afforded for correspondence between the camp and the capital. But, somehow or other, the German public is by no means greedy of news. Every body here is so accustomed to be governed by a routine administration in all things, that the public is quite content to leave the War Department in the hands of the properly constituted military authorities. In good time—so people tell you—we are sure to know whether there is to be peace or war; and to hurry any official about any thing is an offence which to the Teutonic mind appears little

short of sacrilege. So Berlin waits patiently, and, having nothing else to do, cheers the Chinese ambassadors all day and every day.

Meanwhile, in default of any positive intelligence concerning the war, the question which is most freely discussed, both in the press and in private conversation, is that of the reconstitution of Germany. In the *National Zeitung* of to-day there is an able article enough, which, it is said, has been written purposely to tranquillise the public mind. In that article the position of Germany is described—the speedy termination of hostilities being regarded as certain—as exactly resembling that of Italy after the conclusion of the Treaty of Villafranca. Just as that treaty admitted the principle of an Italy free from foreign domination, so the treaty whose preliminary bases are expected to be signed at Vienna to-morrow admits the principle of a Germany exempt from Austrian interference. It remains, according to the article, for the Germans to develop this principle, just as the Italians worked out in practice the theory which was sanctioned at Villafranca. The Government has done its part in the work of unification; it is now the duty of the people to do its part also. Put into plain English, the meaning of this appeal is that the States whose annexation is not contemplated in the formal treaty of peace between Prussia and Austria ought to make such demonstrations of public feeling as would justify their incorporation with Prussia. No doubt if Hanover and Saxony were to follow the ex-

amples of Modena and Tuscany, and declare by popular votes that they preferred union with Prussia to the re-establishment of their old local Governments, the work of consolidation would be materially expedited. Nor do I think such a contingency is by any means impossible. Leaving aside the immense influence which Prussia can exert indirectly throughout all the neighbouring States, there is, as I am assured by men who are no admirers of the present system of government in Prussia, a very powerful and increasing pro-Prussian party in each one of the Northern kingdoms. It is intelligible enough that this should be the case. Why, in the name of common sense, any body should wish to be a Mecklenburg-Schweriner or a Saxe-Meiningener, in preference to being a Prussian, it is very hard to imagine. I can quite understand a man's not wishing to be a North German at all; but if you are to be a North German, then it is surely better to belong to a great and powerful country, than to a petty, insignificant State, whose rulers have just power enough to drag their subjects into wars with which they have no possible concern. Tuscany and Naples had an historic past; but who can know any thing concerning the history of Reuss-Schleiz or Reuss-Greiz? Under these circumstances there is nothing improbable in the supposition that many of the small States would wish for annexation to Prussia; and so far it is clear that the Prussian occupation has not excited the smallest outbreak of national resentment throughout the different northern kingdoms.

These views, which I give not as mine only, but as those of people I meet with, will serve to explain the manner in which the peace expected is regarded in Berlin. Everybody believes that the ultimate result of this war will inevitably be the formation of one united German kingdom under Prussia; and any arrangement by which the petty Sovereigns should be restored to some nominal power would be held here to be merely temporary. If, as I have reason to believe, Prussia will insist on maintaining her military occupation of the minor States till such time as peace is finally concluded, the populations of these States will have ample time and opportunity to declare in favour of union with the Hohenzollern monarchy; and, in the long-run, the treaty laid down before Vienna may become as much modified as the defunct treaty of Zurich.

Persons who hold these views declare that Count Bismarck would have insisted on far larger immediate annexations if it had not been for his wish not to alarm France by a too rapid aggrandisement of her northern neighbour. Once let the exclusion of Austria from the affairs of Germany be admitted by Europe as an "accomplished fact," and the gradual absorption of the lesser States will excite little apprehension in the outer world. But, sooner or later, this absorption is certain to ensue. The friends and enemies of Prussia agree alike in holding that any settlement which falls short of the total extinction of the minor northern kingdoms can only be regarded as temporary.

TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

Pardubitz, Bohemia, July 28.

FORTY hours have passed since I left Berlin ; and now, after innumerable stoppages, halts, interruptions, breakdowns, and delays, I have got thus far upon my journey. To me the transit seems incredibly slow and wearisome ; but to many of my military fellow-travellers, who have been in constant travel up and down these Austrian lines, the fact of having accomplished so long a distance in so short a time is regarded as a miracle of locomotive celerity. After all, everything is comparative ; and if you have been accustomed to travel at the rate of two miles an hour, journeying at the speed of eight appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of locomotion. Even in ordinary peaceful times, travel along these Bohemian and Silesian railroads must always be tardy at the best. They are single-track lines, and, with the customary slackness which characterises all Austrian enterprises, the system of telegraphing from station to station the arrival and departure of the trains has not yet been brought into force. It follows that the trains have to proceed very slowly, in order to have time to pull up in case they see another train advancing in the opposite direction. What the state of things is now, when all day,

and every day, trains of immense length, filled with soldiers and army stores, are passing to and fro, can be imagined tolerably well by any person who conceives what would be the condition of affairs on the Brighton line on the occasion of the Easter-Monday Volunteer Review, supposing there were only one line, no telegraph, and no desire on the part of the railway officials to expedite proceedings in any way. In order to accomplish the transit, I have had, as it is, to travel zig-zag all about Northern Germany. First due east to Frankfort-on-the-Oder; next due south to Görlitz; from that point westwards to Dresden; then south-east to Tübnau; then west again for a long weary track to Prague; and then east to Pardubitz — such is the route I have pursued so far. As soon as I start again upon my journey, as I expect to do every minute, I shall go on eastwards still to Trübau, and there at last I shall turn due south and proceed to Vienna. There are other routes leading far more directly between the capitals of Northern and Southern Germany; but these routes are, one and all, estopped for the present by Austrian fortresses, which command the lines, and have yet to be captured. Up to this time the whole communication between the capital of Prussia and the main body of her army is maintained by the circuitous line I have just traversed. So far all has gone on well; but it is difficult for a traveller to avoid reflecting on what might be the position of the Prussian army if, in the fortunes of war, it became necessary for them to retreat rapidly along this one line of railroad.

Starting late at night from Berlin, I found myself

landed in the early morning at Görlitz, the frontier town of Saxony, the furthest point to which travellers are generally allowed to proceed. My pass enjoined upon all Prussian officials and persons in command of any kind to facilitate my journey in every manner possible ; but, notwithstanding this, the railway authorities refused to allow me to continue on my way unless I first put myself into communication with the " Etappen-Commandant," who had his headquarters for the time in the theatre of the town. It was not difficult to find the building ; but, when found, there was nobody within it. The doors were open, and I wandered about the passages, got behind the scenes, all but fell down a trap-door, and had my spirits generally damped and blighted by the singularly depressing appearance that an empty theatre presents in the broad daylight. At last, stumbling by chance on what I presume is in ordinary times the dressing-room of the Görlitz actresses, I found my commandant considerably more depressed, and a good deal more sleepy—and that is saying much—than I was myself. He was so drowsy that he fell asleep once while trying to read my pass, and twice while making out an order for the railroad. However, by coughing loudly I roused him sufficiently to get the necessary permission, and then left him with an expression of my pleasure at having made his acquaintance — an expression which, I am bound to add, he did not reciprocate. With this exception, I found no difficulty in pursuing my journey. It is impossible almost to get across the frontier without a pass ; and having got across, it is quite impossible for a stranger, and

still more a foreigner, to stop any time in a town occupied by the Prussian armies without the requisite authorisation. But the actual transit from place to place is not attended with greater difficulties than those necessarily arising from constant delays and stoppages.

If the rumours repeated by my fellow-passengers are true, peace will virtually have been proclaimed before I reach my destination ; but meanwhile every thing along the line points to an active prosecution of the war. At every station there are long rows of trucks loaded with heavy siege cannon, waiting for transmission to the front. From hour to hour we halted on a siding to allow the passage of some train going northwards. These trains almost without exception consisted of horse-boxes, filled with invalided troops. On each horse-box there was written the number of men or horses it could hold. Forty men or six horses were the usual complement of these monster vans. But, I suspect, the regulation allowance was constantly exceeded ; the soldiers were crammed so close, it was hard to fancy how those not near the doorways could find breathing-room. The roofs and steps were crowded with soldiers, who preferred the risk of falling off to the stifling atmosphere of the interior. I presume no other means of transport was available, and probably men who had been severely wounded are sent home in separate compartments ; but still most of the returning soldiers had bandages upon their limbs, or bore on their faces the marks of recent sickness ; and to invalids the long jolting journey in these horse-trucks, where there was nothing to lie upon except

dirt-smeared straw, must have been inexpressibly painful. The soldiers going to the front were merry and gay enough ; but amongst those coming homewards there was, so far as I heard, very little laughter or singing. I should think in the course of my journey I must have met at least twenty such trains, all of very great length, and all filled with this living—or dying—freight. One train, indeed, we met wending its way to Berlin, which was not loaded with soldiers. But this consisted of twenty brand new Austrian cannon, which, I believe, had been taken at Zwickau. They were all brightly polished, seemed to have undergone but little use, and bore dates subsequent to 1864. Each of the guns was in charge of a couple of Prussian soldiers ; but other escort there was none.

Indeed, the fact that has struck me most in this journey has been the perfect security with which the railway traffic appears to be conducted. I crossed Poland some three years ago, at the time of the insurrection, and every train was accompanied by open trucks placed behind and in front, filled with soldiers with their muskets loaded. I recollect that during the early periods of the Federal occupation of the Southern railroads, every bridge I crossed had to be guarded with soldiery. But though the country over which our route has lain is in many parts and for long distances as wild and as thinly inhabited as Poland or Western Virginia, yet no precautions were apparently taken to protect the safety of the trains. I never beheld a line in any part of the world which could be stopped or blocked so easily as the one

in question. Over wild, lonely moors—through dense, dreary pine forests—along high embankments so narrow and steep you could drop a stone to their base by holding your arm out of the carriage window—between high gorges of overhanging rocks—across numberless bridges, spanning rapid mountain torrents—we passed from Saxony to Bohemia, and thence into the broad marshy valley through which the “Wild Eagle” river flows into the Iser near Prague. Along this part of their route the Prussians have not found it necessary to do anything for their own protection beyond occupying the railway stations; and this fact alone seems to me to prove that, as yet at any rate, there cannot exist any of that deep popular animosity towards the Prussians which invasion usually excites.

Of ordinary civil travellers there were very few indeed. The vast majority of our fellow-passengers were officers who had been home on sick leave or furlough, and who were now returning to their corps. Besides our military companions there were a good number of Prussian civilians, who were going out to the army as volunteer chaplains, or doctors, or Bible-readers, or hospital assistants. We had, too, a few ladies, who had come to nurse some brother or husband lying wounded in the Bohemian hospitals; but, with the exception of a score or so of peasants or proprietors, who had obtained leave to pass along the line for some business errand, I saw no local travellers. In fact, even if there had been no other difficulty about their moving from one place to

another, it would have been rendered almost impossible by the extent to which the carriages were crowded with soldiers. At every station there were troops waiting to be forwarded; and as they were given the first vacant seats, it was very seldom a civilian could edge his way in. The few Saxons or Bohemians I met with in the journey talked freely enough with their Prussian fellow-travellers. All along the line the peasants collected by the track, staring listlessly at the trains; but whatever their feelings may have been, they exhibited no open ill-will. Indeed, it would be very difficult to trace any expression whatever on the faces of these half-clad, hungry-looking, squalid Bohemian peasantry. The moment you pass the frontier and enter Bohemia, you come to a country whose population appears a century behind that of Prussia in civilisation. Wherever the train halted, a crowd of barefooted women and children, covered with rags, collected together, and either asked for money or offered schnapps and brown bread for sale. The "Restauration" rooms were all closed; the supplies had been eaten up, and the floors were covered with straw, on which wounded soldiers were laid while waiting for transport homewards. It is, I think, the side-scenes which make the drama of war so very horrible. About actual fighting there is something grand at all times; the very parade of a great army has a true grandeur of its own; and even the muster-roll of dead and wounded is not altogether a mere bill of bones and blood, as sentimental declaimers against the horrors of

war like to describe it. So even in a great military hospital there is an air of order and self-command which modifies its horrors. But all this is wanting in one of those roadside halting-places for the sick, of which I have seen so many on this journey. At Prague, for instance, the railway waiting-rooms, the halls and passages of the station, were all occupied by wounded men when I arrived there last night. The men were to be moved on again in the morning, and so straw had been littered everywhere about for them to take what rest they could. Turning out of the brilliantly-lit glass-covered platform where the train arrived, I had to grope my way in dim half-light across this temporary hospital. There upon the straw—moaning, writhing, breathing heavily—lay a dense mass of human beings. I daresay they had been attended to, but it seemed as if there was nobody to look after them. In the half-lit lofty halls you could distinguish little except the white linen bandages bound around heads and arms; you could hear nothing except an indistinct guttural murmur of men in pain; the only sign by which you could tell that the men around you were wounded was the sickening smell peculiar to wounds slow at healing. And what was going on there in Prague was doubtless going on in well-nigh every station from Vienna to Berlin.

Actual traces of the recent battles there were not many to be noticed along our route. I stopped for one out of the many hours we halted on the journey at the Türrau junction, close to the battle-field of that name. As one

of the many nuisances of these halts is that the train may start at any moment, I could not visit the scene of the action, though it lay within ten minutes' walk. If the enemy really occupied the rocky wooded cliffs which some Prussian soldiers—who were my informants—pointed out to me, their dislodgment from so strong a position must have been one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. Very likely, however, the story as told to me was not true after all. The peasants had had orders to collect all the arms they could find upon the field; and a large number of muskets and swords and bayonets were arranged upon the platform in the most symmetrical order. A friend who passed by Türrau a week before assured me that the stench from the field was so dreadful the passengers had to close the windows of the cars. The stench, if it ever existed, had vanished yesterday; and, save the row of battered arms I have spoken of, there was nothing to show that a fight had taken place there lately. Amongst the crowd hanging about the station were two Italian prisoners, both wounded in the arm, who were being removed to a neighbouring hospital. They could not speak a word of German, and seemed glad enough to meet with any one who could talk to them in their own tongue. They were to be sent back to Italy as soon as their wounds were well enough to admit of their travelling; and they professed their intention of taking service at once to fight against the Austrians. But, with the odd professional pride which characterises the soldiers of all regular armies, they

treated the Garibaldian volunteers with great contempt, as unfit to fight Austrians.

Brünn, July 29.

I had hardly finished my letter from Pardubitz, when a messenger came running into the tavern where I had found a table to write on, to announce that the train for Brünn was to start at once. Having reached Pardubitz at ten, we were all summarily turned out of our carriages and told the train would not proceed till two; and then, without any apparent rhyme or reason, somebody else decided that our train should start at twelve. I had barely time to reach the station, and when I did, all the first and second class carriages were filled, and it was only by the good-nature of some soldiers who saw my dilemma that I got squeezed into a third-class car. Now, to be obliged to sit for hours, eleven in number, packed bodkin on a narrow hard bench between two soldiers who are always falling off to sleep, and whose heads always nod in converging directions; to be kept excluded from the air in an atmosphere of stifling closeness; to be obliged, for politeness' sake, to smoke any number of the vilest cigars which are given you as presents; to know, by unpleasing sensations about your arms and legs, that you are involuntarily adding to your collection of natural history in the insect department—all this I may say, without being a Sybarite, is not pleasant, especially when you have been travelling already for forty hours and more. Yet the journey was a curious one enough. Our carriage was filled, as indeed most parts of the train were, with sol-

diers and volunteer hospital assistants. Any Prussian, I fancy, who can get decent testimonials to character may enrol himself in the band of the "feldtragers," as these volunteers are called, from their chief duty being to carry the wounded off the field of battle. They wear a white badge round the arm with a red cross in the centre, and receive, so far as I can learn, no remuneration whatever except their rations from the hospitals. A military surgeon, with whom I travelled, complained to me that a great majority of these volunteer nurses never did any work at all, but simply idled about the camp; and from what I have seen myself, I have no doubt that a good many of the lads I spoke to had simply come down for the sake of the excitement of the trip. Nevertheless, the majority of those I conversed with seemed to me to view their mission seriously. In the compartment I was seated in yesterday there were a dozen, at least, of these feldtragers. One was a student of theology; another was the son of a merchant, who had come home from Paris, where he was in a house of business, to enlist as a volunteer, and, finding his services refused, had determined to offer his assistance to the hospitals; the third was a young lawyer, who had lived at Bonn and Heidelberg, and was a remarkably well-educated man; the fourth was a barber's apprentice, who had volunteered to come and shave the military patients; the fifth was a wild young scapegrace, whose friends, I suspect, had sent him to the hospitals because they did not know what on earth to do with him; the sixth was a medical student; and so on.

How far these lads—for they were little more—could really do hospital work is another question; but I am convinced they honestly meant business, and they certainly had no notion that the work they were going to perform was anything but tedious and painful. In truth, their whole demeanour—as, indeed, was that of the soldiers—was singularly grave and sober. I don't think, in a mixed society of common soldiers and travellers, you would have heard in any other country in the world so little of loose talk, so much of what I suppose would technically be called religious conversation. With the advance of the Prussian armies, the sale of Bibles has been freely allowed in Austria; and at the great railway stations I saw German Testaments selling readily enough at about threepence each. The soldiers in the carriages were supplied with tracts, which they read attentively; and the *feldträger*s were provided with stores of Bibles and Prayer-books, which they dispersed liberally. In fact, having asked leave to look at one, I forthwith found myself the possessor of the Psalms of David, with the name of the giver inscribed upon the flyleaf. Let me say, that on the part of none of the persons present, not even the candidate for theological honours, was there the slightest attempt to give religious advice to the soldiers or to “improve the occasion.” The general conversation was promiscuous enough, and consisted chiefly of those elaborate and ponderous stories in which Germans delight, and which are always working up to a point that is never reached in the end. But from time to time the conversa-

tion took a more or less religious turn, whose appropriateness the soldiers never seemed to doubt. As the dusk set in, the whole carriage began singing songs, chiefly of a sentimental kind; then they got to war songs, the famous "Es blasen die Trompeten" being the favourite; and then by a common accord of the company they ended by singing Luther's hymn, "Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott." I mention these things, not for any controversial purpose, but simply to point out a fact too much overlooked—the strong Puritan element which still survives amidst the Prussian people and army. Every night, at nine o'clock, the Prussian armies in the field are summoned by the trumpets to prayer. Yesterday, there was for a time in the carriage with me an Austrian officer, who was going home to be exchanged. The compartment was filled with Prussian officers; and the Austrian, beyond a formal greeting when he entered the car, sate the whole journey silent, with his eyes closely shut. Looking on the dark, handsome, dissolute face of the man, hundreds and thousands of whose counterparts I have seen in former days wherever Austrian troops were stationed, and then glancing at the clear, homely, hard-featured countenances of the Prussians round him, I could not help asking myself whether other causes might not have had more to do than the needle-gun with the disasters of Austria.

Beyond Pardubitz the signs of war became more evident. The stations were, if possible, more crowded with troops than those further west. Sentries were stationed at frequent intervals to protect the telegraph. Time

after time the wires had been found cut in the morning, and the communication between Berlin and the army has thus been repeatedly interrupted. Orders have been issued announcing that any person found injuring the telegraph will be punished with death; but hitherto the malefactors have always escaped detection. In the train I was told many stories of the barbarity of the Czechs. I was assured, for instance, that patrols had been attacked at night by troops of peasants armed with scythes, and murdered brutally. I was informed that on the previous day an officer had been brought into Pardubitz completely blinded, both his eyes having been stabbed out by a Czech, who came behind him while he was sitting at table in a country tavern. But some experience in war rumours has led me to be very sceptical of the truth of all such stories, which are always bandied about between the different combatants. Certainly, against all these reports there ought to be set the positive fact that the Prussians find it possible to work the railroad by native employés without the least difficulty. The engine-drivers are Prussians; but, with this exception, the whole *personnel* of the line is retained unchanged. To all the passengers, military or civil, the Austrian guards were as courteous and polite—and that is no light praise—as they were in former days.

West of Pardubitz the Prussian soldiers had all had the glaze taken off their shining helmets, so as to remove the glare which had rendered their approach too conspicuous to the enemy. The uniforms were soiled, and stained, and ragged, and the troops we passed at every station had

the air of being on actual service. Yet it seemed hard to reconcile the idea of war with the peaceful beauty of the scenery through which we approached Brünn. For many a long mile after passing the Moravian frontier our road lay through a succession of narrow wooded valleys, studded with green meadows, intersected by running streams, dotted over with white, prosperous-looking farmhouses. The moonlight shone out clearly over hill and valley, giving a sort of poetic grace to views that I daresay in the broad daylight would have seemed commonplace enough. Every now and then we passed some great château or convent; and when we asked a Bohemian peasant woman who was in the train what it was, her one invariable answer was, "A hospital, full—O, so full!—of wounded."

Late at night we entered Prague to find that the armistice was prolonged for a month, and that the cholera was completing the havoc the war had left half-accomplished.

AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

Eisgrub,
Head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia,
July 30.

THE Prussian forces are being withdrawn from the field as rapidly as possible. Before the close of the present week the army which occupies Moravia and Bohemia will be concentrated at the large towns. Brünn will be the head-quarters of the Prussian advance, but the bulk of the army will be collected in and about Prague itself. Meanwhile, the King, the Crown Prince, and, I believe, the chief military authorities, will return to Berlin; the railroads and telegraphs will remain in the hands of the Prussians, and, I suppose, in the improbable event of war being resumed after the close of the armistice, the Prussians will be entitled to resume their present positions before the declaration of hostilities. But so little is this contingency contemplated as probable that preparations are already being made for the grand triumphal entry of the army into Berlin after the conclusion of peace. We have had so many surprises already in this seven days' war that it requires great courage to predict the peace negotiations may not break down at the very last moment; but the Prussians are unquestionably acting as if everything was over.

It is only, however, at head-quarters that this knowledge can be obtained. At Brünn yesterday nobody knew anything for certain, except that the armistice had been prolonged for a month. Early this morning, in company with the military representative of a great Government, whose name will be apparent to every one, from the fact that the commissioner sent out to report on the Prussian army in the field was only despatched after the war was over, I started for the head-quarters, which were supposed to be still at Nikolsburg, about thirty miles south of Brünn, on the road to Vienna. Our route lay by rail to Lundenberg, and we had not gone far on our road before it became evident that the camp was breaking up. The great bare champaign which lies between Brünn and Vienna, and over which the railroad passed, is intersected by innumerable roads and by-roads. These tracks were covered with long black lines, looking in the distance like endless files of monster ants. As we got nearer we saw that these lines were composed of troops all moving northwards. Troops of artillery, squadrons of cavalry, lines of baggage-wagons, companies of infantry, succeeded each other. In every direction as you looked you saw these dark colours coming towards you. There is nothing bright or sparkling about a Prussian army on the march. The dull, dead, blue uniforms hardly showed out at all against the leaden-coloured fields; the white pennants of the lancers alone caught the eye at once, and even these were soiled and hueless. Though we were close upon the confines

of the Austrian German provinces, the whole aspect of the country and the peasantry was drearier and more savage than in any portion of my previous journey. Here, in the southern districts of Moravia, purely German as it is in other respects, there has been a large immigration of Croat peasants, and the immigrants have preserved their national dress, and customs, and language. The men were dressed, though it is now the height of summer, in woollen sheepskins with the fleece turned inwards, and round their white, low-crowned felt hats they had strings of beads and parti-coloured velvet twisted gaudily. With bare feet and legs, and with skin so sunburnt as to be almost black, they looked more like savages than civilised peasants. The women, who for the most part were working in the fields, had high top-boots reaching far above the knee, short striped petticoats, not long enough to conceal the fact that stockings there were none between the boot and the skin, while their heads were covered with striped or plaided shawls of many colours. As the train went by, the men left their flocks and the women their work, to come and stare at it with listless eyes. Whether they viewed the invaders of their country with ill-will or good-will it was impossible to tell from their look and demeanour. Stolid, apathetic indifference was the one expression visible on their faces. Thus, so far as I can learn from the Prussians quartered hereabouts, it has been all throughout these semi-German provinces. In Bohemia the population were intensely hostile, though whether their hostility arose from a dislike

to the Prussians as Germans, not as Prussians, is, to say the least, an open question. But here in Moravia and Austria Proper the peasantry seem neither friendly nor unfriendly, but simply indifferent. As far as exactions are concerned, they have had very little to complain of from the invaders of their province—a fact which is proved abundantly by the circumstance that, while the Prussian soldiers have been terribly short of meat, the fields hereabouts are still crowded with cattle, while geese and ducks and hens gabble before every farmhouse. It is said that the peasants in this part are very wretchedly off, owing to the land being almost entirely in the hands of very large proprietors, who do not reside upon their estates; and that, therefore, they are ill-affected towards the Government. How far this may be true I have no means of judging. I can only say that to a traveller through the country there is not the slightest outward appearance of any general popular animosity towards the Prussians.

On arriving at Lundenberg I was detained for nearly three hours before I could obtain means of conveyance to Eisgrub, where, as I learnt, the Crown Prince was stationed. The little village was crowded with wagons, vans, carts, and vehicles of all the heterogeneous kinds which collect about the outskirts of a great army. The railway station and the roads leading to it were blocked up with bodies of troops waiting for the means of transport northwards; every house was filled with soldiers; the inns were occupied by the different commissariat and medical

bureaux; and the whole food supplies of the place had literally been eaten up. There was nothing to be done while waiting for the carriage except to stroll about the green and examine the accoutrements of the soldiers who were stationed there for the time. I have seen a good many armies in my life, and seen them when they were in the field. Take them altogether, I never saw a finer built body of men than the Prussian line; but, on the other hand, I never saw one worse clad or more untidy.

In my wanderings I caught sight of a small white house, on which the word "schule" was written, and over which a white flag was hung. My companion was anxious to examine the state of the Prussian field hospitals; and so we resolved to apply for admittance. A sentry who was standing before the door told us we could not come in, because all the patients there were men with bad cases of cholera. However, on being assured that this made no difference to us, he allowed us to pass in. The house was a little country school, consisting of four bare white-washed rooms, from which the school-benches had been removed. A more ghastly scene I have never witnessed than that which was shown to me, as door after door was opened. On the bare hard floor there were a few trusses of dirty straw scattered loosely, and on these, without mattress or pillow, or covering of any kind, there lay some score of soldiers, half-undressed, half-covered with their stained, tattered uniforms, writhing in pain—dying, so far as I could judge, in different stages of cholera. There, in their filth and agony and wretchedness, these soldiers lay

dying, alone and untended. In one room there was a poor, tottering old hag, who, to do her justice, seemed to be doing what little she could to help the sick; but there was neither doctor, nor nurse, nor soldier present to help these poor wretches in their last moments. What the state of things was may be judged from this one fact: that in going up the stairs you had to pick your footsteps carefully to avoid stepping in pools of foul liquid with which the floor was soaked. Through the open windows, which looked upon the streets, you could hear one long wailing sound of pain.

Now, I suppose these were cases in which the best medical aid and the utmost care could perhaps have availed little. I am ready, too, to make every allowance for the extreme difficulty of providing for troops on the march smitten with sudden sickness. How far this state of things might have been remedied it is not for me to say on insufficient evidence; I only state what I saw. At this very time there were numbers of "feldträgers" about the village; there were hundreds of soldiers within reach; and yet these poor fellows were left alone. I asked the sentry when the doctor was coming, and was told he would come again in the afternoon and after supper; but in the meanwhile there was one old woman left to attend on some score of men dying of cholera.

July 31.

A long, pleasant ride through open breezy fields and park-like woods brought me on to Eisgrub; and the fresh cool wind seemed to blow away the memory of the cholera

lazaretto at Lundenberg. Eisgrub, as any guide-book will inform you, is the family seat of the high and mighty house of Lichtenstein; and here, for the last ten days, the Crown Prince of Prussia has been living, with his staff, at free quarters. It must be something to be a Prince of Lichtenstein, after all, though you are the monarch of the smallest principality in Europe, not excepting Monaco. Far and near, everything and everybody belongs to the Lichtensteins; the villagers are all tenants of the princely family. The château is built upon the model of Windsor Castle; the greenhouses contain I forget how many hundreds, or thousands, or tens of thousands, of square feet of glass; the circumference of the park alone is thirty miles; there are stables for three hundred horses; and two thousand head of deer and three hundred wild boars are fed daily in winter time within the ducal domain. But the Prince himself comes here very seldom; nor do his subjects of Lichtenstein see much of his Serene Transparency. His home is in Vienna, and the seat of Eisgrub is kept up far more for show than for use. In ordinary days the village must be a quiet, sleepy place enough, where the chaplain and the head-gardener, and the majordomo and the English "stall-meister," and the oberforster rule as magnates, the dull uniform tenour of its daily life being interrupted only on those rare occasions when the Prince and his friends come down to have a few days' shooting in the immense deer-park. But for the last week or so Eisgrub can scarcely have known itself. Every house has been occupied by troops;

regiments have been passing through it all day and every day; and orderlies have galloped to and fro between Nikolsburg on the one side and Sonderberg on the other, till the Eisgrubians have almost ceased to stare at the unwonted spectacle of a man on horseback. To an Englishman the most remarkable feature about the whole scene presented by Eisgrub during the Prussian occupation consists in the demeanour of the inhabitants. Half of the park lies in the Archduchy of Austria, the other half in Moravia. We are here, therefore, in the very heart of the purely German Provinces of the Empire—the Provinces whose devotion and loyalty to the House of Hapsburg is always supposed to represent one of the main elements of coherence in this unwieldy East German monarchy. Here, if anywhere, the invaders of the Empire ought to be objects of popular hatred. It is possible, of course, that the inhabitants might have dissembled their hatred; if so, I can only say they dissembled most marvellously well. I have seen Italian towns under Austrian occupation, Danish villages under Prussian rule, Confederate cities occupied by Federal troops; and in each of these cases the population expressed their ill-will in a manner so obvious that the most inattentive observer could not fail to perceive it. Here there was nothing of the kind. Let an Englishman try to imagine what would be the demeanour and behaviour of the inhabitants of Woodstock or Sevenoaks if Blenheim or Knowle were occupied by the head-quarters of a French invading army; and let him fancy the exact

contrary, and he will have a fair impression of the manner in which the good people of the Lichtenstein estate received the Prussians. If the soldiers of King William had been Austrian volunteers out for a week's encampment, they could not have been treated with more apparent good-will. Yesterday evening, for instance, I witnessed a scene which somehow seemed to jar strangely upon my preconceived notions as to the animosity with which the Prussians are regarded by the people whose territory they occupy. It was the last evening of the Prince's sojourn at Eisgrub; the King had already left Nikolsburg; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg had started homewards; and every body was making ready to leave with daybreak. So, on that night, there was a great state dinner at head-quarters, and after dinner the Prussian band played in front of the palace. The park was thrown completely open; but this was no exception to the ordinary rule; for usually, in Germany, the grounds of royal and princely residences are opened freely to every body who likes to enter them; and the inhabitants of the village crowded in to listen to the music and to stare at their illustrious visitors. The front of the palace and its two side wings formed a sort of square, in the centre of which the Prussian band had taken up their station. The windows of the long hall which forms the front of the building open upon the square, and the officers who had been dining with the Crown Prince came out to smoke upon the terrace. The building itself is what architects would call a castellated mansion,

and if it had been built of stone, instead of brick covered with somewhat mouldy stucco, it would be a striking-looking place; as it is, it bears an unfortunate resemblance to the baronial hall at Rosherville. Behind the band the peasants of the place, the "faithful retainers" of the Lichtensteins, had gathered in full strength; they were a picturesque group, with their strange motley-coloured costumes. The Prince had taken a fancy to a little Croat urchin, whom he had promised to take to Berlin as a page for the lady whom Englishmen can still hardly help calling our Princess Royal, and, in consequence, every road lad in the village had come dressed in his Sunday attire, in the hope that he too might attract the Prince's notice. With their embroidered jackets, festooned loosely over the white plaited shirts, their red knee-breeches ornamented with gold lace, their low-crowned hats bedecked with flowers, these boys looked for all the world like the peasant lads in an opera ballet. Amongst the crowd, too, there was a band of Bohemian gipsies, swarthy as mulattoes, and dressed in some strange accoutrement of rags hanging together by a mysterious process; add to these, numbers of country women, with plaid hoods and gay-coloured petticoats, Prussian soldiers, and servants in livery, and you will have some idea of the motley crowd which formed, as it were, the chorus of the scene. On the battlements of the château's wings the *beau monde* of Eisgrub, the gentlemen with hats and the ladies with bonnets, had taken up their position. The band played the national Prussian

airs, then selections from operas, and then, at last, waltzes and polkas. The dance music appeared to complete the *entente cordiale* between the soldiers and the peasants; and before long Prussian privates and non-commissioned officers were dancing merrily in front of the windows of the hall where the Prince was still seated. The night was one of the few warm summer ones we have had of late; the moon shone brightly down, and the whole spectacle was a gay and pleasant one enough. Still, if I had been an Austrian, I should have felt that I would rather have seen the Prussians left alone in their triumph. True philosophy may urge you to make the best of every thing; but there are circumstances in which philosophy is hardly compatible with patriotism.

At an early hour this morning the Prussians began to quit Eisgrub, on their march to Austerlitz, where the great review is to be held on Thursday; and by nine o'clock the castle itself was deserted. I was shown over the place by an old servant of the family, and can say thus much, that no military occupation could have done less damage to the dwelling. Indeed, except that the doors were all chalked over with the names of the officers who had occupied the different rooms, the Prince himself might have returned yesterday, and not known that his residence had just been quitted by a multitude of uninvited guests. There is a story that when Malibran died some "fanatico" of music went to the house where she breathed her last to obtain some relic of the great songstress. The servant to whom he applied could only give him a piece of soap, with the

assurance that since it had last passed through the hands of the dead lady it had only been used by two commercial travellers. Now, if I were a collector of royal relics, I might have laid hands upon a similar article, which in all human probability had not yet been defiled by any plebeian touch since it was used by the future King of Prussia himself. The beds were still unmade, and everything was exactly as the Prince and his staff had left it. I mention this to show that I had a very good opportunity of judging how far the Prussians had inflicted any wanton damage, as statements to this effect have been published in the Vienna papers. One complaint, and one only, I heard made at Eisgrub, concerning the Prussian occupation. During the early days the private soldiers had amused themselves with shooting at the deer in the park, and had killed or wounded as many as 500 with the needle-gun. Any other soldiers in an enemy's country would, I suppose, have done much the same; but as soon as a complaint was made by the gamekeepers, strict orders were issued against anybody's firing at the deer in future. The worst part of the business was, that the soldiers, being unused to deer-stalking, maimed a great many more deer than they killed, and I myself saw stags lying amidst the fern helplessly crippled. No doubt in all wars animals as well as men suffer; but, looking at the order of the universe as at present arranged, it does seem hard that a number of unhappy deer should die a lingering death at Lichtenstein because Count Bismarck thought the occasion appropriate for fulfilling the manifest destiny of Prussia.

One of the many things which strike a person newly arrived at the seat of war is the apparent absence of any large concentrated body of troops. The truth is, the Prussian army has never yet, throughout the campaign, been under canvas. The troops, so I am told by officers, are unprovided with tents of any kind; and my own observation confirms the truth of the statement. For many days during the march, a large portion of the army slept upon the bare ground; and to this fact doctors attributed the great amount of sickness that has prevailed amongst the soldiers since the close of active hostilities. But, as a rule, the troops have been quartered in the villages and towns with which this part of Austria is studded over. Yesterday, I understand, some thousand soldiers were billeted in Eisgrub, a town of about 3,500 inhabitants. Every house had the number of men it was ordered to provide shelter for chalked upon the door; and in consequence, as everything was managed with perfect regularity and order, there was no appearance of any large body of troops being stationed there at all. In the evening, having met an old campaigning acquaintance of former days, I sat up chatting with him till the ungodly hour of ten, long before which time all good people, including the Royal staff, were safely ensconced in bed. To reach my lodging, I had to walk through the village. Everything was as perfectly still and quiet as it would have been at two in the morning in an English country village; there was not a soul about, not a sentry to be seen; and yet, if needs were, a small army might have been summoned together at a few mi-

nutes' notice. Here, as everywhere, the Prussian soldiers have been found wonderfully quiet and well-conducted. The proportion of steady, married men in this army is unquestionably very large, and drunkenness is comparatively rare; but, whatever may be the explanation, there can be no doubt that the behaviour of the Prussian troops has been excellent under circumstances of considerable temptation.

Day had hardly broke before the troops began to pour out of the Eisgrub cottages, and to form on the little village green; and then from all the hamlets round about fresh detachments of soldiers began marching in. Before noon 14,000 troops of all arms had passed through Eisgrub; but there never was the slightest block, or confusion, or stoppage in the narrow streets. Everything seemed to go by clockwork. As fast as one regiment marched off the green another came on, stacked their arms, lay down upon the turf, and either smoked, or slept, or ate till the word was given to march, and then they in turn set out to make room for fresh comers. Nothing can be more free or springy than the step with which the infantry tread along even at the close of a march of some hours; and this is the more wonderful as the men appear to me to be wretchedly ill-shod.

THE AUSTERLITZ REVIEW.

Brunn, August 2.

HALF a century must have elapsed since the roads leading to Austerlitz were covered with such masses of troops as have passed over them to-day. It was on the scene of the greatest, perhaps, of the First Napoleon's victories that the King of Prussia had resolved to close the campaign which has ended in the overthrow of Austria by a review of his victorious troops. It is true, if I must study historical accuracy, that the village of Austerlitz and the centre of the actual battle-field lay some miles away from the scene of the review. Even the famous lake, in coming over whose frozen surface the Russians lost 20,000 men from the fire of the French artillery, was hidden from our view. Still, for all practical purposes, the spot selected was sufficiently near Austerlitz to justify its being designated by the name; and, indeed, unless its proximity to the historic battle-ground had been the motive of its selection, it is impossible to see why a large force should have been marched to an out-of-the-way and inconvenient locality, when there are a score of places close to Brunn, where the review might have been held with much greater advantage. I don't know

how far the French papers will approve of the memory of Austerlitz being thus made to add a sort of reflected lustre on the arms of Prussia, but at this moment the Germans care extremely little what Frenchmen may say or think.

It was at a very early hour this morning that I had to leave Brünn, in order to reach the field where the manœuvres were to be executed. Everybody always does everything at an unnaturally early hour in Prussia; and to-day there was an additional motive for catching time by the forelock, in the anxiety of the King to commence his journey to Berlin with as little delay as possible. The morning was damp, and dull, and hazy, and everything looked cold and cheerless. Our road from Brünn lay northwards, in the direction of Olmütz. The country in this part of Moravia is singularly uninteresting. Between here and Olmütz the road is always crossing a succession of low round hills, stretching across the wide valley like a series of rolling waves. Up and down these hills you keep moving on, always expecting at the summit of each ascent to obtain a view of the surrounding country—an expectation that is never fulfilled. When once you have left the suburbs of Brünn you scarcely see a roadside house. At long intervals you see small village-towns dotting the face of the country; but on either side of the road the broad, bare, hedgeless fields stretch away for miles unbroken; and, at the present moment, the aspect of these prairie fields is doubtless at its dreariest; the corn has all been cut, and the stubble has been exposed long enough

to wind and rain to lose its brown, mellow tint, and to become dull and sodden in hue. Moreover, there is something melancholy in the sight of the countless piles of wheatsheaves mouldering on the ground with which these fields are spotted. The corn had been cut before the Prussians marched into Moravia, but had not yet been carted from the ground; and as every horse and cart in the country has been impressed for the last few weeks for the use of the army, the sheaves are perforce left to rot upon the fields. So for miles we drove on and on, along the straight poplar-lined highroad, up one hill and down another, finding but little to notice on our way. At every crossing there were crucifixes, and—by some odd law of nature which I have never found to fail—there were beggars and cripples hanging about near these symbols of devotion. On the roadside there stood an iron column, dedicated, with a strange irony, to the arts of industry and peace, and commemorating the fact that the Emperor Joseph II. had put his own imperial hands to a plough in a neighbouring field, to show the respect he paid to agriculture. But, meanwhile, on every sign-post you saw the name of Austerlitz; and though ever so many years have come and gone since the good “Kaiser Josef” thus proclaimed that the ploughshare is nobler than the sword, yet the roads were filled with troops, marching to celebrate a victory yet more bloody than that of Austerlitz.

At last, after some three hours’ drive, we reached a sort of low tableland, on which the review was to be held. A little hillside chapel had been appointed as the place

of meeting. Here the officers and the handful of civilians who had assembled to witness the spectacle had ordered the horses, sent on from Brünn the night before, to be ready for mounting. There was nothing very grand in the *cortège* which accompanied the King. A score of hack carriages, hired at Brünn, dirt-bespattered, badly horsed, and ill-equipped, conveyed the staff and the spectators who had come over to see the review. There is not much martial pomp or display at any time about the Prussian armies; and with their uniforms dusty, and worn, and tattered by the wear and tear of the campaign, the troops reviewed at Austerlitz looked utterly unlike holiday soldiers, whatever else they may have resembled. In fact the whole spectacle had none of that playing at soldiering appearance we associate so naturally with sham fights and field-days. There was not a lady present, not a single spectator from the neighbouring towns; and the only non-military public before whom the spectacle was exhibited consisted of half-a-dozen foreigners and a hundred or so of peasants, who had left their work in the adjacent fields in order to stare at the troops.

Very little time was lost before the staff had mounted their horses, and moved off to an open plateau on the right of the highroad. At that moment the sun came out, and gave a brighter tone to the sombre landscape. On the slopes of the hillside lying between us and Austerlitz the dark shadows cast by the clouds shifted to and fro, and the bayonets sparkled brightly in the sunlight. From the position where I had posted myself I could

take in the whole scene. In the foreground were the dark columns of the infantry; farther on were great masses of cavalry; and behind them again, on the brow of the tableland, stretched the long lines of artillery, the confused forms of the horses and their riders standing out, spectre-like, against the dull horizon. There was no time for any elaborate manœuvres; the review, in fact, was little more than a grand parade of the Second Army—or rather of a portion of that army—which throughout the campaign has been under the command of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

I suppose that the names and numbers of the regiments reviewed—which have been kindly supplied to me—would be of very little interest to the English reader. It is enough, therefore, to say that the whole force gathered together for the review amounted to some twenty thousand men of all arms, belonging to the Fifth Corps, commanded by General Steinmetz. The regiments, to speak technically, were drawn up in contiguous masses of battalions, or, to use common English, were each posted separately, at short intervals from one another. For some reason, which was not very intelligible, the two divisions which comprise the corps were reviewed at different places, the second review taking place at the village of Zwischau, three miles further north; but on both occasions the same course was adopted. First of all, the King, escorted by his staff, rode slowly along the lines. His Majesty was obviously in the best of humours. Nobody, I think, could call him a handsome man—his

features are not regular enough—but he wears the air of a soldier-king. With his clear blue eyes, his hale, erect, portly figure, his large iron-gray moustache, and his bluff, sunburnt face, he is a man whom you could not pass without noticing. Whatever else the defects of the face may be, it is not that of a weak, still less of an unkindly, natured ruler. There are many things, no doubt, which his ill-wishers may urge against King William I., but even his worst enemies must give him the meed of praise which Captain Crawley, in *Vanity Fair*, extorted from his reverend uncle, that “he was a man and be — to him.” To-day, at any rate, the King was in the kindest of moods, and had a smile and a friendly word for every one who came across him, even for the Moravian peasants who collected about his carriage. Amongst the chief notabilities of the *cortège* was the Crown Prince, whose face is familiar enough to us in England, and who has certainly won the hearts of the troops whom he has led to victory. It is very easy for a Prince to be popular; but there are plenty of easy things which are not done in this world, and the future King of Prussia deserves credit for having learnt to know how long a way a few pleasant words and slight acts of kindness will go towards securing the affection of those around him. Close after the King rode General Steinmetz, a shrivelled, wiry old man, with snow-white hair, who is one of the ablest and oldest of the Prussian generals, and who enjoys the fame of having fought the Austrians for five successive days, and beat them on every occasion; then came Prince Adalbert, in

his naval uniform as Admiral of Prussia ; Prince Charles, the father of Prince Frederick Charles, the hero of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and a number of other generals and princes, whose names to the non-Prussian would convey no particular significance. General Govone, the Italian envoy, two or three foreign officers, and half-a-dozen civilians, mostly attached to the King's suite, were the only persons not clad in the plain dark blue, red-cuffed Prussian uniforms. Count Bismarck himself was no exception to the general rule. In his military attire, with his face half-covered by the wide Prussian helmet, it was difficult to discover much of the appearance of the great Premier, except that he was tall and spare, with a square, large, jovial face, and a hard, clear-cut mouth.

As the King rode down the lines the troops cheered loudly, with a short, deep, guttural "hoch," more like a shout than an English hurrah ; and as the *cortège* moved from regiment to regiment, it was curious to hear band after band clash forth the strains of "God save the Queen." Somehow, we consider the National Anthem to be our peculiar inheritance and property ; but it was the Royal March of Prussia before it was acclimatised in England, and so we have no right to the monopoly. When the King had thus passed by each regiment in turn, he came and took up his position on a little hillock near the highroad, and then the troops present upon the field defiled past him, regiment after regiment. Erect and stiff, the King sat upon his horse, a little in advance

of the staff, returning the salute of the soldiers as they marched along rapidly. General Steinmetz, with his own staff, stood next the King as general in command of the corps; and the Crown Prince stood also a little way apart, in order, I believe, to mark his position as commander of the army to which the corps in question belonged. The Prince was almost the only officer present who wore the undress cap instead of the heavy helmet, of which the King, contrary to the opinion of the younger officers, is the stanchest of champions.

As a military spectacle, the sight thus presented was striking enough. Battalion after battalion came up, saluted, and then marched on to the highroad; and yet there seemed to be no diminution, for a long time, of the great dark mass of infantry which covered the plateau. The ground was rough and uneven, broken by furrows, and hillocks, and cross-roads; but the dark lines of infantry moved on like a machine. Each regiment should have mustered a thousand strong, but losses by battle and disease have pulled down their numbers; and, so far as I could count, they numbered from between six to seven hundred. Looking from a short distance you could trace no irregularity of movement in these solid blocks of men; and the sound of their tramp, as they struck the hard ground with their feet, was as uniform as the thud of a steam hammer. When the King's own regiment, the "König von Preussen," came up in its turn, the King placed himself at its head, saluted General Steinmetz as the commanding general,

and then rode up to his son, and kissed him after the German fashion. With the exception of this incident there was nothing to break the uniformity of the procession. When the infantry had passed, the cavalry regiments followed in their turn. This to my mind was the most interesting part of the spectacle. First rode by the black Brunswick Hussars, with the skull and cross-bones on their shakoes and the white facings upon their breasts, which give them a general resemblance to the outline of skeletons; then the blue-clad Dragoons, whose flag had been shot away in action after action, till a few tattered rags were alone left clinging to the bare standard pole; then the Landwehr Ziethen Hussars, with their dark-gray uniforms and the white cross upon their caps, who had lost their colonel but a fortnight ago on the field of Töbischau; then the white-coated Cuirassiers of the Guard, with their steel helmets sparkling brightly as they moved along; and then three regiments of Lancers, carrying a very forest of black and white pennants floating from their lances, and with caps of many colours, white and red and green.

When the cavalry had passed in its turn, the artillery came rumbling on. No attempt had been made to clean the gun-carriages, though the cannons themselves were bright enough; and the sort of slovenliness which, as I have said before, is characteristic of the Prussian army in the field, was most conspicuous in this branch of the service. Still the stout, sturdy, rope-harnessed horses dragged the guns rapidly enough over the broken ground,

and the gunners, however untidy according to our notions, looked as if they understood their work. When at length the last regiment had marched away, the King left his position and addressed a few words of commendation to the chief officers of the staff, who collected in a circle round him, while two of the generals kissed the royal hand. Meanwhile a score of soldiers of different ranks—officers as well as men—who had distinguished themselves by some especial act of bravery, were drawn up in single line and presented to his Majesty, who said a word or two to each in turn, and promised them their services should be remembered.

As soon as the review at Austerlitz had been accomplished, the King, followed by his staff, rode on with all speed to a piece of open ground near Zwischau, and there reviewed the second division of the Fifth Corps. Owing to the stoppages along the road, from the number of troops who were marching off to their various quarters in the neighbourhood, I arrived on the ground too late to see the whole of the review; but it was, as I gathered, a mere repetition of what I had already witnessed. After it was over, the King bid farewell to the officers, shaking hands time after time with General Steinmetz, and then dismounting from his horse, walked off to his carriage, which was surrounded by a group of peasants, who would hardly let him pass for their anxiety to look at him. The King was followed by the Prince's staff, and the whole *cortège* set off at full gallop for Brünn, the Prince riding alone in a carriage with General Blumen-

thal, the chief of his staff. I mention this fact for the following reason:—Some weeks ago the General wrote a letter to his wife, in which he made a number of criticisms on different personages of the army, and, amongst others, on the Crown Prince himself. The letter was just such a one as an officer who was out of humour might write in confidence to a person with whom he knew it would be in safety. Unfortunately, the courier carrying the bag fell into Austrian hands, and the *Vienna Presse*, with a strange disregard of common courtesy, thought fit to publish the epistle in question. Ever since its publication the Crown Prince has never lost an opportunity of showing, publicly or privately, that his feelings towards General Blumenthal are not affected in any way by the freedom of these private criticisms. No doubt this was only what a wise and liberal-minded man would have done in the same position; but that he should have done so is to the credit of a young man who might very naturally have been annoyed at any depreciation of his well-earned repute.

A long, tedious drive brought us back to Brünn, to find that the King's departure had been adjourned until to-morrow. To-night he is to sleep in Brünn.

THE PRUSSIANS AT BRÜNN.

Brünn, Aug. 5.

IN its brightest days Brünn could never have been a very lively sojourn ; but at the present moment it is dreary beyond conception. The Vienna papers abuse the Brünnites for lack of patriotism in not showing greater animosity towards the foreign soldiery by whom the town is occupied ; but then it is very easy for people who are out of danger's way themselves to prescribe what their neighbours ought to do in circumstances of peril. After all, supposing your house is occupied by a number of soldiers, and supposing also you are not prepared to vindicate your national feelings at the expense of your personal safety, it is rather difficult to say how you are to manifest your antipathy to a foreign rule. Very few men have any predilection for martyrdom, and I don't think you can reasonably blame the people of Brünn if they have showed decent civility to the Prussians. Perhaps it might have been as well if the municipality had not exhibited such extreme anxiety to present addresses to every member of the Prussian royal family who passed through the town ; but, then, crowned heads possess an irresistible attraction for corporations in all parts of the world. But whether the Brünnites have shown

proper dignity or not in their reception of the Prussians, it is impossible to suppose they do not view the foreign occupation with the most intense personal dislike. People may submit to be kicked, but nobody ever liked the process; and the inhabitants of an occupied city are always being kicked metaphysically, not unfrequently literally. The Prussians, I freely allow, have behaved wonderfully well. Their rulers undoubtedly look forward to a day, not far distant, when Moravia, with the other German provinces of the empire, shall form portions of the great Prussian monarchy, and therefore they are anxious not to embitter the German Austrians by any unnecessary exactions; moreover, the troops are models of good behaviour and sobriety. Still, when you have said all this, you have only explained that the kick is administered gently, with clean boots; but for all that the kick remains a kick to the end of the chapter.

The town is literally crammed with troops; every house has a certain number of soldiers quartered upon it, and these soldiers have a right to demand certain rations of food. By the latest regulations each officer may insist on being supplied daily with coffee and bread *à discrétion* for breakfast, and with soup, *bouilli* and vegetables, roast meat and fixings, and a bottle of wine, for dinner; while the privates have to be provided with coffee, salt, rice, vegetables, fresh meat, and wine, in liberal proportions. The burghers have to cook for the officers, and either to do the same for the privates, or to allow them the use of the kitchen. The richer officers refuse to take their rations, and pay for their own meals at the hotels; but the

great majority board gratis with the householders on whom they are billeted. For all this the purveyors get no direct payment whatever. On the departure of their uninvited guests, they are given a receipt acknowledging that they have boarded so many men for so many days; and this receipt is presented to the civic authorities, who, at some indefinite period, may or may not obtain reimbursement from the Austrian Government. Meanwhile, owing to the extraordinary demand and the difficulties of communication, the cost of all provisions has risen immensely, and the inhabitants are obliged to pay exorbitant prices for the food they have to supply, whether they like it or not. For soldiers, the Prussians are not exacting; but still—just as playgoers admitted by orders are always the most severe of critics—so men who are lodged and boarded by billet are particular in getting the full amount for the money they do *not* pay. It would be bad enough if the soldiers quartered on the houses remained the same; but, as the troops are constantly passing to and fro, fresh soldiers are quartered on a house day after day, so that there is no time for them to settle down. A greater nuisance than having your house filled with soldiers cannot well be conceived; even if they are quiet and orderly, they are always in the way. If you go into any dwelling here, you see scores of Prussian privates lounging about the staircases, smoking in the passages, and philandering with the servant-girls. Cleanliness is not their distinguishing feature: and, taken collectively, they do not increase the savoury character of the odours hanging about the abode in which they reside. And then

it must be added, on taking the most flattering view of the Prussian character, that when a Prussian wishes to make himself unpleasant he succeeds admirably in the effort; and that in such a multitude of soldiers there must be a great number who bully the unfortunate people upon whom they are billeted. To be ordered about in your own house, to be sworn at in the presence of your own servants, to be turned out of your own rooms, and to see your own furniture knocked to bits before your own eyes, these are tribulations to which the Brünn burghers and their wives must be daily subject.

Moreover, even to the most patient and philosophical of mankind, it must be a sore trial to be ousted out of every haunt in your own city. The streets are so full of troops that it is difficult to pass along them, and naturally enough the military keep the footpaths to themselves, and the natives have to walk in the gutter. Every hotel and *café* and *bier-garten*, is monopolised by Prussian soldiery, who get the best seats, and are waited upon before anybody else, and behave, generally, as lords and masters. There is one solitary *café* here which, by some sort of common consent, is allowed to remain in the possession of the civilians; and here a number of the merchants and shopkeepers sit all day long, smoking moodily, and chatting drearily about the period when peace is likely to be restored. Business, except in beer and cigars, and articles of consumption, is completely at a stand-still; even the money-changers have shut up their stores; and at the factories all work is suspended. For three weeks Brünn

has been completely isolated from the other parts of the empire; the regular post-office was locked up, under the care of one old official, who sat alone amidst his letters, like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage. In order to send a letter by the Prussian military post a civilian had to make a personal application to the army authorities; the railroads were reserved for the transport of troops; private conveyances were not to be had, because all the horses in the neighbourhood had been impressed for military service; and Brünn knew nothing of what was happening at Vienna, except what it learnt through the Berlin papers. I do not think any actual censorship was established over the newspapers published at Brünn, but they received instructions not to publish anything offensive to the Prussians, and they obeyed the intimation with commendable promptitude.

Among themselves, I have no doubt the Brünn burghers abused the Prussians to their hearts' content; but they had no means of gratifying their feelings by any outward exhibition of ill-will; and they knew perfectly well that any hostile manifestation of any kind would be severely repressed. Indeed, the only instance of actual brutality I have heard recorded on the part of the Prussian soldiery occurred in consequence of the Brünn ladies showing what was considered undue sympathy for the Austrian prisoners. These prisoners were confined in a barrack whose ground-floor windows look out upon the street. The prisoners used to come to the gratings in front of these windows, and hold conversations with the

citizens, who made them presents of cigars and money. Whether their presents were accompanied by offensive remarks, or what were so deemed by the Prussians, I do not know ; but the sentries had orders to keep the crowd away from the windows ; and, on more than one occasion, women, who tried to pass gifts to the prisoners, were actually knocked down by the sentinel on duty outside. The care of the Austrian wounded is, however, entrusted to the town, and the hospital in which they are nursed is most liberally and excellently managed, and forms a striking contrast to the hospital in which the Prussians themselves are tended. After stating the above instances of brutality, I think I ought, fairly, to mention another circumstance, which shows how strictly the Prussians interpret their own obligations. By the terms of the armistice the Prussians have agreed not to lay hands upon any stores in the city. At this moment there is an immense demand for ice at the hospitals, especially for the cholera patients ; there is ice to be had in the town, but the Prussian authorities do not consider themselves justified in laying an embargo upon it. So the hospitals are left without ice ; of course it might be purchased, but the owners refuse to sell it except at a very high price ; and it is not the principle of the Prussian military administration to pay dear for anything, even for the use of their own sick men.

So the inhabitants of Brünn have very little to do at present ; they hang about the streets, and seem to me to spend the greater portion of their time staring at the trains

entering and leaving the railway station. From daybreak to late at night there is an endless succession of provender carts filling up the space before the terminus ; and almost at any time of the day you may see groups of people standing round some peasant driver, who is complaining loudly of the way in which he has been treated by the Prussians. His story is always the same ; his cart and horses have been employed for hours or days going long distances with heavy loads, and then, when he is at length dismissed, he has been given nothing but a few kreutzers, or a note which he does not know what use to make of. The hotel where I have taken up my quarters is close to the spot where the drivers are dismissed ; and all day the long corridors of the hotel are crowded with peasants, who sit for hours before the door of some Prussian officer, and greet every person who passes them with the most servile obeisances, in the vague hope that they may find a hearing for their complaints—a hope which, I need not say, is never realised.

Add to all this the fact, that the cholera is extremely bad here, and that the townspeople have a perfectly unreasoning terror of the malady, and you may fancy that Brünn is not a cheerful abode. While I am writing I am constantly interrupted by two sounds. The first is the ringing of a bell as the host is carried by to some dying person. The townsfolk are devout Catholics, and at this moment are more devout than ever ; so, whenever the host passes, the bystanders kneel down with uncovered heads. Then, again, an hour very seldom

goes by without my hearing the sound of a band of music playing a slow dirge. You soon learn to distinguish this music from that of a military band. Every private funeral here, even of the poorest class, is preceded by music; then follows the crucifix, draped in black and carried by a priest; then the coffin, surmounted with a wreath of flowers; and then a long train of friends, walking two and two together. The Prussian military funerals are conducted very quietly, as the authorities are unwilling to depress the soldiers by the sight of frequent interments; but the precaution is useless enough, as you can hardly go anywhere without meeting coffins or hearses, or undertakers' men, or something which brings home to you the fact that death is very close at hand. Everybody is so terrified at the name of cholera that it is difficult to make out much about the rate of mortality; but I should fancy it is heavy, especially amongst the soldiers. Meanwhile, the people of Brunn count the days wearily enough which must still pass before peace is restored, and their unwelcome visitors depart northwards.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN BOHEMIA.

Wildenschwert, August 7.

YESTERDAY evening I left Brunn for Pardubitz, on my way northwards. Everybody connected with the camp was gone or going, and there was very little inducement to stop in a city where you saw nothing except funerals; heard of nothing but the cholera. Some of my colleagues had set off by the early morning train; but the train was so crowded with the suite of the different royal personages who have already gone home, that I resolved to delay my journey till the mid-day train. At the moment of leaving my hotel, I received news that, for some reason or other, this train would not start; and that my only chance, if I wished to get off that day at all, was to go by the evening train, which professed to leave at six. Night travelling in these troubled times has not been much in favour; but since the conclusion of the armistice, Bohemia was said to be much less disorganised than it had been previously; and, moreover, we were due at Pardubitz by half-past nine; so that our journey after dark was not likely to be a long one. Under these circumstances I determined to try and get away at all events. On arriving at the station, long before

the appointed hour, there seemed to be little hope of carrying out my intention. The King's carriages, and horses, and servants, were all going by the train in question, and we were informed that no tickets would be issued, and that no passengers would be allowed to proceed on this occasion. However, all railway arrangements are so uncertain at this period, that no refusal must ever be taken as final. At last, in consequence of the expostulations of a number of officers who were in a hurry to get on, the station-master added a couple of second-class cars to the train; but, before our luggage could be got up, every place was taken. Luckily, the royal carriages, which were placed upon open trucks, were unoccupied, and at the suggestion of a good-natured porter, we clambered into one of these trucks just as the train was starting, and were allowed to remain there without any objection on the part of the railroad officials. The night was very warm, with a close sultry heat, and the prospect of a quiet journey in the fresh open air seemed infinitely preferable to that of being shut up for hours in a narrow carriage, crowded with Prussian soldiers, many of them sick, all of them unsavoury.

Our party consisted of an English artillery officer, another English gentleman, a servant, and myself. We were all rejoiced at leaving the plague-stricken city of Brunn behind us; and as long as the daylight lasted our journey through the narrow gorges of the Iser Pass, along which the railroad winds in every variety of curve and cutting, was pleasant enough. Our train was of enor-

mous length, numbering nearly fifty carriages. The major part of them were long vans, in which the royal horses were fastened, not in stalls, but by ropes running through rings in the sides. Having measured several of the different trucks and vans, I should say their average length was full thirty feet, so that the train was very nearly a third of a mile long. For a long distance after leaving Brünn the line winds this way and that with every bend of the Iser Valley; and I constantly observed that from my truck, which was not far from the middle, I could see neither the engines in front nor the guard's van at the end of the train. The order of the carriages was roughly this: after the engines came the two passenger vans; then followed some score of horse vans; then about as many open trucks, carrying the royal vehicles; and then six or seven more horse boxes. Still, in spite of its immense length, the train moved smoothly along. Owing to the delays in getting the carriages coupled together, it was full seven P.M. before we left Brünn, and we soon perceived, by the progress we made, that our journey was likely to be a far longer one than we had reckoned upon. The truck in front of ours was provided with a break; and an Austrian guard was stationed on a seat raised upon the end of the truck, with his back towards the engine. The fact that we happened to be thus close to him was, I believe, the means of saving his life. From him we learnt that, unless we lightened our load upon the journey, there was little prospect of our reaching Pardubitz before two or three in the morning.

However, there was no help for it; we were all of us, except the servant, old campaigners; we had cigars and "schnaps" in plenty; and personally I can sleep as well upon boards as upon a mattress. Towards ten, however, the weather suddenly changed, and the heat was succeeded by one of the sharpest storms of cold drenching rain I have witnessed in any country. Under these circumstances, we resolved not to stand upon ceremony; we found that the doors of the royal carriages had been left unlocked; and so we clambered in, shoved the coats and hats and parcels with which the seats were covered on to the floor, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be. Luckily, as it proved for us, there was only one carriage on our truck, a rather roomy phaeton. In this Captain—— and I ensconced ourselves, while Mr. L—— and the servant found shelter in another carriage, about two trucks' distance behind ours. Shortly before twelve we reached the junction of Böhmisches Trübau, where the Olmütz line branches off from that to Prague; and here we waited without any assignable reason till after one. We had supper at the "Restauration," and then went back to our carriages, expecting—I speak for myself—to sleep on till we reached Pardubitz.

How long a time passed I cannot tell; but, so far as I could judge, about half-past two I was roused by a sort of tremor—I can call it by no other word—running through the carriage. Then I felt a shock, which seemed to lift up the truck into the air, and I had to catch hold of the apron to keep my seat. Then the obstacle seemed

to be surmounted, the truck sank down again, and for a second appeared to run smoothly upon the rails. Then there came a hoarse rumbling crash, something like the sound of a cart-load of stones being shot out upon the ground; and then I saw the trucks in front of us beginning to rise up into the air above our heads. Every instant I expected to feel our own carriage come crashing down upon us. I shall never forget the sensation of relief as I felt that the train was stopping, and that the shocks were becoming slighter. At last—how long it seemed! though the whole time, from the first shock to the stoppage, hardly occupied a couple of minutes—the train stood still. There was a death-like silence, terrible in its stillness; and then there burst forth a long mixed wail of cries and shrieks and groans. How I got out of the carriage I confess I can hardly tell. The night was pitch dark. I looked over the side of the truck, and could see nothing. What had happened, where I was, who was with me, were things that in my half-stunned, half-awake condition, I could hardly answer myself. Instinctively I began looking for my hat, which had fallen off on leaving the carriage, under a sort of vague notion that if anything was to fall it would be better to have the head protected; and then I was suddenly startled by hearing a deep groan close to me. I looked round; my companion was standing near me, in much the same condition as myself, and equally unhurt. Happily, one of the lamps of our carriage was lit, and by it I discovered the quarter from which the groans proceeded. The truck

before us had run into ours, knocking our front wheels clean away. This truck in its turn had been literally raised up to the roof of a horse-van behind it, and the two carriages placed upon it had come down with a run, actually pinning the breaksman between the hind planks of his truck and the front planks of ours.

The man's face was covered with blood; his head and arms were free; but to all human appearance the lower part of his body was jammed together between two planks, which were being squeezed closer and closer together by the pressure of the weight bearing down upon his back. Except in the face of a man who was killed by a shell, I never saw such utter terror depicted on any human being's countenance as on that of this poor fellow. He seemed to be dying a slow death of awful agony before my eyes, and yet, in answer to his piteous cries for help, we could do nothing to relieve his torture. We tried to push back the truck pressing on him, but we might as well have tried to lift up St. Paul's as to shove back the mass before us a single hair's breadth. The force of the shock had cracked and snapped in parts the front of our truck, against which the breaksman's breast was pressed; but the thick oak planks were far too strong to yield to any efforts of two pair of hands. All I could do was to shout for help; but for the moment everybody was too stunned and frightened to pay any attention to one out of the hundred cries and screams which rose on every side. I shouted, and begged, and prayed, and screamed, and raved at the bystanders who had begun to collect around, till at last I succeeded in

attracting their attention. Then, at last, a lot of Prussian soldiers dashed up into the car, and with the aid of a hatchet, got from a house hard by, began to hack down the planks which confined his chest. But then the poor wretch was seized with a terror, that when the front boards gave way the whole dead weight above him would come crushing down upon his back, and he began to implore us, for God's sake, to get him out some other way. But there was no other way possible; so, in spite of his remonstrances and cries and screams, the men worked on lustily till they had cut away planks enough to draw him out of his terrible position. We expected to find his legs smashed together, but they had been marvellously protected by the fact that the footboard of his seat had not given way. His breast and back were terribly bruised; what internal injuries he may have received there was no means of discovering, but, oddly enough, no bones seemed to be broken. We gave him brandy, saw that he was able to get down from the truck and walk, and then lost sight of him in the darkness. One odd circumstance let me mention. The breaksman, like many of the Austrian railway employés, was an Italian by birth, who had married and settled in Germany, who spoke German perfectly, and, to judge from a few words he said to me in Italian, had almost forgotten his mother tongue; but in the agony of his terror the old native language seemed to come back to his lips, and it was "*per l'amor di Dio, per la Santa Vergine*" that he kept hoarsely calling on the German bystanders to come and save him.

By the time we had done what little we could towards

rescuing our travelling companion, the news of the accident had spread round about. Happily the coupling-irons had snapped between the first and second vans which had run or were thrown off the line. It was this fact which I believe saved us, as otherwise the stoppage of the train would have required a much longer time. The engines, with some twenty carriages, were left upon the rails, and pushed on as fast as they could to the station of Wildenschwert, about half a mile distant, dragging the last waggon half on and half off the line. Here the alarm was given; the *reveille* was sounded through the village, where Prussian troops happened to be quartered for the night; and a number of long white torches were collected somewhere or other — I believe from the sacristy of the village church. If it had not been for the horror of the thing, the night scene I witnessed, when I had time to look upon it, would have been one of the most striking I have ever seen. There were the strangest, weirdest, Rembrandt-like effects of light and shadow; the immense vans were thrown together in great masses, piled one above the other, twisted, contorted into strange shapes, thrust in all sorts of strange positions on either side the narrow single line. All the fields about were dotted over with lights, flickering to and fro like giant fire-flies. Within the circle of each flaring, guttering torchlight you could see groups of men, with their heads bound up and their faces besmeared with blood, Prussian uniforms without end, and wild-looking, half naked Bohemian peasants, with long hair and fierce savage-looking eyes. Outside each light-

circle thus formed there was pitch darkness, rendered the blacker by the contrast ; and all around you there was a perfect Babel of sound. The groans of men in pain, the wild neighing of the horses, and the dull thud of their kicks as they plunged and stamped against the sides of the horse-vans in which they lay imprisoned, the harsh accents of the Prussian officers as they ordered their men to and fro, and the shrill cries of the Czech peasants gabbling in some strange guttural jargon, all added to the weirdness of such a scene as Gustave Doré alone could have painted.

There was not much time, however, for loitering. Our luggage, as I think I have said, was lying pell-mell upon the floor of a truck, now half broken to pieces. The first thing was to get it under cover, and so, accompanied by a Prussian soldier who was kindly sent to guide us, we trudged off, heavily laden, to a village pot-house close to the station, where we left our luggage. The train was not to go on till morning, and personally I felt that sleep was impossible, even if there had been any thing to sleep upon except the dirt-begrimed floor of the tavern. So, as my friend was anxious to return to the scene of the accident, in order to find his servant—who at the first shock had leapt clean out of the carriage and then disappeared, after shouting out that he was safe—I set off again for the place where the accident had occurred. Meanwhile time had gone on ; it was growing light—the days break early here—and we could judge far better of the extent of the disaster. Whatever may have been the cause of the break-down, the result was obvious

enough. About fifteen luggage cars filled with horses, and trucks on which carriages were placed, had been squeezed together as if in a monster vice. Some were literally turned upside down; others were thrown right across the line; in one instance a carriage had been forced up to the roof of a van, and stood there uninjured. One great van had been absolutely smashed to pieces; its wheels were driven under the van on either side, but the framework had disappeared, and all that remained of it were broken boards lying scattered round about. Happily the number of human beings in the smashed wagons was very small; there were a few wounded soldiers in one of the vans, a couple of royal grooms or stable-boys at each of the horse-boxes, and half-a-dozen passengers and guards perched like ourselves in the different trucks. If the vans had been devoted to their common purpose—that of conveying some forty soldiers each, crowded together like sheep in a pen—the casualties would have been numbered by hundreds. As it was, the list was bad enough. For a long time it was impossible to open even those vans which were comparatively uninjured, and the men inside lay there helpless, trampled down in many cases by the plunging horses.

On every side there were spectacles of horror. There, laid amidst the still uncut corn, was a dead Prussian soldier. You could see from his dress and the absence of arms that he had just come out of the hospital—was probably, in fact, one of the half-recovered cholera patients who was being sent home on sick leave. Very

young, with fair hair and a face that would have been handsome but for its ghastly pallor, he lay sleeping, apparently, so quietly that you had to place your hand upon his heart to be sure that he was dead. There, on the opposite side, a stable-lad was dying, wrapped up in horse-rugs, and groaning heavily with hoarse laboured breath. No doctor was at hand, and there was nothing to be done for the wounded but to place them as comfortably as might be upon the hard damp ground. There, again, half covered with a soldier's cloak, was a shapeless bloody mass, from which all likeness to living humanity had passed away. But perhaps the aspect of the horses was even more pitiable; no animal is more utterly helpless than a horse with broken legs, and, naturally enough, there was nobody to look after brutes whose life was not worth the saving. The soldiers had come down without their muskets, so that it was not even possible to put the dying horses out of their misery.

On the banks one or two, who had either been thrown out by the shock or had been got out of the wreck, lay covered with blood, with glazed eyes, panting for breath. Less fortunate still were those who were half jammed in amidst the fallen trucks and shattered vans, and who had still strength left to plunge and struggle hopelessly. One poor brute was half covered amidst a mass of broken timber and wheels and iron work: in order to clear away the *débris*, and open the van which they choked up, it was necessary to get the horse out of the way; and to do so—to pull him out by ropes and levers—the men had

to break one leg after another. Amongst the horses killed was a blood mare, which the King of Prussia had named Sadowa, in honour of the great battle in which she had carried him. By the side of one of the animals who had been pulled out of the wreck stood its rider, a tall cuir-assier, who had been wounded himself in the accident. I saw him lift up the horse's head very gently to see that it was dead, then stroke his neck fondly and turn away.

To do the Prussians justice, they set to work manfully enough to clear the line and get the vans open; but the task was a difficult one. The materials of which the carriages were built were immensely strong, and the jam had been so violent that it was hardly possible to separate the vans and wheels that had been squeezed and locked together. Moreover, the men had no tools, and had no experience of the way to set about the undertaking. Still, before I left they had got all the vans open in some way or other, and had carried off the dead and wounded from the field. It was curious, as I suppose is the case in all accidents of this kind, to observe how apparently capricious the effects of the shock had been: one van would be left almost uninjured, while those on either side would be smashed and well-nigh broken to pieces. Strangely enough, too, the royal carriages themselves sustained little damage. Even the one of which I spoke, and which was lifted up to the roof of the adjoining van, had its plate-glass windows unbroken, and had anybody been in it, he would probably have escaped without serious hurt; while

all persons in the van itself were doubtless crushed to death.

It was now broad daylight, and having discovered the missing servant, who had escaped with no worse injury than a few scratches and a most pitiable fright, we set off for a neighbouring *gast-haus*, where we hoped to get something to take off the chill damp of the morning air. My friend, too, had completed the outlines of his sketch of the accident, and engines which had been brought up from Trübau had already dragged off the greater part of the carriages which still remained upon the line. Even after losing sight of the pile of broken vans which marked the place of the accident, we were still surrounded by its traces. Soldiers were carrying in the wounded on mattresses borrowed from the cottages; and the inn, where we scarcely found room to sit down, was turned into a temporary hospital. I went into the room where the wounded were lying, but there was such a crowd that I felt every stranger was in the way, and left my place for persons who might possibly be of more use than myself. From the glimpse I caught, the men seemed to be laid comfortably, but up to three hours after the accident no medical help could be obtained.

As to the causes of the catastrophe nothing is known, nor I think ever will be known exactly. A Prussian engineer officer in the train declared it could only have been caused by somebody shoving a log of wood or a stone under the wheels as the train was moving, and so throwing the carriages off the line. Shots have been fired before

now at the trains in this part of the country; and it is of course possible that, owing to some confused report of the train's being reserved for the royal carriages, the country people may have thought the King or the Princes were amongst the passengers. Moreover, I can say myself that, though the hour was one in which nobody at a country village was likely to be about, I saw peasants standing near the spot within a minute or two of the stoppage. On the other hand, it is almost incredible that, if a deliberate attempt had been made to upset the train, the perpetrators of the crime would not have chosen a railway bridge or an embankment for the attempt, instead of a dead level crossing. If one of the vans upset had fallen down an embankment instead of resting on the ground, it must have dragged half the train with it. My own impression is, that the version given by an Austrian guard on the line is more likely to be correct. He attributed the accident to the immense length of the train, which caused the hindermost carriages to come crashing at nearly full speed upon the foremost carriages, which were brought up by the break put on to stop the train as it approached Wildenschwert. The carriages of which the train was composed have been collected by the Prussians from every part of Germany, and, in consequence, the buffers are of very different kinds and heights, so that in many instances the top of one buffer barely touches the bottom of another.

According to the fullest accounts I can gather, about six men have been already brought in dead; and about twice as many wounded, several of them mortally so.

Some twenty horses are either killed or hopelessly maimed. But till the line can be cleared it is impossible to say whether men and horses may not still be left dead or dying under the piles of ironwork and timber with which the rails are strewed over. By nightfall it is hoped the line will be again opened for traffic. The portion of the train which got clear of the smash will go on before long to Pardubitz, and by it I hope to take my departure. I shall be glad enough to leave Wildenschwert behind me. Till then I can hardly help the sensation that all I have attempted to describe is a ghastly nightmare from which I have not yet awoke.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SADOWA.

Sadowa, Aug. 8.

A YEAR or two hence the battle-ground I have been over to-day will no doubt be a stock show-place. There will be a Königgrätz hotel, a four-horse omnibus daily between Pardubitz and Sadowa, a store where a never-ending business will be driven in the sale of medals, bayonets, letter-weights made of pieces of shell, and pipes carved from the stocks of Austrian muskets. Poems will be written about the graves of the dead heroes who lie buried hereabout; an account of the "locale" of the battle will be added to the next edition of Murray's Handbook; and the intelligent tourist will be requested to observe the exceeding richness of the crops raised from the ground on which the fighting was the fiercest. A race of guides will settle about Chlum, who will all profess to have fought in the very hottest of the battle, to have held General Hiller's head as he lay dying, to have been present when the King threw his arms round the Crown Prince's neck at Probus, to have ridden with the Prussian cavalry right under the walls of Königgrätz. According to the estimate they form of the tourist's propensities, they will give a Prussian or an Austrian tone

to their accounts, and will become worthy rivals of the veterans who work the field of Waterloo for the benefit of British tourists.

But as yet the field of Sadowa is unprofaned by guide-posts and handbooks, relic-mongers and *valets-de-place*. Even the drivers do not profess to know the localities of the battle; the peasants are still uncorrupted enough to confess the honest truth that they know nothing of the fight, as they left their cottages the day before it occurred, and did not return till days after the troops had left; and you are allowed to wander about the hills and woods where the fighting took place, undisturbed and unmolested. As I am one of the few persons who are ever likely to see the scene of this great historic contest in what I may call its virgin condition, let me describe simply what I have seen to-day. A long three-hours' drive brought me from Pardubitz to the foot of the ridge on which Chlum is situated. This and the neighbouring ridges are, as it were, the extreme foot-spurs of the Erz-Gebirge, and from them a wide marshy plain stretches far away southwards. Already all traces of the recent war have vanished from this flat marshland country. The Prussian outposts have been called in, and between Pardubitz and this place I have seen no signs of the Prussian occupation except a solitary yellow *eilwagen*, which carries the letters from the different outlying hospitals to Pardubitz, and bears upon its panels the Prussian eagle, instead of the two-headed bird of Austria. Ordinary traffic appeared to have recommenced with vigour, and the highroad was

filled with long trains of wagons, such as Roderick Random travelled up to London in, and such as many of us can recollect rumbling along the turnpike roads of England in the days of our childhood when railways were unknown. Not a soldier was to be seen in the whole fourteen miles' journey; the labourers were working in the fields; herds of cattle browsed by the roadside; the farmyards were full of ducks and geese and poultry; there was nothing, in fact, to show that immense armies had marched but a week or two ago through the very district we were traversing.

It was not, indeed, till we had left the spires of the fortress of Königgrätz far behind us that we approached the first traces of the battle at the little village of Horwitz. From here to the summit of the ridge of Chlum the fields, on either side the road—along which the Austrians retreated—were literally covered with knapsacks, scabbards, cartridge pouches, cooking pots, and all the various articles which soldiers carry about them. Exposure to the air and the heavy rains of the last fortnight had mouldered and mildewed all these relics of the war. Swords and muskets, and helmets and uniforms, everything, in fact, which was of the slightest salable value, had been gathered in by the peasants and handed over to the Prussians, or kept for private disposal. What we saw was only the refuse, whose price would not pay the trouble of collection or the cost of transport. The bodies had all been buried long ago; and even the dead horses had been covered over with rough mounds of earth. But

altered as the scene was by all the changes, it was not altered sufficiently to conceal one striking fact. Along the whole distance covered by these débris of an army, there were, except in rare instances, no cartridge papers to be seen. Nobody could have taken the pains of collecting them; the rain and wind had not destroyed them; for, on the other side of the Chlum range, the ground was covered over with Prussian cartridge papers. The only explanation of their not being to be seen must be sought in the fact that the Austrians did not fight at all in their retreat from the ridge. This supposition is corroborated by the circumstance that, though the bodies of the dead were buried where they lay, there were hardly any graves at all on the side of the road. The truth I believe to be is, that the Austrian retreat from Chlum, instead of being conducted, as was at first supposed, in excellent order, was really an utter rout, in which the soldiers threw away their knapsacks and everything which encumbered their flight towards Königgrätz.

In one field close to Horwitz there were indeed the traces of severe fighting. A friend of mine, who was obliged to bivouac on this field a week after the battle, assured me the smell was then so sickening that sleep was impossible. But since then great quantities of sulphuric acid have been poured over the graves, and the air is fresh enough. At a distance the field looked as if it had been newly ploughed with deep and irregular furrows, but when you got near you saw that what appeared to be ridges of ploughed-up earth were in reality long rows of graves.

Two sticks, placed crosswise, formed the only memorial to the dead. The whole ground was strewn over with the feathers of birds. It seems that when the dead still lay unburied, numbers of night-owls and ravens, and other carrion, had gathered about the spot. As fast as they appeared they were shot down by the soldiers; but, notwithstanding, they flocked hither, attracted by the odour, till at last the soil became sprinkled over with the feathers which now lie mouldering amongst the graves.

For miles and miles away, you can see the village of Chlum as you approach it from the direction of Königgrätz. The white tower of the little village church, rising from the midst of a dark patch of wood, stands out clearly against the bare hillside. Turning a little aside to the right of the highroad, you ascend by field paths, still covered with knapsacks and belts, till you reach a sort of table-land on the brow of the hill. Here against the horizon there stands out a long row of crosses; these mark the spot where the crowning struggle which finally decided the battle is said to have taken place. Here, too, the dead, who fell fighting upon the plateau, have been gathered together and buried. In two large pits six hundred Austrian and Prussian soldiers were placed side by side on the day following the victory. The earth thrown in upon them is sunk round the sides of the pit; but otherwise there is nothing to mark their resting-place. In front of these pits is a row of deep narrow trenches, about six feet in length and one in breadth, in which a few of the higher officers have been interred. A separate plot

of earth was the honour reserved to their rank; but that is all. On two wooden crosses, painted black, are written the names of General Hiller von Goertungen and Colonel Hellsdorf; the other crosses are unpainted, and have no writing on them, and seem only to mark the spot where unknown Austrian officers lie buried. Some friend in parting had placed chaplets of oak-leaves about the stems of these memorials; but the wreaths were withered, and the wind had already half blown down the crosses to which they hung. The village of Chlum itself was, at its best, a mere hamlet of some twenty houses, and now half these houses are burnt down, and the rest are still left deserted. Considering the fire which the village must have sustained, little damage has been done—nothing compared to what Sonderburg sustained during the bombardment from the Wemmingbund batteries; but the roofs of the houses were all battered in, the walls knocked down, and in many cases the chimney stacks were alone left standing. The church door stood open, and we wandered in. Nobody was there to look after it, and the wind whistled drearily through the broken windows. A quieter little shrine than this small whitewashed chapel, overshadowed by great elm-trees, and surrounded by a green grass-grown churchyard, filled with quaint crosses and mouldy tablets, cannot well be imagined. Nothing could have seemed more unlikely than that this Bohemian country chapel, where generations of Chlum villagers had been christened and married and buried, should have been destined to be the central point of a battle in which

the fate of an empire was to be decided. All about this churchyard the Austrians made their last stand, when they found that the Crown Prince had turned their right flank, and that the day was lost. The church walls were riddled with shells, the roof and walls were indented with bullet marks; the wooden pulpit, the carved altar-piece, the crucifix itself, were battered and broken by the splinters of the shells which exploded within the chapel. On the long cross rows of wooden benches, where men and women in ordinary times sit apart after the German fashion, the wounded had been laid during the day of battle; and on every one of the ledges, where the hymn-books are wont to be placed, there were marks of blood, like those caused by the impress of bloody hands. I asked a peasant, who had been in the church while it was occupied as a hospital, what was the cause of this, and he told me that the wounded men in their agony used to clutch at these ledges in order to keep themselves from rolling off the narrow benches. I do not answer for the truth of the story. I can only tell you the marks of blood-stained fingers are still visible upon all these ledges.

From Chlum I went to the wood near Sadowa, which lies on the opposite side of the ridge I have already mentioned, and through which the Prussians had to fight their way. The wood had been completely destroyed, but oddly enough, the destruction was due to the Austrians, and not to the Prussians. On the night preceding the battle the former bivouacked by the wood, and the soldiers stripped the bark off the great pine-trees of which the

forest was composed in order to cover their tents. In consequence there was hardly a tree which was not doomed to death, and in a few months the wood will have disappeared. As the Prussians advanced, the Austrians shelled them from batteries thrown up in front of Chlum, and many of the trees were gashed and split by the shells; the brushwood which grows between the pines is so dense and thick, that of the actual fight there are but few evidences left beyond a number of graves, which are all surmounted with wooden crosses, announcing that "five brave Austrian and Prussian warriors lie buried here." Sadowa itself has hardly been injured, and a traveller might pass through the village without observing that a great battle had just been fought within its immediate neighbourhood.

The ground over which the engagement was waged is nearly nine miles in length. I have been able only to visit a portion of this area; and even if I had seen it all, I should feel great hesitation in expressing any positive opinion concerning a battle I did not witness myself. The testimony of peasants and private soldiers is never very reliable, especially when, as in my case, the person to whom the information is furnished is very imperfectly acquainted with the ground on which the action was fought. I think it right, however, to state, that all the reports I have heard agree in representing the conflict as rather an artillery engagement than a hard-fought battle. I believe, if I am to speak the honest truth, that this version is quite as likely to be correct as that of any

of the others which have been supplied to the British public. I admit, that at the time of the battle I was on the other side of the Alps; but of the only two correspondents who have given independent narratives of the events, one was at the top of a tower some ten miles away from the field of battle; the other was at the foot of a hill on the wrong side of the attacking force. The former, from his position, might have seen a good deal of the fight, if it had happened to be a bright sunshiny day, but unfortunately it was the exact contrary; the latter must have had an excellent opportunity of studying the rise and fall of smoke-clouds in a heavy atmosphere, but beyond that he could not possibly have seen anything of the battle or its fortunes. I do not for one moment undervalue the advantages they thus enjoyed. If I had been present myself at the engagement I should probably not have seen more than they did, if as much. Very few persons have ever seen a battle in the same sense as people see a drama upon the stage. The real benefit of being present on or near a field of battle consists—I am speaking from a correspondent's point of view—not in what you see yourself, but in what you have the opportunity of learning from the actors in the conflict at the period when those impressions are the most vivid, fresh, and truthful. Nothing, therefore, would be further from my wish than to depreciate the value of the different narratives furnished by the gentlemen to whom I allude, immediately after the conclusion of the great conflict that decided the fate of Germany, if not of

Europe. But I altogether demur to the assumption, that because a person happened to be within a few miles' distance of a combat which extended over an area of some twenty miles, he alone, therefore, is *ipso facto* qualified to express an opinion about the general character of the battle. A story told of King William IV. illustrates the case. On some occasion his late Majesty expressed an opinion that America was discovered by Columbus in the thirteenth century. A gentleman present, who had a greater regard for truth than for courtly respect, ventured to dispute the assertion. "Sir," was the royal retort, "you have never crossed the Atlantic; I have, and therefore I am more likely to know when America was discovered than you are." The logic of the King's answer was about on a par with the assumption that a man who saw the smoke, and heard the guns fired at Königgrätz, must know more about the true history of the battle than one who had not possessed this opportunity.

There needs be no more mystery about Königgrätz than about any other great battle. Indeed, unless the traces of the contest have vanished far more completely than is likely to be the case within the space of three weeks, anybody who visits the field now can form a very clear idea of how the fight was lost and won. The dispute whether Chlum was or was not vigorously defended is beside the mark. The Austrian army, under General Benedek, had taken up their position on a semicircular range of low hills, which lay between the Prussians and the fortress of Königgrätz; and the Prus-

sians, in order to continue their advance southwards, were obliged to dislodge the enemy from his position. With that object their forces were drawn up in a parallel semicircle of larger radius at the foot of the range. Throughout the early hours of the day the Austrian artillery hindered the Prussian centre from carrying the heights directly opposite, but the Austrians failed, or, as I believe, made no attempt to break through the Prussian lines. By noon or afternoon—for no evidence as to time in such contests is trustworthy—the Prussian left wing, under the Crown Prince, had forced its way on to the heights without any serious resistance from the enemy; and then, as I have described in a former letter from Sadowa, the Austrians turned and fled. I think it likely enough that at individual spots along the immense line of country occupied by the attacking and defending forces the fighting was obstinate enough; but the Austrians did not offer any determined resistance when the Prussians had once advanced so near as not to be within range of cannon-shot. It was not the occupation of either Chlum or Lipa, or any single point, which decided the day; but the complete and overwhelming advance of the Prussians. Nothing is gained by exaggerating the character of the contest, in order to flatter the pride of the Prussians or to soothe the vanity of the Austrians. The latter, with a strong position of their own choosing, were driven from it, not by any accidental advantage, nor by any cunning strategy, but simply because they could not hold their ground against the vigorous onslaught of the enemy.

On the other hand, though it is absurd to compare the battle of Sadowa to that of Solferino, it is equally unreasonable to complain that the Prussians showed want of energy in not pursuing the enemy. As it was, they turned a defeat into a rout, a fact abundantly proved by the knapsacks and cartridge pouches which still line the road between Chlum and Königgrätz; the Prussians actually did pursue the Austrians till they came within range of the guns of the fortress. It was then growing late, the army was exhausted by a hard day's fighting, and it would have been madness for any detached Prussian force to advance further in the direction of Pardubitz, along a road commanded by the guns of Königgrätz, with the risk of being cut off at any moment from the main body of the army. The Prussians fought from early dawn till sunset, and inflicted such a death-blow upon the Austrians that they were not ready to fight again till they got within shelter of Vienna. It is an odd instance of the way in which battles are named that this victory should be styled by the name of Königgrätz. Sadowa was a far better title, as there was certainly fighting in or near the village of that name. At Königgrätz there was not a shot fired, till the whole fight was over and the Prussian cavalry were advancing on the track of the flying Austrians. It might as well, or better, be called the battle of Josephstadt or Pardubitz; both places are near at hand, and both had nothing whatever to do with the issue of the contest.

THE FORTRESS OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

Hvradec Kralowe, Aug. 10.

I DON'T suppose any of my readers will have the faintest notion what is the name of the place from which this letter is dated. Till to-day I had none myself. It seems, however, that this is the Bohemian name of Königgrätz. This morning I was buying a photograph of the fortress in a stationer's shop within the town; and when I had completed my purchase, the shopman begged me, as a particular favour, to let the English public know that the real name of the place was "Hvradec Kralowe," and not Königgrätz; the Germans, as he said pathetically, having stolen everything from Bohemia, even the very names of its towns. Herewith I have fulfilled the promise that I gave; but, as I have no hope of becoming a champion of Czech nationality, I shall content myself in future with calling Königgrätz by its ordinary appellation, and shall leave its native title to be used by those enthusiastic Germanophobists who still insist on writing Slesvick instead of Schleswig, and Dybböl instead of Düppel.

Yesterday, then, for the first time since the battle of Sadowa, the trains recommenced running on the line between Pardubitz and Reichenberg. The rail itself was

scarcely damaged, but the guns of the fortress of Königstadt commanded some mile or so of its length and rendered it absolutely useless. A foreign officer, who has been sent by his Government to report on the war, told me the other day that his observation had led him to the conviction that, in the case of an invasion, the railroads of the country could only be rendered unavailable for the use of the invader, by being thus commanded by fortified strongholds. It is very easy to break up a line, but then it is almost as easy to repair it. A retreating army must always keep the line open to retreat by; and when its own troops have been conveyed along the railway, there is scant time to blow up embankments and fill up tunnels. No doubt any temporary obstruction will hinder the enemy from transporting his troops over the track for hours or days; but in the long-run, supposing the enemy to hold the country, he can always put the line in sufficient repair to keep open his communications; whereas, if the railroad is commanded by a fortress, he is utterly debarred from using it, unless he has first laid siege to and captured the stronghold. Whether the theory would hold good in a country where the whole population was bitterly hostile to the invaders, I am not altogether certain; it has, however, proved sound in Austria. The Bohemian and Silesian railroads have proved of invaluable assistance to the Prussians; but their difficulties and dangers would have been diminished by half if the lines from Prague to Dresden, from Trübau to Lundenburg, and, above all, from Pardubitz

to Türrau, had not been completely blocked up by the three fortresses of Königstein, Olmütz, and Königgrätz. In the fatigue of their troops, the wear and tear of their horses and wagons, the delay in the transport of their supplies, and the extra expense of carriage by road, the one fortress of Königgrätz must have cost the Prussians more than any single engagement during the campaign.

However, now that peace is believed to be virtually, if not formally, concluded, the Austrian commandant has agreed not to fire upon trains passing under the guns of Königgrätz. In fact, the Austrians are only too anxious to facilitate in any way the departure of the Prussian army; and so the Pardubitz-Türrau line is traversed night and day by immense trains carrying troops and ammunition northwards. Learning from the authorities here that there would probably be no objection made to an Englishman's entering the fortress, I resolved to stop another day at Pardubitz, in order to make the attempt. Königgrätz is the first station from Pardubitz, and our journey was accomplished in little more than half an hour. But, short as the transit was, I had time to note with great satisfaction that the roadside level crossings, where look-out men are stationed, were guarded by Prussian sentries. The train, as usual, was mainly occupied by soldiers going homewards; as usual, too, nobody knew exactly when it was going to start, or which was the train we were to go by, or whether civilians would be allowed to proceed by it; and, as usual also, the process of acquiring this information was eminently disagreeable. It would be unfair to say that the Prussian

officials are actually uncivil; it would be doing them more than justice to say that they are civil. You generally have to ask two or three times before you can get them to attend to you at all; and their answer, when they do give one, is of the curtest and roughest kind. Then, too, though the under officers are, I believe, most worthy men, estimable in every relation of daily life, yet they are apt to pester a stranger with a sort of inquisitorial catechism. To-day, for instance, my fellow-travellers first questioned my companion and myself on our right to travel in their carriage at all; and then, when they were satisfied on this point, they took it firmly into their heads that we were natives of Bohemia. Time after time I told them we were English, and that we knew nothing about the country; but yet they would insist on interrogating us about the names of the different localities through which we passed, and bothered us with questions as to why we were going to Königgrätz, and whom we expected to see there.

The moment that we were set down, to my great relief, at the station of Königgrätz, we left the Prussian military atmosphere behind us. On the platform a corporal's guard of Austrian soldiers turned out to receive the train. With their long well-fitting gray overcoats fastened over their breasts by the crossed white belts, their dark-blue Hessian trousers, their clean-shaved bright faces, and their lithe, spare figures, they looked a perfect contrast to the slovenly, rough-clad, hard-featured, brawny fellows who compose the Prussian rank and file. The officers, spick and span, as if they were in the Prater at Vienna, stalked up and

down in their snow-white uniforms, with an air of good breeding which you look for in vain amongst the same class in Prussia. The moment I applied to them for information they answered me courteously at once, as any well-bred men of the world in any country would answer a stranger. I had absolutely no reason to allege for my wish to enter Königgrätz, except that I was anxious to see the place; and I should not have been in the least surprised if they had informed me the thing could not be heard of. But instead of that they told me at once whom I ought to apply to for leave, and where I ought to go, and declined looking at my passport when I offered to produce it.

So, unaccompanied and unmolested, I was allowed to proceed up to the gates of the town itself. Königgrätz is not unlike Mantua in position. Like the great Italian fortress, it is—or rather can be—completely surrounded by water. When the waters of the Elbe are allowed to flood the country as at present, the fortress is an island in a wide tract of water, half river, half marsh, and half lagoon. The fortress is connected with the mainland by one long flat causeway. It was along this causeway that the Austrians crowded into the city in their flight from Chlum, and hundreds of soldiers are said to have been drowned in the water on either side. This road, of course, is directly under the fire of the Königgrätz guns. The trees which used to line the causeway had been cut down. The houses near it were burnt down, I believe, by shells thrown from the Prussian field-batteries upon the retreating Austrians, and in many parts the road was obstructed by charred

masses of bricks and timbers. Sentries were posted every fifty yards or so along the highway, and fatigue parties were busily employed in repairing the dykes and setting up the telegraph poles, most of which had been knocked down in the crush of the retreat.

At the gate of the fortress we were stopped for the first time by the sentries. I presented my passport, which happened to be provided with the visa of the Austrian Embassy in London, and upon my name being entered in the book, I was allowed to pass in, the sentry politely informing me that if I liked to pay a visit to the commandant of the town, I should find his office in the Market-place. However, I have had so many interviews with military authorities, that I was not anxious to increase the number, especially as I found I could obtain everything I wanted without any permission. If I had seen Königrätz before I wrote to you last, I think I should have mitigated my strictures on Bohemian towns. However, I am inclined to believe its exceptional cleanliness and comfort is due to the fact, that for a great length of years it has been occupied by Austro-Germans. At all events, it is as neat and clean and bright as if it were a town of South Germany. Its great market-place, its long arcades, its high church-towers and belfries, give it an Italian look; and what renders it more like Italy still was its utter quiet and solitude in the noontide hours, when I arrived there. For a wonder the day was really hot, and the sun glared brightly down upon the broad open piazza. Nobody was to be seen crossing it, except half-a-dozen Austrian officers; a

couple of sentries paced languidly in front of the commandant's residence; a beggar sat crouching in the sunlight, and two or three children were playing under the arcades. I thought at first the world of Königgrätz was taking its siesta; but I soon perceived that the town was almost deserted. Save the garrison there is next to nobody left in the city; the inhabitants fled from it when they expected its bombardment, and were only just beginning to return; most of the shops were shut up, the houses had their windows fastened, and padlocks on their doors; the very churches were closed; and you might stroll up and down the side streets without meeting a living soul. Königgrätz is built upon a hogsback-shaped sort of ridge, and on the highest point of this ridge is placed the tower, which you can see miles and miles away over the flat surrounding country. The door was open, and after mounting an incalculable number of steps we found our way to an open gallery from which you could look down upon the town and over a vast extent of country. The battle-field of Sadowa itself was entirely hidden from view, but the officers who were stationed here during the day of the fight could have seen clearly enough the advance of the Crown Prince's army from the extreme right of their own forces; they must have watched, too, without difficulty the headlong flight of their regiments, as they were driven down the slopes of the hill of Chlum, and must have traced the approach of the enemy to the commencement of the causeway which formed the one line of retreat. The Prussian cavalry came up as far as the

railway station on the evening of the battle, and their guns shelled the fortress and town for a time, but without doing any serious harm. The fortifications of the town, so far as I could judge from this bird's-eye view, consist of a single line of bastions, not, I think, of any great strength. The guns placed in the batteries were of light calibre and of old-fashioned make. I should doubt that Königgrätz would be able to offer any serious resistance to a regular bombardment; but so long as the batteries sweeping the causeway remain unsilenced, the town can only be carried by troops prepared to advance along an open road under most heavy fire.

When I had wandered sufficiently about the town, and had done all the sights of Königgrätz, I turned in to the chief hostelry open in the place, where I got one of the few decently cooked dinners I have had for many a day. The room was filled with Austrian officers, who were eager enough to learn some news of the outer world, from which they had been so long cut off. The only news I could tell them—namely, that peace was considered certain—was not very welcome; and, as there were some Prussian hospital attendants present, who had come over from Pardubitz to convey messages from Austrian officers lying wounded there, I was not anxious to enter into a discussion on public affairs. But my landlord took me aside, and confided his indignant patriotism to me. Like all the lower class of Austrians I have met, he was absolutely convinced that the battle of Sadowa could never have been lost if the generals in command of the army had not been

utterly and culpably incompetent. I believe myself this idea to be a complete delusion, and that the Austrians were defeated for the simplest of all reasons, because they were worse soldiers and fought worse than their enemies. However, the prevalence of this delusion—if delusion it be—amongst the Austrian people is likely to have a serious influence on the feelings of the nation towards the Government. My host was, of course, most furious against the Prussians, who, he said, were not soldiers but thieves; and when I mildly suggested that the term was perhaps somewhat too severe, he crushed me by declaring that the King of Prussia himself did not pay his own hotel-bills, but referred the landlord to the Austrian Government for liquidation of the account. I felt that, in the eyes of an innkeeper, such an offence was an unpardonable sin, for which no excuse could be urged, and so I paid my score and took my departure.

I left the town with as little difficulty and bother as I entered it, and am now waiting at the station for the arrival of the train to Pardubitz. It is already three hours late, and as yet shows no sign of life.

THE CAPITAL OF BOHEMIA.

Prague, Aug. 14.

ABSINTHE, caviare, and cayenne pepper are good things enough if taken in moderation, but the idea of consuming them all day and every day would fill with horror the most confirmed devotee of digestive stimulants. I have often thought that the presence of soldiers in a town bears a strong resemblance to a stomachic administered to the community. A very little of it is not at all unpleasant; but more than a very little goes a terribly long way. Happily for us, we in England have hitherto had our tonics supplied to us in the mildest and most pleasing form. I suppose most inhabitants of the thoroughfares between Charing-cross and the Mansion House would regret the change if the double file of a dozen Guardsmen ceased to march nightly from St. James's to the Bank. But if we of the civilian world were elbowed off the pavement every hour of the day to make room for troops, we should soon begin to grow weary of the very sight of a scarlet uniform. It is pleasant, when you have nothing particular to do, and are in no particular hurry to go anywhere, to be stopped for five minutes crossing Waterloo-place while the Horse Guards pass down the

street in all the glory of their gorgeous accoutrements; but if Regent-street and Piccadilly and Park-lane were habitually blocked up for hours, in order that troops might move to and fro, our patience would soon be exhausted. There is not one of the residents in Albertopolis, who has been in the habit of passing the Knightsbridge Barracks, who has not learnt to pray heartily for the day when the gallant defenders of our country may be removed to some more remote habitation.

But all these and the other petty incidents of a military occupation, which come within the knowledge of Londoners, can give no adequate conception of what this term conveys in its real meaning. The inhabitants of Chatham, Portsmouth, and Aldershot have probably no excessive liking for the regiments which succeed each other in the barracks of those unfortunate localities. But then, after all, they are well paid for the inconveniences to which they are subject; and they make their living out of the troops stationed amongst them. But if you want to know what an armed occupation means in sober earnest you should come to a city in the condition in which Prague is now. I fancy somehow that the infliction is far heavier in a great city than in a country village. However loyal and patriotic peasants may be, they do not feel the sense of humiliation inflicted by the presence of a foreign soldiery so keenly as the inhabitants of towns; they do not necessarily come so closely into contact with their unwelcome visitors; they have so little of incident in their daily lives that they are not insensible

to the excitement caused by any novel event, however undesirable in itself. But in Prague the Prussian occupation is an unmitigated and unredeemed nuisance. At Brünn, at any rate, the invaders belonged to the same race and spoke the same language as the inhabitants; but here they are foreigners in a foreign city. To most Englishmen Austria is so little known in anything but her imperial and German character, that they can hardly realise the fact of Prague's being as totally different from Vienna as Calais is from Dover. It has a history, a nationality, a language of its own, not only not German, but in a certain sense anti-German; and therefore the Prussians are even more unpopular here than other foreign invaders, from the fact that they belong to the little-loved German race. Prague resents the occupation of her town, not so much because she is an Austrian city as because she is the capital of Bohemia. In fact, her inhabitants feel very much as I suppose the good people of Edinburgh would do if the Northern Athens were occupied by a French garrison. Not only would the Scotch resent the fact as an indignity to the United Kingdom, they would deplore it as a degradation to the land of Bruce and Wallace, and all the other heroes of Caledonia. So it is here also. The black and white Prussian flag which waves over the gates of the city, and upon the historic "Hradschin" itself, is an outrage not only to the House of Hapsburg, but to every Wenceslaus, and Wickslaus, and Stanislaus, with whose statue the town is adorned; also to the memory of Huss, Ziska, St. Nepo-

muck, and all the various worthies of Bohemian history.

Moreover, putting aside all sentimental considerations, the presence of the Prussian army of occupation is a grievance which must be seen to be estimated fully. The public buildings, the railways, the post-office, are all taken possession of by the enemy. The town is crammed with Prussian troops. Every day new regiments keep pouring in to replace the Landwehr, which is now being transported homewards with the utmost rapidity. These regiments, for the most part, have just returned from the seat of war, covered with dirt and flushed with victory. At Prague, for the first time for weeks, they can enjoy the comforts of civilised life; so the moment they have got their billet the soldiers swarm about the town, hungry, thirsty, noisy, and boisterous. There is a slang phrase in England—"You're not everybody." Now I should say the converse of this phrase exactly applied to the Prussians, and that in Prague, at any rate, they were everybody. They occupy the trottoir, they fill the cafés, they crowd the restaurants, they block up the entrances to the cigar-shops, they take up all the carriages, they occupy the theatres, they bully the waiters, and are served before everybody. The Prussian uniform is everywhere; groups of officers stand before the doors of every hotel; gangs of soldiers walking abreast stroll up and down the streets; they could not help being in the way if they wished it; and, I think, most of them do not wish it. Heinrich Heine, who hated the Prussians with a deadly hatred, says in his poems that

every movement in their body is always a rectangular one ; and certainly there never were people who displayed less agility in getting out of the way than the rank and file of the Prussian army. But, with all the best will and the utmost grace in the world, they could not conceal the fact that they are here as conquerors. Everything, from great to small, is made subservient to their convenience ; everybody, from the greatest noble to the smallest burgher, has to give way to their pleasure. The palaces of the Wallensteins and the Clam-Gallas are turned into quarters for the officers of the royal staff. Every house has soldiers billeted upon it ; the hotel in which I live is set down for a hundred. It is with colours flying and bands playing that the troops enter the town. Every day, too, detachments of Austrian and Saxon prisoners are marched through the streets, escorted by Prussian soldiers. The prisoners are, for the most part, men discharged from the hospitals, where they have been nursed kindly enough ; and, so far as their treatment is concerned, they have little, I think, to complain of. But still, even to a more apathetic people than the Bohemians, the spectacle of their own troops being marched, disarmed and guarded, through the streets of their own capital, would be intolerably galling. The prisoners are followed invariably to the railway station by crowds of the townspeople, chiefly of the poorer class ; and often amongst the crowd you can see women crying bitterly. Let me add that on the whole I believe the Prussians have behaved very well in Prague, and have not given more annoyance to the inhabitants than was

inseparable from their position, and a certain want of geniality that is characteristic of the nation. But still, even with the best-disposed troops, the citizens must often be subject to insolence and outrage. Only the other night, as I was informed by a foreign eye-witness, a Prussian soldier who had got drunk drew his sword in the high street, cut an inoffensive passer-by over the head, and then planted himself in the middle of the street, threatening to cut down everybody who approached. The policemen, though they were armed, were afraid to interfere, because they had no power of touching a Prussian private. Happily, after some time, an officer rode up, and on the soldier's refusing to go home, he summoned the guard, and had the man disarmed. I am told the man will probably be shot for threatening his superior officer; but if it had not been for the arrival of this official, the passers-by would have been at the mercy of this drunken ruffian. I cannot doubt that similar cases of a less aggravated kind occur here constantly, and that, as a rule, the citizens have to submit patiently to outrages of this sort. Let it be understood that I make no special charge against the Prussians in this matter. I believe truly there has seldom been so sober, so well-conducted, or so good-natured an army as that collected within these walls. Such incidents are common in all towns occupied by foreign troops, no matter to what nation these troops may belong; but because they are of universal occurrence they are none the less painful to the victims.

The people of Prague have not even the poor con-

solation of robbing the Philistines, or, indeed, of making money out of their invaders. When the English occupied Paris, the hotel-keepers and tradespeople of the French capital are said to have gratified at once their patriotism and their cupidity by overcharging every Englishman they came across. But the Bohemians have no chance of despoiling the Prussians. As I think I have mentioned before, the soldiers quartered on the Bohemian towns pay for nothing, unless they think fit to do so. They give receipts for all they take, but the liquidation of these receipts is an ulterior matter, with which they have no concern. An innkeeper, whose hotel had been turned for weeks into a barrack and a hospital, assured me that he received no remuneration whatever for the board and lodging—all of the best quality—he had to provide for his guests; and he added, that the very small profit he used to make at first by the sale of wine and cigars to the inmates of his house had been cut off of late, as the officers now drank the wine and smoked the cigars provided by the Johannite Society for the sick and wounded. How far this latter charge was generally true, I do not know. On two occasions when I dined at the hotel in question I certainly saw the officers' mess-table covered with bottles of port and French cognac and boxes of cigars, none of which came from the stores of the host. The richer and more educated of the officers undoubtedly pay for their own meals in most places; but this practice was the exception, and not the rule, and the whole administrative system of the

army is not of a kind to encourage liberality amongst the soldiers. Only the other day, when the King of Prussia entered Prague, on his return from the field of battle, the flags with which the station was decked out had to be provided at the expense of the municipality.

From all I can gather, the people of Prague have conducted themselves with such dignity as was possible under the circumstances. They hold themselves entirely aloof from the soldiers. In the streets you never see soldiers and townspeople together. The public gardens on the Elbe islands, where the good people of the city delight to assemble on summer evenings, are deserted by everybody but the military and a class of females who cannot afford to be select in the choice of their company. Every now and then you see an Austrian soldier sitting in these gardens; but if you do, he is sure to be alone and silent in the midst of the noisy crowd.

Aug. 16.

Prague made holiday all yesterday. It was the feast of "Maria's Himmelfahrt," the Assumption of the Virgin; and the Bohemians are at once devout and indolent, and therefore inclined to celebrate all festivals of the Church with excessive zeal. Litanies to the Virgin were recited last night in all the public squares. I tried to make out that they were offered up as supplications for the return of peace, or for the souls of the dead Bohemian soldiers; but, with the best will in the world, I could find no corroboration for the theory. All I could learn was, that it was

always the custom to have these litanies recited on the eve of the feast. No matter what their object may have been, the spectacle presented by these open-air prayer-meetings was sufficiently picturesque to justify the existence of the institution. Before the little shrines of the Virgin placed at the corners of the streets, where the Madonna is depicted always with the halo of glory and the dark blue mantle and the bleeding heart, numbers of wax tapers flickered brightly; on a raised platform an old man—he might have been a hermit from his age and dirt—read out, verse by verse, the Virgin's litany; and then a crowd of girls kneeling on the pavement in front of the shrine chanted back the words. I don't know whether they sang well or ill; but I know that the night was very still and dark; that the candles lit up the faces of the crowd of peasant women and children who surrounded the kneeling girls; and that the great, grim, gable-windowed houses of Prague, deep in shadow, formed such a background as befitted the scene. Groups of Prussian soldiers collected round about, staring at the spectacle. I don't think they quite understood what it all meant; they had a vague impression that the prayers of these Bohemian women to the Virgin might be directed in some way against the welfare of Prussia; but they probably considered that the garrison of Prague was quite strong enough not to be injured by litanies; and so, after a little consultation, they left the worshippers unmolested. I own, that to the Protestant mind there is a sort of satisfaction in the fact of Prague's being occupied by a

Lutheran army. There never was a place in which the triumph of orthodoxy over heterodoxy has been celebrated with such vigour as at Prague. In the pictures at the churches, in the tablets on the street walls, in the statues with which the town is crowded, heresy is always depicted as getting the worst of the conflict. In the guise of a dragon, or a serpent, or a fiend, the Hussite heresy is always being stamped out and trampled under foot by some champion of orthodox doctrine. Every king and magnate in Bohemia must have played the part of St. George. The effect is curious, if you read at every turn some enthusiastic record of how the true faith triumphed over its enemies, and how heresy was finally extirpated ; and then, by the mere presence of the Prussian sentries, have your attention called to the fact that, centuries after heresy had been supposed to be put down, the most devout and orthodox city of Prague should be in the possession of a great heretical Protestant Power, which has established its greatness upon the ruins of the Catholic and Apostolic Empire of Austria.

However, no considerations of this kind interfered with the zest with which the people of Prague celebrated their holiday. Every shop was shut, and cigars were the only things to be purchased in the town. Everybody put the best clothes on ; all the women went to mass ; and all the men, to judge from their looks, went to the barbers to get shaved and have their hair curled. The day was exquisitely warm and beautiful ; and the whole population crowded into the streets. I don't think the Bohemians are

a particularly handsome race. Like all Sclavonian peoples, they have a washed-out, sallow, hungry look, and the number of cripples and deformed persons you see about is very large. Still they have a passion for bright colours; and a Prague crowd is at any rate not a sombre one. The burgher guard, too, had come out in force, in all the glory of the most gorgeous helmets and bearskins that it ever entered into the heart of a military tailor to conceive. The Prussian soldiers did not think much of these national guards, and stared at them somewhat rudely as they strutted up and down before the guard-house they were just now allowed to occupy; but this may have been due to professional jealousy. Moreover, very big men have a way of looking down, morally as well as literally, on very small ones; and the Prussian Guards, who have just arrived here from the south, are a perfect race of giants compared with the Bohemians. I am not particularly short myself, but I never recollect anywhere to have felt so short as in the midst of a company of these Prussian Anakim. It is not only that they are so tall, but they are so powerfully built in proportion. Indeed, the average height of the Prussian army must be a very high one, far higher than that of the Austrian. Yesterday Prague was crowded with Austrian soldiers; the prisoners were allowed to go about the town freely; the wounded, who were able to get upon their legs, had all come out for the day. It was sad to see such numbers of men, all in the prime of life, and all crippled. There was scarcely one amongst them who would not have been gratified to take

his seat at the banquet in the Gospel parable, where the "halt and the maim and the blind" were bidden to come in. The few who had escaped unhurt were of course disarmed, and carried, for the most part, sticks instead of swords. The Austrians were decently clothed, and looked clean and well fed; in fact, even though maimed and disarmed, they seemed, as usual, more soldierlike than the Prussian privates who were mixed up with them in the crowd; but, on the other hand, in size and breadth and stature they were not to be compared with the Northern Germans. If in battle, as in boat-races, weight wins in the long-run, it is not strange that the Prussians should have had so easy a victory.

The great amusement of the people of Prague on Assumption-day appears to consist in walking up and down the streets in their Sunday clothes. From some accidental cause, there was a break in the continued stream of troops which has kept pouring into the city from the south for the last few days, and, in consequence, the signs of the foreign occupation were not so manifest as is commonly the case; while the crowd in the streets was so great that the Prussian soldiers were not so conspicuous as usual. The doorways and the windows were filled with gaily-dressed women. I suppose the mere fact of being well dressed makes a woman feel more amiable than she does in her ordinary costume. Besides, when you have got yourself up and taken a position on purpose to be looked at, you cannot feel altogether unkindly towards anybody who

looks at you, even if you do object to him on political or patriotic grounds. I adduce this theory in exculpation of the women of Prague from the suspicion of lack of patriotism when I mention that yesterday they showed themselves more friendly towards the Prussian soldiers than they have done hitherto. I don't think the Prussians, for soldiers, are very ardent admirers of beauty; beer and tobacco and sausage "wurst" have more charms for them than bright eyes; but still, even the most philosophical of men are mortal, and at their last moments the Prussian privates did the Prague women the honour of staring at them, and calling the attention of their comrades, by vigorous nudges in the side, to any lady whose dress seemed deserving of notice. I saw one corporal—but he was, doubtless, a Don Juan in disguise—blow a kiss with his fingers to a lady on a balcony. And even though they proceeded from foes of their country and their race, these tributes of admiration were received not unkindly by the ladies to whom they were addressed.

There were extra performances at all the theatres: at the Stadt Theatre they were giving my old friend, "Still Waters run deep." In this world you live and learn; and one of the many things I never hope to cease learning is the authorship of this piece. For many years I supposed it was Mr. Tom Taylor's; then I was informed it was M. Charles de Bernard's; and now here at Prague, of all places in the world, I find from the playbill that it is written by Herr Werther, after Beaumont and Fletcher.

Why "Still Waters run deep" should be selected for the day, I do not pretend to explain. At any rate, it is better than the "Miller and his Child," which is always selected in all German theatres for performance on the approaching festival of All-Souls day. The piece is supposed to be appropriate to the occasion, because it rests upon the legend that if you go to a churchyard at twelve o'clock on the last night of the year you will see the ghosts of all the people who are about to be buried there within the coming twelve months. If anybody had gone at midnight on the 31st of last December to the cemetery of Prague, what a terrible muster of ghosts he ought to have seen !

This, however, is a parenthesis, into which I have got I do not exactly know how, and out of which I see no clear way of extricating myself. Let me say, then, that yesterday the island gardens, with which the town is surrounded, had extra bands and extra lights and extra waiters. Why two bands, or "chapels," as they are called here, are supposed to be better than one, is a thing nobody has ever yet explained ; but, at the same time, why 10,000 additional lamps were presumed to be an attraction in the old days of Vauxhall is also a mystery as yet unsolved. It is certain that all the gardens had double bands, that they were all filled to overflowing, and that the quantity of beer consumed must have been something stupendous. Music, I suppose, belongs to no nation ; and as the predominant element in these concert-gardens was

the military one, it was perhaps natural enough that the bands which belonged to the Burgher Guards should select the Düppel march, and other Prussian patriotic airs, to suit the taste of their audience. I rather doubt whether, if the English were quartered at Rouen, a French band would play "Rule Britannia" upon the quays out of their own free choice; but each people has its own ways of manifesting its feelings.

Assuredly, however gay the city of Prague may have seemed yesterday, there must have been sad hearts enough within its walls. The priests of the various churches here—and their name is legion—are overpowered with the applications for masses for the dead. All day long the churches are full of women in mourning, praying for men who lie far away wounded in Prussian hospitals, or buried in unknown graves. You cannot take up a paper without seeing strings of advertisements begging anybody to forward any intelligence concerning some soldier or other who was last seen on the day of Türrnau, or Nachod, or Sadowa, and has not since been heard of—advertisements signed by wives, mothers, and daughters. Moreover, though the town of Prague has escaped with little material damage, it is full of country people to whom the war has brought absolute ruin. A Prussian officer whom I met the other day going home, told me he felt absolutely sick when he thought of the scenes of misery he had witnessed among the Bohemian peasantry. Amongst many stories he repeated to me, I may quote one as an example of the rest.

On first crossing the Bohemian frontier he was quartered at a farmhouse which belonged to a well-to-do widow. His landlady grumbled a little about the burden of having troops lodged upon her house, but admitted the infliction would not ruin her. Weeks afterwards he met the same woman in rags, begging her way homewards from Vienna. Troop after troop had been quartered on her house, and her cows and oxen had been seized head by head till they were all gone; then, by an accident or by the carelessness of some of the soldiers collected within it, her farmhouse was burnt down. In recognition of the charges to which she had been subjected, she received acknowledgments from the Prussian authorities. But these acknowledgments, to be of any value, required the counter-signature of the mayor of the village; and the mayor had fled when the Prussians arrived. The poor woman, who had, as my informant declared, when he first saw her been living in something like luxury, had literally not a groschen of money left to supply her with food. By some friendly aid or other she made her way to Vienna, to see if she could raise any money upon her receipts; but she was told there that nothing could be done till peace was restored, and that even then, failing the indorsement of the local authorities, her papers would in all probability not be recognised as constituting a claim against the Government. Stories like these may be heard by the hundred, if you take the trouble to inquire for them; and years must elapse before the traces of the Prussian occupation of Bohemia have

altogether passed away. But still, after all, you cannot be always weeping for the misfortunes of your country, and even in the bloodiest wars, for one person who suffers, there are a score who escape ; and so it is not wonderful if Prague, in spite of the presence of a foreign army, was bright and merry yesterday.

DRESDEN AND SAXONY.

Dresden, Aug. 18.

THERE are people whom everybody must know, who enjoy a sort of vested immunity from accidents of any kind. All their friends and acquaintances entertain the most absolute confidence as to their never being the victims of any romantic incident. You might place them in the midst of shipwrecks, battles, railway collisions, epidemics, and I know not what; and yet you would never dream for one moment of their coming to any signal harm. It is not in their part. So it is with places. Why, it would be hard to explain; but there are undoubtedly towns which cannot possibly be the scene of any violent perturbation. An earthquake may be possible at Lisbon, but a convulsion of the earth at Leamington is forbidden by considerations of abstract fitness far more than by geological conditions. Naples accords with the notion of a volcano, but at Pisa it would be an absurd anomaly. A revolution at Ramsgate would be a simple monstrosity; and the very idea of war is inconsistent with the names of certain localities. Supposing an Englishman were to learn that Brighton was occupied by foreign troops, his first feeling would not be one of

indignation at the insult offered to his country, but of astonishment at the incongruity of the ideas thus put into juxtaposition. Now Dresden is one of the places which come within the category in question. When Lord Overstone was examined before a Parliamentary Committee, as to the probable result of a foreign occupation of London, he replied that he could give no answer, because "the thing must not be." In the same way anybody who knows Dresden must feel, if he was told that the Elbe Florence had been captured by an army, that the thing could not be, Dresden and war seem such utterly incompatible ideas. It is such a quiet, staid, respectable place. The writer of Murray's Handbook, who, like all his *confrères*, seems to have travelled upon the Continent half a century ago, and to have compiled his guide from reminiscences of the travels of his youth, states that "Dresden is eligible as a residence for persons who are not alarmed by the recent events in Germany." What events the author of a book bearing the date of 1860 can possibly allude to, it is utterly beyond my powers of imagination to conceive. I only know that for all the years during which I have been acquainted with Dresden, it has been a sort of model capital for calm and quiet. The worst you could say of it was that it was dull; as to accusing it of being a prey to anarchy and license, you might as well object to Dr. Watts's hymns for the unbridled passion of their language.

In truth, Dresden has been, and is, and I think will be, a slow place, and nothing but a slow place. It is

all very well to talk about Augustus the Strong and the Thirty Years' War and the campaigns of the First Empire; we have to do with the present, not with the past. In the days of King Bladud, Bath was possibly the home of angry passions, not of healing waters. But the Empire, like the Heptarchy, took place a long time ago; and within the memory of living men Dresden has always been correct, orderly, and well-behaved. A place where Dresden china is manufactured, and where the Dresden Gallery exists, can hardly be anything but quiet. And the metropolis of Saxony is one of the few places in the world which correspond to the ideas you form of it before you have seen it. Anybody who has ever strolled through its tranquil streets, has sailed upon the placid waters of the Elbe, has sat upon the Brühl-terrace, listened to the band at the Belvedere, supped in the open air at Helbig's by the moon-lit river side, wandered about the alleys of the Gross-Garten, heard the vespers at the Kreuz-Kirche, studied the Raphaels and Holbeins and Guidos in the galleries, and done, in short, the sights of Dresden, will understand the incongruity of the town's being occupied by the Prussian or any other army. In most foreign capitals even the most conceited of tourists feels that the place does not belong to him, that in the great life of the city he has neither place nor part, that after all he is only an object of secondary importance to the inhabitants. But in Rome and Dresden, as in former days at Florence, the most modest stranger feels that he is the principal personage

in the town, the honoured guest for whose benefit and to suit whose taste everything is arranged and established. It would have been an injury not only to the Saxons, but to the great tourist community, if Dresden had been disturbed from the tranquil tenor of its daily life.

Happily this calamity has been averted. I came here full of the recollections of former years, haunted by the impression that I should find the Dresden of August 1866 very different from what I had known it of old. Happily I was for once mistaken in taking a despondent view of human affairs. The Dresden of to-day is exactly the same as the Dresden all travellers have been acquainted with. To paraphrase the saying of Louis XVIII., on his return to France, the only difference is, that there is one Saxon the less. The King is away; but otherwise things are much the same as they have always been. Over the hotel where I have taken up my abode, the Prussian flag, indeed, is hoisted; but whether from atmospheric causes or from an innate sense of appropriateness even this flag does not flaunt with the wonted pride of other Prussian standards, but droops languidly, with a demure timidity, as if it felt itself out of place. There are two sentries before the door, in honour of a high official who has his quarters here; but they are influenced by the *genius loci*, and pay a sort of respect to the guests of the hotel, as the rightful owners and proprietors. To anyone who, like myself, has lived for some weeks in towns occupied by Prussians, the dominant impression created by a visit to Dresden is one

of intense quiet. In Brünn and Pardubitz and Prague, a foreigner exists only upon sufferance. He is elbowed out of the way by the military; has to take his turn after the officers are served; is deafened and wearied by the sound of drums and bugles, and harsh words of command uttered in harsher accents; and is depressed generally by a sense of personal inferiority. But here there is nothing of the kind. The very waiters obviously think more of a tourist who pays than of a billeted officer with any number of stars and crosses on his breast; and the officers, to do them justice, accept their subordinate position frankly and gracefully. Last night a Prussian sentry actually apologised to me for not allowing me to pass along a road which had been stopped by military order; and even in the *cafés* and *restaurants* the Prussians take up no more room than is strictly required. There are not many troops in the town, and a stranger would perceive but little outward difference in the life here, except that the flags on the public buildings had changed their colour, and that the uniforms of the soldiers were not the same as they used to be. In other respects, Dresden is what it always was. The band still plays upon the banks of the river; the Grand Theatre gives its performances at the usual reduced prices; and the galleries are open, as they used to be, to all the world. Tourists, indeed, there are very few; but this is their own fault, as there is no earthly reason why they should not come here as in former summers; they would find every normal luxury provided for, even to the extent of two Church of England chapels, where travellers

of High-Church or Evangelical proclivities can find their tastes suited respectively. The shopkeepers complain bitterly of the absence of travellers, and declare that business is utterly at a standstill. The hotels are empty; but beyond this Dresden is itself again.

The truth I take to be, so far as I can learn, that the Saxons are not altogether ill satisfied with the issue of the campaign. No doubt their forces lost heavily at Königgrätz; but then the loss was redeemed by the fact that in their instance it was unaccompanied by any disgrace. On the contrary, the Saxons withstood gallantly for some hours the onslaught of the Prussian army; and they may reasonably flatter themselves that if the Austrians under General Clam-Gallas had supported them, as they had a right to expect, the fate of the battle of Sadowa might have been a different one. The honour of the Saxon army, to say the least, is safe; and somehow a nation never takes the loss of its soldiers so much to heart when by their death they have promoted the repute of the country. The Saxon army was profoundly humiliated by the inglorious position it was forced to occupy at Rendsburg during the Schleswig-Holstein war; and the nation is not sorry to have had an opportunity of showing that its troops were fit for a higher duty than that of guarding the rear of the Austro-Prussian army. The desire for military glory has been appeased by the course of events; and the Saxons are by no means grieved that victory did not crown the arms of their allies. The position of the Saxon kingdom seems to me closely to resemble in many respects that of Tuscany

in the Italian peninsula. The country has been well governed for many years; has reached a high development of material and intellectual progress; has enjoyed great comparative freedom; has a history and traditions of its own; and is—what Tuscany was not—sincerely attached to the reigning family. Under these circumstances the Saxons had no particular wish for any change; they were well off, and doubted if they were likely to fare better under other arrangements. And on the whole, if the question could have been decided by an appeal to universal suffrage, they would have decided by a popular vote that things had better remain as they were. But when once matters came to an armed conflict between Prussia and Austria, their sympathies as free Protestant Germans were naturally with the Northern Power. The resolution of the King to throw in his fortunes and that of his army with Austria met with very little support from the nation, though it had in its favour the fact that it was ostensibly undertaken to protect the independence and honour of Saxony.

But when once it became clear that the Empire was not only unable to defend Saxony, but incompetent even to protect its own capital, any sympathy which may have existed in Dresden for Austria as the champion of the minor States died out naturally. The Saxons had no particular wish to be incorporated with Prussia, just as the Tuscans were not excessively desirous to be swallowed up in Italy; but when the necessity became apparent, they perceived many reasons which reconciled them to the

inevitable. United to Prussia, they would become part of a great German and Protestant nation, strong enough to protect them from foreign interference. Moreover, the national pride in the independent existence of Saxony was conciliated by the declaration that the Saxon dynasty was still to be permitted to exist. A Saxon will henceforth continue to be a Saxon, but he will, in addition, be a citizen of the North German kingdom. As yet nobody seems to know exactly what the relations are to be between Prussia and the other States of the Northern Confederacy. It is believed now that no part of Saxony will be finally detached and incorporated with the territory of the Hohenzollern monarchy. But, notwithstanding this circumstance, the respite given to the dynasty of Saxony is not likely to be a protracted one. Whatever happens, all sovereign power, as regards the outer world, will be removed from the Court of Dresden; and the King will be at the best a lord-lieutenant, holding office during the pleasure of his Prussian suzerain. Already there is a talk of degrading poor King John from the rank of King to that of Duke; but the insult would be a gratuitous one. When the substance of power is taken from him he may very well be left the shadow; he is never likely to be dangerous again, especially as his people, during the Prussian occupation, have made the discovery that at the worst they can get on indifferently well without him.

From all these causes, the relations between the Prussians and the Saxons are infinitely more friendly than

what might be expected to exist between the inhabitants of a conquered country and their conquerors. The Prussians have tried to make their occupation as little onerous as possible, and have, I think, succeeded. By this time the local papers have become decidedly pro-Prussian in tone, and are indignant with anyone who is not ready to make certain sacrifices of Saxon autonomy in order to promote the cause of German unity. Till the King acquiesces in the terms dictated to him from Berlin the occupation will continue. Meanwhile the Saxons take the delay very patiently. Their national honour is intact; and with regard to their daily life, they are left very much as they were before the war.

Aug. 19.

Considerable excitement has been created here by the language which Herr von Bismarck is reported to have used in reference to Saxony, when explaining his policy to the Prussian Chambers. The Dresden papers omit in their versions of the speech in question the portion which bears directly upon Saxony; but, as the Berlin papers circulate freely in the town, its purport is generally known. According to the most accurate reports, the Premier stated that there were three ways in which the conditions necessary for the welfare of Prussia and Germany could alone be realised. The first was the absolute and complete absorption of the Northern States into Prussia. This was the plan adopted with reference to Hanover, Nassau, Hesse, and Frankfort; and though this plan would have

to encounter many obstacles, through the dislike of the official world in the incorporated States towards the new order of things, he believed in the long-run it would prove the most effective and most satisfactory to all parties concerned. The second system consisted in taking away portions of the territory belonging to the independent kingdoms, but still leaving their dynasties to reign over diminished realms. This system had been uniformly rejected as unsuitable. The third method was that adopted with regard to Saxony. This method might be described as reducing the Saxons to Prussians of a second order. The territorial integrity of the country would remain intact, and the government of the kingdom would be divided between two powers. The military and foreign administration would be intrusted to Prussia; the civil and local administration to the reigning sovereign. At the same time that he recommended the adoption of this system for Saxony, Count Bismarck admitted that it was an eminently unsatisfactory one. He pointed out that it would be most difficult to secure any cordial coöperation between the two rival governments administering the affairs of the same country; and also alleged, with truth, that the military government would be placed in the unfortunate position of always having to demand sacrifices from, or impose taxes upon, the country; while, if there was no call for such demands, the credit of good administration would accrue exclusively to the civil government. Moreover, he admitted that his experience had shown him that such arrangements were always unpopular with the

inhabitants of the countries subjected to them. "Either leave us our independence or annex us altogether; but do not make us half Prussians"—such, he declared, was the remonstrance that had been addressed to him from Hanover; and he hinted intelligibly enough that this would be the public feeling of the Saxons. In fact, if his meaning is interpreted rightly, the real gist of the Premier's language was that the proposed arrangement was simply a provisional one, adopted not for its intrinsic merits, but because a more decisive policy would not promote the present interests of Prussia.

In fact, it is now manifest enough that the great statesman who is to fulfil in Germany the mission partially accomplished by Cavour in Italy, has resolved upon pursuing the same system which the latter intended originally to adopt. The immediate incorporation of all Italy under one monarchy was neither contemplated nor desired by Count Cavour. His wish was to see Piedmont extended over Italy—not to have Piedmont a part of an Italian kingdom. To make Piedmont the first of Italian Powers by her territorial acquisitions, her military strength, and her internal institutions; to annex each kingdom gradually, as the new provinces became assimilated to the old Sardinian monarchy; to unite the independent States by alliances, which must inevitably render them ripe for ultimate annexation—this, I think it is now abundantly clear, was the scheme of Cavour. The resistance of Austria, the relations of Italy with France, the impatience of the Garibaldian party, rendered the execu-

tion of this scheme impossible, and Cavour had to consent to the erection of an Italian kingdom before there had been time to Piedmontise Italy. It is quite possible that the course of events may frustrate in the same manner the designs of Count Bismarck. When once great popular forces are set in motion, it is not easy to control them. But for the present the Premier obviously intends to Prussianise Germany before he unites her into one kingdom. The execution of this idea is attended with far fewer difficulties than it was in the peninsula. In the first place, Prussia is relatively far more powerful than Sardinia ever was ; in the second, the difference between Prussia and the adjacent States is far less than that between Piedmont and the lesser Italian States ; and therefore the work of assimilation is proportionately easier.

So far as I can discover from my own observation, Count Bismarck has judged correctly enough that the Saxons will not long remain contented with the sort of anomalous position to which they are about to be reduced. In the course of a few years the feeling of national irritation created by the occupation of their territory and the defeat of their army will die away ; and then the Saxons cannot fail to ask themselves what they gain by the continuance of a nominal autonomy. Personal affection for the reigning sovereign, and esteem for the constitutional liberties they have enjoyed under his rule, may for a time reconcile the Saxons to the cost of a separate government, and to exclusion from the advantages they would enjoy as citizens of a great country.

But if the sovereign should lose his popularity, or if Prussia should make her own internal government as liberal as that of Saxony, there would soon be an irresistible demand for annexation to Prussia. Already there is a party growing up whose programme is complete incorporation; and this party will be immensely strengthened if, in the course of not unlikely events, the Saxon armies should have to fight side by side with Prussian. The feelings of loyalty to the reigning House and of pride in their distinct nationality are likely to be stronger in the country than in a great town like Dresden. Judging from what I can see here, I should say the general conviction of the Saxons is that their annexation to Prussia is a mere question of time, and that they regard this contingency with no very deep dread or dislike.

Aug. 20.

The whole aspect of Dresden is so calm and tranquil that it seems hard to realise the fact of the country being still in a state of war. Every print-shop in the place—and almost every sixth shop is a print-shop—is filled with pictures of the Prussian victories, with copies of patriotic Prussian melodies. The Königgrätz march is in especial request; so is an air, “Auf für Deutschland” (To arms, for Germany), “arranged so as to suit the piano or harmonium, and dedicated to his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia.” Yet, notwithstanding this, Saxony is still in arms against Prussia. Herr von Beust, indeed, is dismissed from office, and will be able

in retirement to meditate upon the great truth that the pedestal must be in proportion to the statue. A "village Hampden" may intrinsically be as noble a hero as his illustrious prototype; but if, supported by the patriotic spirits of the parochial public-house, he wages war against the tyranny of the parish beadle, he will be an object of ridicule instead of admiration. That it should be so is hard; but the world is thus constituted. The Baron von Beust may have been one of those great statesmen who have the capacity to upset dynasties or to establish thrones; but he had not sufficient area to work upon. Archimedes—as we all know, or ought to know—said that he could move the world if he could only find a fulcrum. Von Beust was a sort of Saxon Archimedes; but fortunately, or unfortunately, his fulcrum was the petty State of Saxony; and so, instead of the world being moved by him from its orbit, it is he who has been ejected from his orbit by the world. Scarcely two years ago the London Conferences were adjourned for days because some private business made it inconvenient for Baron von Beust to quit Dresden; and Herr von Bismarck declared it was impossible to open the negotiations with reference to a peace between Prussia and Denmark till the representative of the great German Bund could find time to attend the London Conference. Thanks to this delay, Düppel was taken before the Conference met, and the late Premier of Saxony was held up to honour in the Fatherland as the saviour of Germany. But times have changed, and Ministers have been changed with them.

Nobody now either thinks or cares where poor Von Beust comes from or goes to; and the preliminary condition of any peace between Saxony and Prussia was the dismissal of the unhappy Prime Minister. He may go and join the remnants of the Bund at Augsburg. Here in Prussianised Saxony there is no longer any place left for him. He is extinguished, snuffed out, forgotten. His fall is, as it were, the signal that the Saxon Government has abandoned all idea of successful resistance to Prussia; and it is, to say the least, significant that the same gazetté which announces his formal resignation states also that the Saxon plenipotentiary has recovered sufficiently from a passing attack of illness to take his departure for Berlin, where the definitive terms of peace are to be finally arranged.

Meanwhile, some twenty miles from Dresden, there is a fortress which, nominally at any rate, is still besieged, or liable to be besieged, by the Prussian army of occupation. Anybody who has ever visited the Saxon Switzerland knows Königstein. There, and there only, within the limits of Saxony, is a spot not occupied by Prussian troops, or which Prussian troops could not occupy to-morrow, if the fancy took them. The peculiarity of the valley of the Elbe, in this part of its course, is that on either side of the gorge through which it passes there rise any number of high precipitous rocks, like sugar-loaves with their summit cut off. On one of the broadest and steepest of these rocks is placed the fortress of Königstein. In order to reach it you must either scale a bare surface of rock, many hundred feet in height, rising almost perpendicularly; or else you

must approach by winding paths cut out of the hillside, and passing directly beneath the guns of the fortress; and even if by means of these paths you had stolen right up to the gateways of the citadel, you would still find yourself in front of a blank inaccessible wall of rock to which the one entrance is to be found by narrow passages cut through the side of the cliff. In fact, unless you could be transported into Königstein by balloons, it is very hard to see how you are ever to get there at all, so long as the fortress was garrisoned, and the garrison prepared to resist your entrance. There is no doubt that, if you want to get out of the way of anybody, there is not a better shelter to be found than this Saxon Gibraltar. Hither in all times of trouble the treasures of the monarchy have been removed, and generally the Saxon monarchs have accompanied their crown-jewels. Even as late as 1849 the then King of Saxony took refuge in Königstein, and lived there in peace and comfort till the revolution had worn out its strength.

Aug. 20.

The Saxons are immensely fond of their virgin fortress, as they delight to call it; and the moment the war with Prussia commenced, the drawbridge was raised, the trees on the hill slopes were cut down, and the citadel was placed in a state of defence, to defy the attacks of the whole Prussian army. The only misfortune is, that exactly the same reasons which render Königstein perfectly impregnable render its capture of extremely little value. No doubt if the Prussians had proceeded in accordance with

the recognised maxims of the art of war, they would never have quitted Saxony till they had reduced the great Elbe fortress. In that case they would, I have no doubt, be still erecting batteries and siege-work on the neighbouring hills; they would have sacrificed already thousands of lives, the war would be no nearer its end, and I should be at present describing the siege from one of the lovely villages which line the shores of the Saxon Elbe. The only place from which the fortress is commanded is from the summit of the Lilienstein, a rock on the opposite bank of the river, some couple of hundred feet higher, and more than two miles' distance as the crow flies. In former years I have climbed up this sister rock by aid of ladders and staircases, which have all been removed since the outbreak of war. In times when mankind were not so foolish as they are now, and when the Alpine Club was unknown, a King of Saxony thought the ascent of the Lilienstein such an heroic act that he commemorated the feat by a memorial obelisk; and the Saxons, who, to do them justice, are not given to climbing up hills, believe the Prussians could never have got up to the top of the Lilienstein or mounted guns upon its heights. As to this fact I am not equally confident. The Prussians, if they chose, might have erected any number of batteries on this point; but if they had, I doubt if they would have been much nearer their object. The balls fired from the guns which Napoleon I. placed on the same spot fell short of Königstein; but then artillery has been improved since the days of the First Empire, and the Prussian Wemmingbund

batteries certainly threw shells with deadly precision into Sonderborg, at a distance nearly as great as that which separates Königstein from Lilienstein. It makes a great difference, however, whether you fire at a mass of brick-and-plaster houses, or at a face of solid rock; and I think a very long time would have passed before all the guns in the Prussian arsenals could have battered such a breach in the rocky sides of Königstein as would have enabled the place to be taken by storm. The works were all in excellent repair, the guns were of the newest description, the fortress was provisioned for a year, and the garrison consisted of about 1,500 picked troops.

The one thing necessary for an heroic and historic defence was that the Prussians should come to attack the stronghold. With utter disregard for the decencies of warfare, they marched on without heeding it. When Joe Willett, in *Barnaby Rudge*, was going to see London, his father recommended him to pass the day on the top of the Monument, because there, at any rate, he would be out of harm's way. Joe, if I remember rightly, objected that if nobody saw him he should see nobody. A very similar objection applies to Königstein, though it never seems hitherto to have presented itself to the Saxon intellect. If the garrison are perfectly safe at the summit of their inaccessible work, the surrounding country is also pretty well safe from them. They are too far off to make sallies, or to attack anybody who is not kind enough to come and attack them. As it is, they could do absolutely nothing. The whole of

Saxony has been overrun and conquered without their having the opportunity of signalising their valour in any way. During the whole war they have fired two shots from the fortress. With the first they killed, or think they killed, a Prussian sentry ; with the second they fired—happily without effect—upon a steamboat sailing down the Elbe under the white flag, and laden with Austrian wounded. Still the existence of Königstein has not been altogether useless in a military point of view. By a mere accident, the railroad between Prague and Dresden passes directly at the foot of the citadel. In consequence its guns sweep the line for a couple of miles, and could have closed it for all practical purposes. If there had been no other railroad between Dresden and Bohemia, this inconvenience would have told very seriously upon the Prussians, and might have caused them to make efforts to remove the obstruction, even at the risk of heavy loss of life ; as it was, the closing of the Prague-Dresden line simply increased the difficulties the enemy had to encounter in quitting the territory of Saxony. My own belief is, that since the establishment of railroads the value of fortresses as defences of a country has materially decreased. Their only practical utility consists in their power of rendering railroads unavailable for the use of an invader.

Meanwhile, anybody who wants to see a fortress on a war footing cannot do better than visit Königstein, as I did yesterday. Indeed, it is about the only place in all Germany where you still see the actual spectacle of

war. It is quite true there is no attacking force. I doubt there being a Prussian force of any size between the place and Dresden. It is true, too, that you go to the port of Königstein by pleasure steamboats, whose chief company consists of tourists. Moreover, you may walk almost up to the citadel without being challenged. But still, when you do get near the walls, you will find a real outpost encamped on the hillside, and a real outlook kept up by real sentries. It is true the Saxons, in their bright blue coats and tight-fitting uniforms, look very like toy-soldiers, but still everything is real; and I believe the garrison's guns really did kill a Prussian. But, except for this fortress, a traveller might pass all through Saxony without seeing much unmistakable indication of the fact that the country has just been conquered and occupied by a foreign army.

Of late there has been a certain number of concerts and dramatic entertainments for the benefit of the wounded Saxon soldiers. But whether the deficiency arises from lack of enthusiasm, or want of money, or the emptiness of Dresden, they have not been particularly well attended. I see that a certain Dr. Friske, who is chaplain-in-chief to the Saxon forces, has published a sermon preached on the occasion of the distribution of medals by the Kaiser, in which he dwells upon the resemblance between the Saxon army and the Magdalene. The sinner saint, as the reverend divine informed his hearers, sank to the lowest degradation, and then by virtue of her devotion rose to the highest glory. The natural interpretation of

the metaphor would be, that the Saxon connection with Austria was hereafter to be redeemed by incorporation with Prussia. However, as the doctor is a most ardent Austrian in feeling, I suppose his metaphors, like those of some other divines, must be taken in a non-natural sense. The same authority, I would add, in a letter addressed to the Saxon public, advises his countrymen to send tobacco, above everything, to the wounded, as good cigars cannot be got in Austria—a fact from which I argue that his understanding is better than his divinity. In this letter he mentions one noteworthy circumstance. Nothing, he states, can exceed the kindness and consideration of the Austrians for their Saxon allies; but, in spite of all his exertions, he has failed hitherto completely in obtaining the loan of any Catholic church for the purpose of public worship for the Saxons, who are all Protestants, and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, these troops have had to assemble for worship in the open air.

Leipzig, Aug. 22.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, as the organ of the Prussian feudal high Tory party, is at present in a great dilemma. Having for years preached the doctrine of the divine right of kings, it is sadly perplexed how to reconcile this tenet with the violent suppression of the Hanoverian and Hessian dynasties. So, for decency's sake, it asserts plaintively that the annexations of Prussia have no resemblance, except in name, to the acts of spoliation committed by

Italy, because they are executed in obedience to the decision of the Lord of Hosts. As every victory or acquisition of territory, from the days when the children of Israel dispossessed the Canaanites, has always been attributed to the special favour of the God of battles, I am afraid that this plea will hardly reconcile poor King George V. and the Chur-Fürst of Hesse to their deposition from royalty. But still the *Kreuz Zeitung* is to a certain extent right in its assertion. The Prussian annexations do not resemble the Italian, for the simple reason that the respective conditions of the territories annexed in the two countries are entirely different. As the external resemblance between the courses pursued at Berlin and at Turin may lead to a false estimate of the position of affairs in Germany, it may be worth while to state how the absorption of Northern Germany into Prussia is viewed in the States about to be annexed either nominally or virtually.

As Continental Governments go, I believe, from all I can learn, that the Governments of the minor Northern States were tolerably good ones. It is not enough to possess the instincts of a despot ; you must have the opportunity of exercising your instincts ; and this opportunity was wanting to the Teutonic kinglets. The Elector of Hesse was no doubt fitted by nature to be a modern Caligula ; but Providence had denied him an appropriate sphere of action, and so he was only a very disreputable and ill-conditioned old gentleman. Very monstrous and illegal actions could be, and were, perpetrated by some of these petty potentates ; but their powers for harm were

restricted by circumstances over which they had no control. The dread of Prussia and the influence of Prussian public opinion kept them more or less within bounds; then, too, the facility with which their subjects could quit their territories acted as a restraint; and finally, in a muddle-headed sort of way, they meant well by their people. The wicked old Chur-Fürst was an exception, or else long before this Germany would have been in revolution. The Princes, as a rule, were Protestants and Germans, like their subjects, and took the same species of interest in the well-being of their kingdoms as an indolent, self-indulgent, good-natured landlord does in the welfare of his tenantry. At all events, the average government of these States was not glaringly bad, and did not come within the same category as that of Naples, or Modena, or the Papal States. Political liberty was often interfered with in an unjustifiable manner; and subjects of small States whose political views were displeasing to their Governments were liable to a good deal of annoyance, if not to actual persecution. On the other hand, personal and social liberty prevailed to a very considerable extent; in religious matters there was a fair amount of tolerance; and, thanks to the Zollverein, the divisions which in Italy paralysed all national progress had no counterparts in Northern Germany.

In all countries, so far as my observation goes, in which free institutions are not of old standing, the great mass of the population cares comparatively little about political liberties. And so, on the whole, there was no very active discontent amongst the subjects of these petty

kingdoms. The more restless and active amongst them, if things went on badly at home, emigrated to America. In the Western States of the Union, which are half peopled with German settlers, the majority, so far as I could make out from my conversations with them, came, not from Prussia, but from the small kingdoms. The men who stopped at home were not badly off, according to German notions. They were not so heavily taxed as their Prussian neighbours, they were not liable to so rigid a rule of military service, and they were not, perhaps, quite so much governed by an army of officials. I have not the slightest wish to represent these petty Governments as good. All I say is that, as a matter of fact, they were not so conspicuously bad as to create any very general disaffection among their subjects. Some were better, some were worse. Saxony was probably the most liberal and enlightened of the lot. Moreover, these dynasties were not, like those of the Italian States, supported on their thrones by a foreign and hated Power. Whatever their failings may have been, they were—in a narrow way, it is true—native German dynasties. It was in the towns, not in the country, that the chief disaffection to these local Governments was to be looked for. In Germany, as in most countries, the education and culture and thought of the land is to be found within the towns; and it was in them that the movement towards German unity had its origin and development. A peasant might think it a matter of personal pride to be a Brunswicker instead of a Hanoverian, or *vice versâ*; but men who had read or travelled

cared naturally much more about their nationality as Germans than as subjects of Hanover or Brunswick. Men of this stamp were able to estimate the extent to which Germany suffered from the subdivision; they resented bitterly the petty acts of tyranny which their rulers were able to commit with impunity; they appreciated fully the personal advantages they would derive from sharing in the freer and larger life of a great nation. People who have always lived as members of a great country can hardly appreciate, I think, the practical disadvantages of belonging to a small and unimportant State. If you are a man of energy and condition, you have hardly any career open to you in your own country. You may be a Napoleon or a Cavour, a Metternich or a Pitt; but how are you ever to make a name in the world if you are bound to live and die in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha? The result of the state of things I have attempted to describe was that men of talent and activity in the small States either settled abroad, or were discontented if they remained at home. On the other hand, in the towns themselves there were various interests bound up with the existence of the local sovereignties; and the representatives of these interests were inevitably stanch adherents of what the Germans call the "Klein-Stadt" system.

Thus, if I am right, a long time would have elapsed before, in the ordinary course of events, the small States made up their minds to overthrow the reigning dynasties. Even at the present day I doubt whether, if the vote of the populations could be taken with perfect freedom, there

would be a majority in any important State in favour of annexation to Prussia. But, at the same time, I utterly disbelieve that this annexation will meet with any resistance, or even opposition, in consequence of the desire of the small States to preserve their independent existence. Hanover and Hesse will soon be as completely part of Prussia as Silesia or Pomerania.

The question how the half-annexed States will comport themselves under their new relations is much more difficult to answer. Their position will be an anomalous one. They will have all the inconveniences of being Prussians, without having all the advantages. They will be subject to increased taxation and to the conscription in force in Prussia, and yet they will not have the benefit of forming part of a great country. In the North German Parliament, even supposing all the non-Prussian States to vote together, they will be in a hopeless minority; and wherever their local interests clash with those of Prussia, they must expect to see themselves sacrificed. In view of these considerations, the proposed scheme of a North German Bund has created very general dissatisfaction in Saxony. Leipzig is, and has long been, the head-quarters of the Saxon Liberal Unitarian party; and meetings are being summoned here to protest, not against the annexation to Prussia, but against the incompleteness of the process. The programme of the party in question is the incorporation of all Germany, including the Austrian German provinces, into one confederacy, represented by a national Parliament. But if this programme is unattainable, they would prefer

complete annexation to Prussia. Their great fear is that the Saxon Government may be allowed to retain too much independent authority. On Sunday next there is to be held a convention here of the supporters of the Liberal National party in Saxony—that is, according to the exposition of the organ of the party, of all persons “who sincerely desire the *closest possible* connection with the North German Bund under the leadership of Prussia, and of a freely-elected Parliament.”

How this “closest possible connection” is consistent with the existence of a separate Saxon dynasty it is not easy to understand; and though, in the present state of affairs, it is impossible to advocate openly the deposition of the reigning House, the idea is no doubt entertained privately by these advocates of incorporation with Prussia. Personally, the royal family of Saxony are not unpopular in the country. Their misfortune is that, being Catholics in a land where Protestantism is the faith of the immense majority, they are always open to the suspicion of preferring the interests of their faith to those of their country. It is asserted, whether truly or not, that the Ultramontane sympathies of King John induced him to espouse the cause of Austria. The accusation is, I think, a hard one, as the most devout Protestants amongst the German Princes turned against Prussia, in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation; but still the charge is a plausible one, and as the Austrian predilections of the Court have brought defeat and disasters upon the country, it is not unnatural they should be laid to the charge of an unpopular religion.

Then, too, it is alleged that the internal administration of the country has been, if not openly oppressive, yet detrimental to its moral and material development. With the restoration of the monarchy, it is feared that the paternal protective principles of government so much in favour at Court will be reëstablished, and that the men who are known to favour the more liberal rule of Prussia will be exposed to persecution and annoyance. How far these charges are justified it is hard to say. Whatever the Government does in future, it can hardly hope for popular favour; it has failed too utterly to command public gratitude. The resignation of Herr von Beust is a heavy blow to the hopes of the Conservative party in Saxony, and is represented by them as being more fatal to their cause than even the defeat of Königgrätz; but the Liberals are already complaining that his abdication is not enough, so long as the subordinate members of Beust's pro-Austrian Ministry are allowed to retain office. But, quite apart from political animosities, thinking men in Leipzig look forward to the future with grave apprehensions. They argue that the restored princes can never accept frankly their altered position. It is not in royal nature to be content with being a deputy when you have been a principal. And so the inevitable result will be that the Court will secretly favour any combination which is likely to prove injurious to Prussia's hegemony; and, as a matter of policy as well as passion, will use its utmost power to hinder all cordial union between Prussia and Saxony. Under these circumstances the notion of a speedy conclusion of the foreign

occupation is positively unwelcome to a large and influential party in the country. In their opinion it would be better for the Prussians to retain possession of Saxony till the new Confederation has been placed in working order. The wish is not unlikely to be gratified. The Landwehr, who have hitherto occupied the Saxon territory, are going home, and their place is being taken by regiments of the Prussian Guard, who are making preparations for a lengthened sojourn. In fact, as I told you some weeks ago from Berlin, I believe the Prussians will occupy the territories they now hold till the National Parliament has decided on what terms the States north of the Maine are to enter the new Bund, and till the Governments of these States have accepted the conditions thus imposed upon them. Odd as it may seem, I perceive that the Saxon Liberals reckon on this prolonged occupation as likely to conciliate public feeling in Saxony in favour of Prussia—a belief only admissible on the supposition that there is very little popular enthusiasm for their separate nationality or the reigning family amongst the Saxon people.

THE FREE CITY OF FRANKFORT.

Frankfort, Aug. 24.

IN the reading-room of the hotel where I am writing there hangs over the fireplace an immense historical engraving of the same order as the representation of the Waterloo Banquet, the Congress of Paris, and the Signing the Declaration of Independence. It belongs to that class of pictures which, by the inevitable laws regulating the rise, decline, and fall of prints, descends in the course of years from the place of honour in the front parlour to the hall passages, then is transferred to the back bedrooms, falls into the hands of brokers, is taken as part payment of a bill, and goes the way of all pictorial flesh. It is not an interesting picture; a dinner is not a subject-matter to inspire an artist's pencil, and genius itself is paralysed by the task of having to introduce some hundreds of heads into a few yards of canvas, when each head, by condition of the order, has to bear a sufficiently flattering resemblance to gratify the vanity of the person depicted. The picture, for aught I know, may be a triumph of art. I have not even taken the trouble of looking at the painter's name; yet the picture is to me, in the circumstances under which I see it at the present moment, one of the most interesting I have

ever looked upon. Its subject is the great Frankfort banquet of kings.

The world has lived so much within the last few years, that it seems difficult to realise that only three summers ago the free city of Frankfort was the place to which the eyes of Europe were turned. Here, in September 1863, the crowned heads of the Fatherland met at the summons of the Emperor. The old "condition of Germany question" was the pretext of their assemblage; but the main object was to do honour to the majesty of Austria. What was to come of this conclave summoned in hot haste, nobody exactly knew; but some great end was surely to be accomplished. There was talk of restoring the grand old German Empire. Francis Joseph, it was whispered, was to be crowned at the ancient free city of Frankfort; the sword of Germany was to be intrusted once more to the House of Hapsburg; and mankind was to be astonished by the spectacle of Teutonic unity established by the willing sacrifices of German sovereigns. At any rate, the invitations were accepted with a readiness which augured well for the acceptance of the great scheme which the Emperor was about to unfold for the regeneration of the Fatherland. Of the thirty odd kings, grand dukes, princes, electors, and chur-fürsts bidden to the banquet, all came but one. Nothing was wanting but the presence of Prussia to make the family party complete. Courier after courier and envoy after envoy was despatched to induce the missing guest to reconsider his refusal. But King William remained firm. He was at Baden-Baden

drinking the waters, and from Baden he, in company with Herr von Bismarck, declined to move. So, while his brother kings were holding high holiday upon the Maine, his Prussian Majesty strolled up and down the Lichtenthal Allée, and took occasion, by the way, to notice that the ladies of the demi-monde made themselves unbecomingly conspicuous. It is a curious world, this in which we live. Had Herr von Bismarck taken the bait held out to him, and had the King of Prussia gone to Frankfort instead of to Baden, the royal representations might not have been made which led to the famous ukase forbidding the ladies *Anonyma*, *Incognita*, and *Perdita* to enter the sacred precincts of the Kursaal, except during the saturnalia of the race-week. On such small causes do great events depend. Well, it is some comfort to think that at all events the exiled damsels were not the most innocent of the many victims who have suffered for the cause of Teutonic unity.

However, as the stubborn King of Prussia refused to form one in the happy party invited by the Austrian Kaiser, it was resolved to do without him. The House of Hapsburg could hold its own without the aid of the Hohenzollerns. If Prussia declined to join in the work of reorganising the Fatherland, then Prussia must be left out in the cold. Surely, the Emperor and all the crowned heads of Germany could survive the absence of the representative of a monarchy born but the other day. The statesmen of Vienna rubbed their hands and chuckled with glee at the brilliant diplomatic victory they had won

over Berlin. The short-sighted policy of Count Bismarck had, as they imagined, converted an ordinary gathering of German sovereigns into a great royal demonstration against Prussia. The monarchs of many States, numbering some fourteen millions of German subjects, commanding some three hundred thousand German troops, had all united to do homage and pay respect to the Emperor of Austria. By the fact of their presence, and the absence of Prussia, the Kaiser was acknowledged to be the leader of Germany, the sovereign not only of an empire of forty millions, but of the German Fatherland. The day on which poor Francis Joseph sat in Frankfort, as recognised chief and sovereign, amidst a cordon of kings, must have been one of the few bright epochs in a life which even the bitterest of his enemies could hardly desire to have been more filled with sorrow. Prussia was nowhere; and the supremacy of the Hapsburg dynasty was once more placed solemnly upon record. But when this great diplomatic success had been achieved, the next step to be taken was not equally clear. Prussia was not terrified into repentance by the regal demonstration; and in the absence of Prussia it was not easy to enter on the discussion of the mode in which Germany should be reconstituted. So when the kings and grand dukes had called upon each other, had made a state visit to the theatre and an undress visit to Homburg, had met two or three times in solemn council, they thought it best to go home, after having assembled for the last time at a great official banquet. Never before or since have so many sovereign princes sat down round

one table ; never, even in the grandest days of the Empire, had the Kaiser gathered about him so many and so powerful princes, all paying him allegiance as their liege lord and suzerain. And so, by order of the Kaiser, a picture was made representing the brilliant spectacle. The original, I suppose, is to be found at Schönbrunn ; of the few artist's-proof copies one, as I have said, hangs in this hotel, where half the sovereigns of Germany took up their quarters.

Like many other great moral demonstrations, the gathering of kings left no particular trace behind it, except a memorial picture. The parliament of kings adjourned *sine die*, with the understanding that the Emperor, as their president elect, was at an early period to call them again together, to consummate the work they had so brilliantly begun. But the days went by, and before many weeks were over, there came the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, then the Gastein Convention, then the dissensions with Prussia, then at last the war, which ended with Sadowa ; and from the day when Francis Joseph left Frankfort to the present, nothing more has been heard of the imperial and royal project for the reform of Germany. It has gone to the limbo of inchoate schemes and unfulfilled plans ; and probably not one person in a hundred who looks at the picture of which I speak can recall at the first moment what was the great event it was intended to commemorate.

While gazing at it this morning, trying to distinguish the faces of the royal guests—who all, no matter what

their position, are looking towards the Kaiser—and while wondering whether the general air of complacent imbecility, which was common to them all, was due to their natural physiognomies or to the painter's want of art, my attention was called to a stir in the room. The hotel is a sort of head-quarters of the Prussian army of occupation; and while I had been examining the picture, a number of Prussian officers had come in and taken their seats round the long table which stood in the centre. They had met to receive the night's reports from the sergeants in command of the different watches; one after another the soldiers entered, saluted the officers, presented the report, received their instructions for the day, and then retired. Nothing of any importance had occurred during the night; there was little to discuss; and the military council was not long in breaking up. The officers were willing enough to leave the place to the visitors, who were its ordinary occupants; but no considerations for the pleasure of the hotel guests could be allowed to interfere with the exigences of the army. The Prussians are masters in Frankfort; and not even the presence of all the crowned heads who dined here three years ago with the Kaiser would have interrupted the duration of the council of which I was an accidental spectator.

This fact—symbolising, as it were, the Prussian occupation—seemed to me to bring strangely home the difference between the present time and three years ago. There have often before now been Prussian troops in Frankfort; it is not only that an important city in Ger-

many has been annexed to Prussia—it is rather that, with the seizure of Frankfort, the death-blow has been dealt to Austria. I suspect that the annexations of Hanover and Nassau and Hesse, though they add millions of subjects to Prussia, are felt to be far less galling to the pride of her beaten rival than the seizure of this town, with its hundred thousand inhabitants. Frankfort is, in a certain sense, the Rome of Germany—the capital of the Empire. There was a gentleman who once devised a most remarkable interpretation of the prophecies, based upon the theory that the Sublime Porte was the “Little Horn” of Scripture. The issue of the Crimean War disconcerted his calculations, and it became necessary to prove that the Czar, and not the Sultan, was the Horn in question. So, with great ingenuity, the prophet discovered that the title of the “Little Horn” did not belong to the Sultan in virtue of his Moslem royalty, but as territorial possessor of Constantinople; and that therefore, whenever the Czar became master of the Bosphorus, he would become, *ipso facto*, the Horn desired. Whatever may be the value of the theory, it expresses the sort of position which the possession of Frankfort confers upon its owner. The Power that holds the “Free City” can alone pretend to the inheritance of the German Empire. It was here that Francis Joseph dreamt of restoring to his house the crown of Germany; and with the Prussian annexation of the ancient republic it has become clear that, whoever else may be Emperor of Germany, it can never be again a Hapsburg sovereign. The

triumphal entry of King William into Vienna would hardly have been so fatal to the hopes of Austria as his approaching entry into Frankfort, not as conqueror, but as king.

So, unless I read human nature wrong, I suspect that the picture of the "banquet of kings" has not much longer to hang in its present conspicuous position. Before many months are over it will, I think, have to make room for a picture of his Prussian Majesty receiving the oath of allegiance from the burgomasters and senators of Frankfort, and poor Francis Joseph and his satellite sovereigns will become acquainted with dust and cobwebs. Whatever may be the personal feelings of the Frankforters towards the new order of things, they will accept their destiny. It will be some time before they like the Prussians ; their interests and connections unite them far more with the South than with the North. In many respects they derived great advantages from their independent position ; they were proud of their ancient history—of their sort of prescriptive claim to be considered the empire city of Germany. Henceforth they will be a Prussian town like Coblenz or Düsseldorf ; and it is by no means certain that the seat of the new Parliament will be permanently placed upon the Maine. Still, however much they may grumble, they will submit to what cannot be altered ; and as the citizens of Frankfort are shrewd men of business, portraits of his Prussian Majesty will ere long be in high demand, while the picture of the Emperor and all his allies will be purchased for a song.

Aug. 25.

Some sixteen years ago, when the authoress of *Wives and Daughters* had first become celebrated in England, I recollect hearing an anecdote of an interview between her and Sir Bulwer Lytton. The Lancashire authoress and the veteran novelist were introduced to each other at a dinner-party; and the lady, for want of anything better to say—after all, nobody can be perpetually brilliant—asked the author of *Pelham* if he knew Manchester. “Madam,” as I have heard the story, was the answer, “the only thing I know about Manchester is, that ‘Mary Barton’ was born there.” I think, in much the same way, if nine hundred and ninety-nine foreigners out of a thousand were to confess what they know about Frankfort-on-the-Maine, they would confess all they could say was that Goethe was born there. Prophets, we have heard before now, have no honour in their own country, and I daresay the citizens of Frankfort would account the fact of their city being the birthplace of Goethe one of its least claims to celebrity. Alexandre Dumas declares that when he visited the Free City he inquired in vain for the house of Wolfgang Goethe. Nobody knew anything about it; and when at last he asked a Frankfort merchant where he could find the house in question, he was told the house must have failed long ago without paying any dividend, as nobody had ever heard of it. The stories of the great Dumas are not always rigidly accurate; they belong to that class about which an American once observed that “if it was exactly the same to the

narrator, he would sooner not believe them ;” but still, if not true in the letter, it was probably so in the spirit. And this forgetfulness of the only man who ever made Frankfort famous is the more unjustifiable from the fact that in the autobiography of Goethe there is contained the one record of the Civic Government of Frankfort which is likely to survive to remote posterity. Goethe had no especial affection for his father ; indeed, he confesses that throughout his childhood he nourished a fond belief that he himself was the illegitimate son of some distinguished foreigner ; but he asserts that his putative father was gifted with extraordinary ability. Unfortunately, according to his son’s narrative, the elder Goethe was a man whose life had been blighted at an early period. His sole ambition was to rise high in the civic hierarchy of his native city. So, at an age when magisterial honours were seldom conferred upon burghers, he offered himself for some vacant office—it might have been that of beadle or alderman, I cannot now remember—and in order to insure his election offered to serve without salary if he could be elected without a ballot. The corporation refused to accept the bargain ; Goethe senior forthwith withdrew from the candidature, and lived to the end of his days a morose, disappointed, blighted man—a sort of German Vathek.

I have mentioned this incident because, to the best of my knowledge, it is the only fact of any general note connected with the history of the ancient body which is now in the present year of grace on the eve of terminating its

existence; and the circumstance that Frankfort has no history or traditions is one of no small importance in estimating the character of the change to which it is about to be forcibly subjected. It seems to me that a vast amount of sympathy is being thrown away abroad on the fate of the States which, willing or unwilling, are henceforth to be incorporated with Prussia. Now Frankfort is as much part and parcel of Germany as the Isle of Man is of England. Nobody who has not lived in the country can realise the extent to which, for many years past, the unity of Northern Germany, in all social and national respects, has become an accomplished fact. As a matter of fact, not of sentiment, the independence of Frankfort was relatively very little more than that enjoyed by the citizens of London. From time immemorial the Free City has been under the military protection of some German Power. The liberties which it possessed were entirely local and municipal. These liberties may have been valued by their holders; but to say that because they are henceforth to be taken away, therefore the Frankforters have been deprived of their nationality, is a sheer abuse of language. The nationality of the Frankfort burghers was German; and under the rule of Prussia they will remain as German as they were before.

It is necessary to realise these considerations in order to understand the present attitude of Frankfort. The citizens are undoubtedly very much discontented with the overthrow of their independence. They were not romantically attached to the worshipful the Senate—a corpora-

tion does not inspire enthusiastic devotion, and loyalty to a Lord Mayor seems a contradiction in terms—but they were well enough contented with their municipality, and had no especial wish to introduce new institutions. In fact, under their old Government, they enjoyed most of the advantages of belonging to a great nation, and very few of the liabilities attaching to the honour. Under the protection of Germany they were safe against any foreign attack; as members of the Zollverein they had all the privileges of free trade and uninterrupted communication with Germany; and abroad they enjoyed all the credit and prestige of belonging to the great German race. Meanwhile they were lightly taxed; they had little or no military service to render; and in local matters they had a greater degree of independence than they could have hoped for as Prussian citizens. They had, therefore, no possible reason to desire incorporation with a monster German State, and they certainly did not desire it. Moreover, from a variety of reasons, their sympathies were rather with the South than the North. Frankfort is the Hamburg of Southern Germany—the inland port, as it were, through which the traffic of the West passed to the States on the left bank of the Rhine, paying toll as it passed. Then the Free City was naturally proud of being the residence of the Diet—the metropolis, in one sense, of Germany; while the landlords and lodging-house keepers derived a good deal of profit from the presence of the envoys and ministers whom the existence of the Bund compelled to reside at Frankfort. The supremacy

of Austria assured the independent existence of Frankfort, threatened by the growth of Prussia, and therefore the sympathies of the burghers were decidedly pro-Austrian; generally the Austrians were, in Italian phrase, more sympathetic to the Frankforters than the Prussians; and lastly, if I am to confess my own belief, the connection of Frankfort with the Kursaals of the neighbouring Baths had more to do with its anti-Prussian sentiments than all the other causes put together.

After all, Frankfort is not a particularly attractive place for strangers. When you have seen Dannecker's Ariadne I don't know that there is much else for you to do; and the country round about is by no means especially picturesque. The countless hotels for which Frankfort is famed—and justly famed—could not hope to fill their rooms, nor could the tradesmen on the Zeil hope to sell their wares, if there was not some accidental reason why tourists should go to Frankfort rather than to Mayence or Mannheim. This reason is found in the fact that Frankfort is the centre of the German gambling area—is a kind of half-way house between Homburg and Wiesbaden and Ems and Nauheim and Baden. Now, of course, it is possible that when roulette and “trente et quarante” cease to be played at these “Bads,” strangers may still flock thither in equal numbers, attracted by the excellence of the waters and the beauty of the scenery; but the business men of Frankfort do not take a sentimental view of human nature, and disbelieve in the attractions of innocent enjoyment. It is assumed, therefore, as

a matter of fact, that the closing of the Rhine gambling hells will inflict a very heavy loss upon the trade and custom of Frankfort; and it has long been certain that the moment the Prussians obtained the upper hand in Germany the *régime* of Messrs. Benazet, Le Blanc, and Co. would be destined to disappear. Hence Frankfort was always vehemently hostile to the aggrandisement of Prussia, and, as the citizens thought themselves secure under the protection of the Confederacy, they indulged in vituperation and invective against the Northern Power to an extent which prudence forbade the Governments of the petty adjacent States to tolerate amongst their own subjects. Hence Frankfort became the centre and headquarters of the anti-Prussian party in Southern Germany, and the result was that the Prussian people were more irritated against Frankfort than against any other State in the ranks of the Austrian alliance.

Under all these circumstances, it would not be in human nature if the Frankforters were not bitterly discontented with the present condition of affairs. They threw in their lot with the losing side, and are as indignant with Austria for her failure as with Prussia for her success. Their town is occupied with Prussian troops—though, as they have always been subject to one occupation after another, they feel this misfortune the less—their local independence is about to be suppressed, their burdens are soon to be heavily increased, and there is reason to apprehend that the annexation may prove very unfavourable to the commercial interests of the city. They

are therefore in a thoroughly bad humour, and you may search in vain throughout the town for any such outward symptoms of the existence of a native pro-Prussian party as you cannot avoid seeing in Saxony. No language can be too strong to express their indignation at the forced contribution imposed upon them ; and I believe their language would be even stronger than it is if there were not considerable hopes of the amount of the contribution being lessened. But this indignation, I must repeat again, is that of men who think they have been ill-used by their own countrymen, not of men whose country has been plundered and seized by foreigners. Already the Frankforters are making up their minds to their manifest destiny, and their great wish at present is to avoid the division of Germany into two States north and south of the Maine. If they are to be Prussians they wish to preserve their connection with the Southern Germans ; and, to judge from the tone of its papers, Frankfort before long will be the seat of an agitation for the extension of Prussian, or if not of North German dominion over Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt. What the citizens object to most in annexation is not so much the loss of their separate existence as the dissolution it involves of the close connection between them and the south.

HOMBURG UNDER THE HILL.

Homburg, Aug. 27.

THE other day I saw a letter in an English paper from the English chaplain at one of the Rhine Baths. It may have been Ems, or Wiesbaden, or Nauheim, or that famous Rouge-et-Noir-Bad, where Lady Kicklebury lost her money and her temper, and Michael Angelo Fitzmarsh his heart in vain. It matters very little; between all these Bads, their frequenters and their chaplains, there is a strong family resemblance. The pastoral letter of the divine I have in view referred to temporal, not spiritual concerns. He had been requested—I wonder who the unknown “one” is that always formulates these convenient requests!—to write and state that the Prussian occupation was no reason why visitors should not come to the bath in question, and that everything went on there exactly as usual. A more delicate method of conveying the information that the cards were still being dealt out on the green-baize tables, and that the roulette ball still went spinning merrily round the revolving basin all day and every day, Sundays included, cannot be well conceived. Order once more reigns at Baden, peace has returned to Wiesbaden, and tranquillity smiles upon

the solitude of Soden. The storm has passed away; croupiers and punters have been received back at Ems, with open arms; and for the moment the terrible vision of impending doom has been withdrawn from the affrighted eyes of the householders of Homburg. But the warning has not been left unheeded. Wicked old debauchees, who have had their first touch of paralysis, are said to correct their language, though they may not improve their morals; and in like manner Homburg and its brother sinners have resolved to cover their foibles with a show of decency. Henceforth, by common consent, all mention of cards, or roulette, or any other naughtiness, is rigidly excluded from the published prospectuses. Formerly the Baths used to advertise against each other in the most unblushing manner. Every bank asserted in the largest type that at their establishment Fortune was alone to be courted fairly. One offered a *quart de refait*; another a single zero; a third a *mise* of one gulden; a fourth a maximum of thirty thousand francs; and so on. You had only the embarrassment of the choice, so manifold and so various were the advantages held out to students of the noble art of turning one florin into twenty. But now, if you are the discoverer of an infallible system, you must use your own judgment as to where it can most conveniently be put in practice. The German papers still, indeed, contain flaring advertisements of the different Bads—many of them contain little else; but as to any allusion to the gaming table, you might as well expect to find it in the

Church Catechism, or the reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. No, these advertisements expatiate largely on the efficiency of the waters at their respective Bads, the salubrity of the climate, the picturesqueness of the scenery, the quality of the company. Reading-rooms, concerts, Church-of-England services, and every other form of innocent amusement—these are the attractions dwelt on fondly, with all the graces of advertising eloquence. But as to the tables not a word is said, scarcely a hint is given. They are included in the vague category of “other amusements,” alluded to indirectly in the same sentence with Chinese billiards and lawn croquet. But to those who can read between the lines, *roulette* and *rouge et noir* are, like reforms under Lord Derby’s late Ministry, as Lord Russell said, “conspicuous by their absence.” It must have happened to most men to be invited by a casual acquaintance to a quiet dinner, with a good glass of wine and a cigar, and a little music, and *perhaps* a hand at cards, if a rubber could be knocked up afterwards. Assuming that you have passed the salad age of life, you forthwith understand it all. You know that the dinner, and the wine, and the music, are all accessories to the hand at cards: and that if there was the slightest doubt of the rubber’s being knocked up you would most assuredly not be asked to stretch your legs under your friend’s mahogany.

So this off-hand and obscure allusion to the gaming-tables—like the postscript to a lady’s letter—contains the

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whole pith and purport of the Homburg advertisements. It is the tables which provide the papers, lay out the gardens, give the concerts, fill the hotels, and keep trade alive. *Roulette* is the mare that makes the mill go round; *rouge et noir* is the end, object, aim, purport, and final cause of Homburg. To gambling it owes its life and being; take away gambling, and it will pine away like a plant without water—like an alderman without turtle. Homburg is built upon cards, paved with cards, roofed with cards; remove the cards, and the whole structure will fall to pieces. Of course, it is the fashion to say that this is not the case; but then it is the fashion to say a good number of things which are not consonant with truth. I am always told that Englishmen go to races from love of the sport—from their native admiration of horseflesh. If there were no betting on the turf, I wonder how many people would go down to the Derby. So, out of every hundred persons who come to Homburg, ninety-nine, I am firmly convinced, are influenced in coming thither by the attraction of gambling. My acquaintance with these Rhine countries goes back now more years than it is quite pleasant to think of; but while, within my own memory, Homburg and Wiesbaden have grown into great and flourishing towns, the other non-gambling Baths in the neighbourhood remain much what they were. Yet the waters of Hochst and Wildbad and Kreuznach are, I suppose, as good as those of Wiesbaden; and Schlangenbad and Schwalbach are certainly prettier than Homburg. Let any traveller whose recollection embraces some fourteen years' time recall what

Aix-la-Chapelle used to be, when the Kursaal was devoted to the game of hazard, and then see what it is now. Formerly it was crowded with strangers, full of life and gaiety; now it is as dull as Herne Bay, or as Tadmor in the Wilderness.

However, there is no good in arguing a point which nobody sincerely disputes. I suppose, if you wanted to buy house-property in Homburg, house-agents would tell you it was an improving locality, and that rents were sure to rise whenever the tables are closed; but the landlords themselves know better, and no reasonable offer would be refused. It sounds plausible to declare that families are hindered from coming to the place by the presence of the gaming-table and its inevitable accompaniments. But families are not the people whom Homburg wants. Families do not drink champagne at five thalers a bottle; families do not pay napoleons for their bedrooms; families do not dine at Chevet's, or smoke regalias—falsely so called—at a shilling apiece. It is the money made so easily which goes so merrily; and to keep the money rolling the *roulette* ball must be kept rolling also; and thus, whenever the last pack has been dealt, and the ball set spinning for the last time, the glory will have departed from Homburg. So at least the inhabitants are convinced, and they know that the fatal hour cannot be far distant.

Already Prussian sentinels are stationed outside the Kursaal; and each time the croupiers enter the salons they must look upon those stolid, wooden-faced sentinels with much the same awe as Belshazzar gazed upon the writing

on the wall. The writ is not served, but the bailiff, walking up and down in front of the establishment, has it peeping out of his pocket. Prussia has put her foot down against public gambling-tables; and when Prussia puts her foot down, she is not apt to take it up again. Ever since she suppressed her own hells, she has used her influence to get her neighbours to do the same; and henceforth she is able to order as well as to remonstrate. It is by no means clear yet whether Homburg will escape direct and immediate annexation. It is true she is not included in the first list of captive States ordered for execution; but Bismarck-Robespierre is understood to have a supplementary list in his pocket, to be produced when the parliamentary guillotine has disposed of the present batch of victims. People here build fond hopes, and I think vain hopes, upon the aid of England. The duchy of Hesse-Homburg, with the Kursaal, is the most lucrative portion of the dominions over which Prince Louis of Hesse ought some day to rule, and the interests of the husband of the Princess Alice are sure, it is thought, to be warmly espoused by the British Crown. But family associations have very little power nowadays; and when Prussia has taken Nassau, Frankfurt, and Electoral Hesse, she is not likely to submit to the existence of Hesse-Homburg as a separate state. Appetite comes in eating; and when you have swallowed Hanover you can hardly strain at Homburg. Moreover, even if Count Bismarck should be seized with a sudden surfeit of annexation, and should allow Homburg to remain undevoured, the life of the gaming-tables is only granted a

short respite. Homburg, under the most favourable circumstances, will be subject to the North German Bund, and will have to pay obedience to the edicts of the German Parliament. Now, if there is one thing which can be predicted with certainty about this Teutonic Legislature, it is that it will reenact the abortive decree, issued in the moribund days of the old Frankfort Parliament, ordering the suppression of all public gaming-tables. There are few actions so agreeable to human nature as being virtuous at other people's expense, and the Prussian deputies, who will be in an immense majority, would be more or less than mortal if they did not derive an exalted gratification from the task of vindicating morality at the cost of Homburg.

So a few months, or at most a season or two more, and the Kursaal will be left tenantless, and the "*rien ne va plus*" will be uttered against the bank—not, as now, against the players. The rooms where gold and silver chink all day long with a bewitching music—dearer, as the other night showed, to gamblers' ears than even Patti's singing—will be let out to Tyrolese minstrels or celestial orreries. Already the shadow of the coming doom has fallen upon Homburg. The season has been spoilt by the war. Tourists are not fond of coming across armies, and have a decided distaste to travelling in company with shells and gunpowder. Then, too, the fear of the cholera, the wet summer, and the commercial crisis, kept people at home; and Homburg, in particular, was injured by an erroneous impression that everything was *not* going on exactly as usual; that the play of "Hamlet" was being

performed there without the prince ; and that, in fact, the tables were not at work. Till quite lately the place has been well-nigh deserted by its ordinary summer visitors ; but now, with the return of peace and the change in the weather, Homburg is beginning to look like itself. Still, notwithstanding all this, the bank has managed, I hear, to get along well enough. It is the small fish who fill the nets of the company, not the great whales ; and the little fry—the gulden and thaler folk—have flocked here as usual from Frankfort and the neighbouring States, and have lost their money shortly, if not sweetly. Meanwhile the proprietors go on the even tenor of their way, adding roulean to roulean. If they were imbued with the true gambling instincts, I think they would celebrate this—which in all likelihood is the last—season of their uninterrupted glory by some grand act of daring, such as might close their career worthily. They would suppress the zero, annul the *refait*, play the public on equal terms, and offer prizes to the largest loser. But unfortunately, with the exception of the grand old countess, who spends her life trying in vain to break her own bank with her own money, the proprietors are utterly devoid of the higher aleatory nature. They are simply traders, carrying on a most safe and regular business on ordinary business principles, and when their lease is out, they will probably betake themselves to floating loans or promoting companies. About their future I entertain no manner of doubt ; but what is to become of the constant *habitues*—the men and women

whose faces bear upon them the true Homburg stamp and trade-mark? I can fancy that years hence a number of living ghosts will flit uneasily round the empty rooms, muttering feeble curses against Prussia, and moaning forth, "*Le jeu est fait.*"

WIESBADEN IN THE PLAINS.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 29.

“To be or not to be, that is the question.” The quotation, I frankly admit, is not exactly original; it has been made, I fancy, a good number of times before now, and will, I daresay, be repeated once or twice hereafter. Still it is very hard to be at once truthful and novel; and the commencement of Hamlet’s soliloquy applies so exactly to Wiesbaden in its present position that I hope I may be pardoned for making use of it once more. At this moment the one question for Wiesbaden is, whether it is to live or die. Granted the continuance of the tables, it may drag on a lucrative if not an honourable existence; suppress the gaming, and it has no longer any reason of living, any excuse for surviving. The future of Germany, the constitution of the new Parliament, the relations of the mediatised princes to the sovereign power of Prussia, such are the topics which now agitate the heart and mind of the Fatherland. Wiesbaden—a very Gallio of watering-places—cares for none of these things. Whether the Kursaal will be allowed to ply its trade of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, that is the one issue which commands attention in the capital

of the Duchy of Nassau. Princes may come, and princes may go, but so long as the *roulette* ball rolls on for ever Wiesbaden is content. To-day I met a gentleman in the train, who, perceiving I was a stranger, at once volunteered the information that the tables were still open and active. Timidly I suggested that it might not be for long, when I was met with the instant reply, that the concession had five-and-twenty years to run, and was asked whether I conceived it possible for any Government, even that of Prussia, to be so dishonest as to disregard a written contract. I could only answer that there were no limits to mortal depravity; but my interlocutor took a more hopeful view of poor human nature, and refused to admit the possibility of Prussia's breaking faith with the concessionaries. It was gratifying to me to find that such simple confidence in abstract right had survived twelve years' acquaintance with the wicked world of Wiesbaden. My friend, I discovered, was purveyor to the Kursaal; but I am assured, from the constant assertion of his conviction, that he himself had doubts as to its truth. In a local paper, devoted to the interests of *trente et quarante*, I found a piteous appeal to the King of Prussia, requesting his Majesty to come and visit Wiesbaden before the season was over. If he could only see, it was argued, how completely the town depended upon the maintenance of its existing institutions, he would at once abandon all ideas of interfering with its peculiar privileges. If it were not for the tables there would be nothing left to pay the King's taxes with; and therefore,

out of regard to his own interests, the new sovereign was implored to look, at least, before he inflicted ruin on an honest and deserving class of subjects.

If I did not know that I should be hundreds of miles away from Wiesbaden before these lines can appear in print, I would not say a word as to the falsity of the local hopes. Common decency forbids your alluding to the halter in the presence of condemned criminals, and it would be simple brutality to exult at Wiesbaden over the approaching suppression of the tables. Still, the plight of this unhappy Bath is so bad, that no words of mine can well make it worse. Already the shadow of the coming doom has fallen over the place; the hues of approaching dissolution are upon it; desolation has marked it for her own. Everywhere you see the black and white flag flaunting sombrely; Prussian soldiers are stationed about the streets; Prussian officers lounge listlessly about the empty streets; but in the Kursaal they are not to be seen—within Prussian territory no civil or military official can enter a public gaming-room; and Nassau, unlike Homburg, is already regarded as forming part of the dominions subject to the black eagle. I have sympathy for all human misfortunes, but I candidly own that I feel far less for Wiesbaden than I do for its brother Bads. The sternest moralist must entertain a passing regret at the idea of Baden-Baden's being left forlorn and friendless; it is not altogether pleasant to picture Homburg deserted of its guests; Ems has some claims to consideration; but as for Wiesbaden, it merits its fate, whatever that fate

may be. An American once told me that when he landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, with his son, a child of four years old, who had been trained with the utmost caution, the unhappy boy volunteered a statement to the effect that "Halifax was a d—— place." In the same way Wiesbaden might suggest unknown forms of asseveration to the most innocent and youthful of minds. It always was dull; it always will be dull; but I doubt if it ever can be duller than it is to-day. The leaves are falling from the trees—it is just the sort of place where leaves always do fall from the trees. The streets are well-nigh empty; notices of lodgings to let are appended to every window; hungry-looking landladies stare at you as you pass by; half-starved waiters glare upon you from the hotel steps; the dismal arcades—which have the closest family resemblance to the Exeter-Change arcade cut in half, and left out to mildew in the open air—are so lonely that I felt frightened at the noise I made walking up and down; the Tyrolese maidens, whom I have known for ever so many years past, stand as usual amidst the arches, but their costume has not been renewed since last season, and has been kept, apparently, in a damp place during the winter; the Bohemian glass has not been dusted, the chamois-horns have not been polished, the tables outside the Kursaal have not been wiped since last autumn; the ducks in the pond have lost their feathers, the pike have grown lean and languid.

It is only when you get inside the Kursaal that you find anything like life or movement. Even as a mere

gambling place, I never heard much good of Wiesbaden; nobody, that I am aware, ever broke the bank there; there never was a fabulous run in its annals on the *couleur*, or the red; everybody always lost with a dull persistent monotony. Given that you wanted to muddle away a good deal of money stupidly, without any excitement or any variation, I should recommend Wiesbaden as the place to satisfy your desire. But still, so long as there is money to be made without trouble, you will always find a public to support the entertainment; and to do Wiesbaden justice, its two gambling rooms are full enough. Life, we all know, is full of changes; but nowhere does it seem to change so slowly as in a German gaming saloon. There were just the same people there as when I entered the rooms a good many years ago, playing the same game, and marking the same numbers upon the same cards. If they were not the same individuals, they were the twin brothers and twin sisters. There was the old Frenchman with the greasy hat and the soiled red ribbon on his breast, waiting patiently to back the red, whenever there had been a run of six upon the black, or *vice versâ*; there was the handsome, careworn, battered English gentleman, with the gaily dressed lady by his side, who was still staking his florins recklessly on impossible combinations, and still being rated by his partner because the ball did not fall into two numbers at once; there was the lady in black with the snuff-box and the curls, blacker than ever, and the same unaccountable mental confusion as to the number on which she has

placed her money ; there was the bald-headed gentleman, who is always taking down the numbers in a pocket-book, and always fingering a napoleon—he can never make up his mind to stake ; there were all the regular *habitués*, the *dramatis personæ* of the play of “*Rouge perd, impair et passe*” which goes on summer and winter, and which the public has never yet grown weary of seeing.

And to the philosophical and indifferent spectator there was, as usual, one infallible attraction, and that was the spectacle disclosing how all the sharpness and ’cuteness in the world will not hinder people from playing, and will not enable them to win when they do play. It is a luxury for simple-minded folk, who always get the worst of bargains, who always lose their money in speculations, who always are making mistakes in life, to see that even the extremest knowledge of life is powerless to give anybody any advantage in guessing the winning colour. In one of Mr. Dickens’s novels—at the moment I forget which—there is a housekeeper of limited intellect, who always refers to her astute masters as “them clever ones.” Most of us in life have our “clever ones,” of whom we are secretly afraid. It is some comfort to me to think that before the gaming-tables clever and simple are alike. Within the last day or two I have seen some of the most wide-awake men in this wicked world ; you may see them to-morrow if you come over here ; and I do not hesitate to prophesy you will see them losing their money as if they were the veriest green-horns that ever tried to guess under which thimble the pea was to be found. Everybody knows —, the turf com-

mission agent. I suppose there is not a dodge in all the mysteries of the ring that he could not explain, not a thing that he is not up to. Well, I saw him play and lose, while a long-haired, spectacled German student, who probably did not know a donkey from a horse, pocketed the "clever one's" losings. All who have attended our law-courts must have sometimes felt a thrill of horror at the idea that their evil fate might some day subject them to the cross-examination of a certain famous counsel. There is nothing which that man does not seem to understand, and when he wears his eye-glass you feel that the victim in the witness-box will have to confess the very thoughts buried in his heart; but still there is no cross-examining the croupiers, and special pleading avails nothing with the vagaries of the ivory ball. If there is one man who knows everything about everybody, who can get everybody out of any scrape in the world, who understands the way to work every possible oracle, it is the shrewd, kindly old man who will insist on backing the black when the red turns up. He knows more about men and women than you or I should ever do, if we lived to the age of Methuselah; but it is some comfort to think that he has no more idea than we have whether the next number drawn will be odd or even. There, too, is the great financial agent whom the stock-exchanges of Europe delight to honour, who understands when to buy and when to sell, to whom all the jargon of money business is as familiar as the alphabet is to me, who can make a profit out of Spanish Passives and Terra del Fuego Bonds, whose name alone will raise shares

to premium—he is losing rouleau after rouleau, because he will persist in believing that black and red are about to succeed each other. Alas ! around the green-baize board, and I am afraid nowhere else in the world, is there a republic wherein all men are equal.

There is something melancholy about the end of everything ; and even the gaming-tables of Germany will not disappear without leaving some regrets behind them. No doubt, so long as mankind remains what it is, there will be gambling-places somewhere. Probably before many years, or possibly months, are over, the open public hells, where all the world, male and female, can walk in, without difficulty or shame, will be swept away. They are abuses which could exist alone in petty States ; and if Prussia makes a clean sweep of the whole system, Germany will have little cause to regret the aggrandisement of the great Northern Power. But with the closing of Homburg and Baden the world will lose one of the most curious spectacles the Continent has now to offer. As for Wiesbaden, it deserves its fate, whatever that fate may be.

THE RACE-WEEK AT BADEN.

Baden-Baden, Sept. 3.

IF authors and novelists had any sense of gratitude, which they notoriously have not, they would draw up a petition protesting against the suppression of the tables at Baden. Not that it would have any effect. The King of Prussia, who is henceforth to rule over the destinies of Germany, unlike his brother, poor Frederick William IV., does not think much of literary men, and is by no means amenable to æsthetical considerations. It is not in the present reign that Baron Bunsen would have been appointed ambassador at London on account of his subjective theology; or that Bishop Gobat would have been installed at Jerusalem to vindicate the doctrines of enlightened Protestantism at the birthplace of Christianity. Other times, other manners, as the French say; and the Bismarck-Sadowa era is not favourable to the triumphs of pure reason. But still, if you once begin to calculate what good is likely to be done by your action, I am afraid the days of protests and demonstrations would soon be over. Even if the petition I allude to effected nothing, it would serve to show the feeling of the petitioners. When you send a valentine, you do not expect the declaration of your

heart's being true and fond for ever to win from the recipient an offer of her hand. Probably you would be sorry if it did; but you wish to show that you are grateful for the happiness you have enjoyed in her society. So, if my suggestion were adopted, the guardian spirit—I am not sure I ought to say angel—of Baden-Baden would be gratified by seeing that those who owe her so much had not forgotten her. I hardly know of any modern novelist who has not made capital in some way out of Baden and its tables. The truth is that, with the progress of civilisation, the area open to the domain of fancy is daily becoming more and more circumscribed. The taste of the age is against historical novels. I wonder what publisher would bring out *Ivanhoe*, even on the half-profit system, if it were brought to him now by an unknown writer. The public insists on stories of real life, and as the world becomes more organised and better regulated, the number of possible romantic solutions decreases with terrible rapidity. Even the older generation of the novelists of our day had an infinite variety of resources not available to their immediate successors. In these railroad times, robbers and brigands and highwaymen have become extinct; the hero of a modern novel might as well rescue his lady-love from the jaws of an antediluvian ichthyosaurus, as from the clutches of Paul Clifford or Jack Sheppard. Now that we have the penny post and sixpenny telegrams, the old expedient of parting lovers for ever by the miscarriage of a document intrusted to the post has become hackneyed and incredible. Since the East India Company has ceased to exist,

the nabob who used to turn up with his pockets full of lacs of rupees at the critical moment, and throw his wealth into Angelina's lap in order that she might share it with Edwin, has vanished, not only from life, but from literature. Lotteries are put down, and a lucky prize can no longer relieve two lovers from the necessity of suicide, or unite on earth those whose unions have already—so it is supposed—been recorded in heaven. It is true that there are still lotteries at Rome and Frankfort, and at Louisville in Kentucky—there, by the way, they have drawings twice a day; but even the most candid and unsuspicious of readers would decline to admit the supposition that a fortune had been won suddenly in Papal or Transatlantic lotteries. At these German gambling-places, however, the element of the unforeseen—the *imprévu*, as the French call it—still exists for the benefit of romanciers. My hero, let us suppose, is out-at-elbows, full of the noblest qualities, devoid of the vulgarest coin. It is necessary for me to convert him forthwith into a man of fortune. I cannot enrich him by an unexpected legacy—nobody has rich relations nowadays; or if he has, they leave their money to hospitals or the royal family. I cannot suggest his having taken shares in a paying company—the supposition is too palpably absurd. But if I can only get him to Baden, and let him find a last napoleon in his pocket, the trick is done. And it is so romantic a process! How on earth is a novelist to interest his readers in the fluctuations of tallow, in time bargains, or in floating policies? But all the world can understand how there was a run upon

the red; how, by a sudden inspiration, my hero shoved his winnings upon the black at the moment the luck turned; how he went on doubling his stake and winning time by time; and how, at last, he left the room stuffed with bank-notes like a turkey with truffles, to throw himself at the feet of his inamorata, and say, "Loved one, all this is dross, unless thou wilt consent to share it with me."

The latter portion of this story may be apocryphal; the former is possible though not probable; and it is this element of hazard which gives its whole character to Baden. Life is not quite the dull, methodic, debit and credit affair here that it is elsewhere. Everybody is more or less influenced by the *genius loci*. You may not play yourself; but it is pleasant somehow to think, as you watch the game, If I had followed my presentiment and staked upon the intermittence, I should have won a fortune. It is wonderful what numbers of people plead guilty to infallible presentiments of what was going to happen the moment the cards are turned. So the recklessness of the gambling instinct pervades the whole place and its frequenters. If Thackeray had placed the crisis of Ethel's fate anywhere else but at Baden, the scene in which she drives Lord Kew to madness by her flirtation with the profligate young Frenchman would have seemed forced and unnatural. About's story, in *Trente et Quarante*, telling how the old major who had never touched a card in his life broke the bank on his first and only night at Baden, would be absurd if the scene were laid elsewhere. Lever knew well enough

that it was only at Baden he could suppose the "Dalton family" to have been reared and bred. Indeed, I can hardly think of a modern novelist who has not taken advantage of the license conferred upon him by introducing his personages to Baden at some time or other. To every novel-reader the place is full of reminiscences of fiction, more lifelike and more vivid than any memories of history.

I am afraid, then, that there are many persons who would vote steadfastly for the suppression of all gambling-places, and yet would feel ashamed to own that they somewhat regretted the necessity of suppressing Baden. The French marchioness who turned devout, and was ordered by her confessor to dismiss all her admirers, pleaded for the retention of her page's courtship, because it was *un péché si mignon*. And the vice of gambling is at Baden so surrounded with woods, so bedecked with flowers, so laved away by running streams, that it does not seem to belong to the same category as the self-same sin when practised elsewhere. If you are to gamble, you cannot do it more elegantly, or more gracefully, than at the Baden tables. Nobody asks you to play; nobody grumbles if you depart a winner without giving your adversary a revenge; everything is perfectly fair, open, and above-board; there is no private information, no stable dodges, no running to lose, no doctoring the balls, no chantering the cards. You cannot play for more than you happen to have with you; you get your money the very moment you win; you are never asked to let it

stand over for a week or so ; you have not the unpleasantness of taking it from friends and acquaintance. If I were M. Bénazet, I would hear of no form of gambling at my city, except that on the green-baize table.

Cities, however, like people, never know when they are well off ; and so nothing will satisfy Baden except to become a sort of Continental Doncaster or German Epsom. The shepherdesses of Watteau's pictures might as well act the part of Bacchantes. The sins of Baden, I admit, are manifold, but they are not of the turf nature. Yet if I am to confess the truth, Baden is only acting a part when she pretends to be devoted to horseflesh. The one object of the races at Iffezheim is to fill the Kursaal rooms ; and if that object is achieved, the true Baden public is content. The races might be run by donkeys, if it were not for the name of the thing. Somehow it is the fashion to say you are interested in the racing, just as it is proper in our own happy country to say that you are passionately fond of oratorios when you go to a harmonic festival, or that you have a keen taste for flowers when you visit a horticultural show. But everybody knows practically that the cantata at Worcester or the azalea-show at Chiswick is a mere pretext for the gathering to display new bonnets, for the dances, dinners, flirtations, which form the real attraction of these English meetings. If you could only let the world decide by ballot as to its amusements, a majority of nine out of ten would vote for the omission of the oratorio and the extinction of the azaleas. We tolerate their existence,

we doze through the *Creation* and run through the hot-houses as fast as we can, because unless we do so we should not have the proper pretext for our presence at Birmingham or the Crystal Palace. The world of Baden entertains the same feelings towards horse-racing as we do towards anthems and chrysanthemums. A martyr to fashion, it goes down to the races, but wishes heartily all the time they were over, and that the horses would not be such a mortal long time in running.

To-day, for instance, Baden has done its best to assume an air of devotion to the turf, but has succeeded indifferently ill. In the first place, it rained all day with rare intervals of sunshine. It always does rain at Baden on a race-day, so the waiter at my hotel informed me this morning; but, as he added philosophically, it mattered very little, as the Kursaal is always open. This opinion seemed to be shared by the great majority of the residents. A great number of people talked overnight about going to the races, but when the morning came they thought better of it, and played—not stayed—at home instead.

Among the many things in which I disbelieve, one about which I have the most confirmed scepticism is the transplantation abroad of our taste for horse-racing. Of course I shall be answered at once by a reference to the enormous number of meetings which are now held over the Continent, to the amount of money spent on races, to Gladiateur and Vermouth, and all the celebrities of the French turf. All this, I reply, proves nothing. I once heard a discussion between a German musician and an

English traveller as to the existence in England of a popular taste for high-class music. My countryman naturally referred to the quantity of concerts held in England, to the prices we paid for singers, to the space devoted by our newspapers to musical criticisms. "My dear sir," was the answer, "if you ever sit behind the footlights and watch the faces of an English audience, you will always see them lit up by an expression of relief the moment that a piece of classical music is concluded." Judging by much the same test, I utterly disbelieve the popularity of racing abroad. I have been at a great many meetings in many countries; I have seen races in France, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, Hungary, and the United States; but I never saw any race out of England in which the lookers-on seemed really interested. To-day's experience has only tended to confirm a foregone conclusion. If it had not been for the English contingent, the race-course at Iffezheim would have been very nearly deserted. Of Germans there were hardly any present at all. Englishmen; Anglo-Frenchmen, who try very hard to look like the genuine British article, and fail in doing so; a sprinkling of distinguished foreigners of all countries, composed the crowd of some two or three hundred people who drove down to Iffezheim. Everything, as usual, was absurdly English. The refreshments were sandwiches, not the good old-fashioned German "Butter-brod," but thin slices of bread, interlarded with a great deal of mustard, and very little meat. Sherry of the genuine British public-

house kind was the staple drink ; you heard nothing but English spoken ; trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, starters, all were English, of the true English type. There were not wanting representatives of the British ring, gentlemen with bullet heads and cut-away coats, who walked about shouting out hoarsely their readiness to lay against everything. But it did not do ; they were singing the songs of Zion in a strange land, and their sweet voices failed to charm their hearers. Even amongst the foreigners who did take the trouble to come down to the course the races themselves excited little notice. The only part of the entertainment which *drew* was a lottery sweepstakes. Here there was the true element of chance, dear to Baden-Baden ; and the Frenchmen and Frenchwomen present infinitely preferred this unadulterated game of gambling to the intricate and unsatisfactory system of laying bets. If the authorities of Baden were wise, they would drop the races and introduce "tombolas" instead. For one person who would ever go to see horses run at Iffezheim, a hundred would go to see the numbers drawn out of the urn. This, at least, is my opinion. The turf is to *roulette* what *écarté* is to *lansquenét*. If you can win your money in five seconds, while a card is turned up, why on earth should you waste a day to see half-a-dozen races run in about as many hours ? Such is the theory of the Baden world. In the evening, as I was walking up and down in front of the Kursaal, I never heard a person allude to the races ; but I heard constantly

how there had been a run of thirteen upon the red. Racing is all very well in England; but at Baden *roulette* is king, and admits of no rivals.

Let me note one concluding fact in connection with the races. Baden soldiers were on duty at the course. It is the first time for many weeks since I have been travelling up and down Germany that I have come across any place where guard was not kept by Prussians.

THE FORTRESS OF RASTADT.

Rastadt, Sept. 4.

OF the thousands of tourists who go to Baden-Baden, not one in a hundred ever visits Rastadt; and I should doubt whether a much larger proportion are aware of its existence. The true Baden public comes from Paris, and returns thither without loss of time. Before the traveller reaches the valley of the Murg, he is too eager to set to work in winning a fortune to waste time in loitering on the road; and when he is on his way home financial considerations preclude all idea of making a *détour*. Ely is very near Newmarket; but, I suppose, of the multitudes who go down to see the Two Thousand run, the number of persons who turn aside to visit the great Cambridgeshire cathedral might be counted on the fingers of your hand. Moreover, Rastadt is, somehow or other, but little known abroad. There is a luck about fortresses, as about most other things in this world. Everybody has heard of Mantua, Ehrenbreitstein, and Antwerp; but I suspect most people who have not studied the science of fortification would find it very hard to determine off-hand the position of a score of fortresses, of which Rastadt is not the least important. It is true that this particular

stronghold has no especial claim to historical repute. Like well-nigh every town in the palatinate, it has its share of warlike reminiscences. Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars held a conference here once upon a time, and two envoys of the French Republic were murdered here towards the close of the last century. But the fortress is an institution of much more modern origin. It was about the time of the Syrian expedition, when Europe conceived her safety was endangered by the ambitious designs of poor old Louis Philippe, that the Bund resolved to convert Rastadt into a German Verona. Whether the fortress would be of much service in the event of a French invasion is of course a doubtful question. The experience of the late war has served to show that an army can march past a fortified place with much less risk than was commonly supposed ; and I cannot quite see why an invading army should choose, out of the twenty roads open to it for invading Germany, the single one which is commanded by the guns of Rastadt. Still the same objection would apply to most strongholds. If a foreign army ever lands in Great Britain, I do not suppose they will be obliging enough to land directly beneath the batteries of Dover ; and if they do not, it is rather difficult to understand what advantage we shall derive from the works in which we have spent incalculable sums. However, Rastadt has this advantage, that it really does command the great Baden railroad between Basle and Heidelberg. As long as the fortress remains uncaptured, no army could make any use of the railroad ; still, as

the line was not made till long after the fortress, I am afraid that advantage could not have been contemplated beforehand. As yet, the expected foe has never made his appearance before Rastadt. Louis Philippe is deposed, dead, and forgotten, and a Napoleon reigns in his stead; but the French have not crossed the Rhine, and the citadel has never been attacked. In 1849 the Baden insurgents had possession of Rastadt, and the occupation of the fortress by the Prussians gave the death-blow to the revolution. The present King of Prussia was in command of the force sent from Berlin to restore the reign of order south of the Maine; and the severity with which he carried out military law at Rastadt, in spite of the representations of the Grand Ducal family, has left behind a recollection in Baden that years have not sufficed to efface.

For the last few weeks Rastadt has been expecting to be attacked. If Nikolsburg had not stopped the advance of the Prussian armies, they would have moved southwards as well as eastwards. They had already occupied Heidelberg, and their advanced posts were within easy marches of Rastadt, when Herr von Bismarck decided that Prussia had won enough. I am not altogether clear if the fortress would really have been defended very vigorously. The Grand Duke is the son-in-law of his Majesty William I., and entered reluctantly into the anti-Prussian coalition; his subjects were much more friendly towards the Northern Power than the bulk of the South Germans, and the policy adopted by the Government in

relation to the war was, on the whole, unpopular in Baden. As far as I could judge from the aspect of the fortress, no very active preparations could have been made for enduring a long siege. In many instances the guns were not mounted in the embrasures, and the trees along the roads leading to Rastadt had not been cut down — a sure sign that no great amount of energy had been displayed. The truth is that the contingency of the place's being besieged by Prussia was never seriously anticipated till the time had gone by when any effective measures could have been taken to prepare for the danger. Baden, in common with the rest of Germany, thought Prussia would have enough, and more than enough, to do in holding her own against Austria; and it was the fear of being left isolated, in case Prussia should be vanquished, which induced Baden to throw in her fortunes with the Diet. That Prussia would, at one and the same time, be able to march within sight of Vienna and to defeat the Federal forces upon the Main without the slightest difficulty was a thing impossible to realise, and therefore Baden considered that she might gain and could not lose by making common cause with the Confederation. But, in case it had come to fighting, I extremely doubt whether Rastadt would have made a very vigorous defence. In that event, the real strength of the fortress could not have been fairly tested; a fact which may reconcile persons interested in the history of sieges to the disappointment of their hopes. But, if Rastadt were ever attacked and defended in earnest, the experiment would be a very curious one, and would throw consider-

able light on the question how far earthworks can supply the place of natural defences. Rastadt has no advantages of position whatever. It is an ordinary town, in a dead flat plain, surrounded by a series of elaborate fortifications. My own impression is that it is really a place of remarkable strength. Any force approaching it must advance along bare uncovered roads, the range of each point to which is accurately known ; there are no neighbouring heights, as in the case of Capua, upon which batteries can be erected under cover of the rising ground. The streets are so wide, and the houses within the town occupy so small a part of the area enclosed, that the fortress might be shelled for a very long period without any real damage, and to make a breach in the immense ramparts would be a work of great difficulty. The garrison could remain perfectly safe in the bomb-proof casemates ; and if the fortress were sufficiently manned and provisioned, it might sustain a protracted siege. Unfortunately, the very extent and magnitude of the fortifications entail the necessity for a large garrison in time of war. At a rough guess, the circumference of the ramparts must be little short of three miles ; and a determined attack on a variety of points could only be repulsed by a much larger force than Baden alone could ever dispose of for the purpose. In time of peace the whole Baden army only numbers about six thousand men.

The truth is that Rastadt was never designed for a bulwark of Baden. It was intended to be an outpost of Germany against France, and it has hitherto been placed

under the protection of the Confederacy. Like every arrangement connected with the defunct Diet, the system by which Rastadt was garrisoned was anomalous and unsatisfactory. Austria, Prussia, and Baden supplied in turn the contingents for its occupation, in peace as well as in war. The governor was a Baden officer; the commandant of the town was an Austrian general. Fortunately for the interests of peace, the Baden troops occupied the fortress during the war, so that there was no danger of the collision which might have occurred if Austrians or Prussians had been in garrison. But it is difficult to see how the fortress is to be kept up in future. The expenses of maintaining the works in repair, and of completing the new line of forts, will fall very heavily on a small state like Baden. Now that the Bund has ceased to exist, Rastadt could hardly be garrisoned and maintained by Prussians without the complete sacrifice of the independence of the State. Austria, by the terms of her treaty with Prussia, can no longer take any part in the affairs of South Germany. In fact, the care of the fortress presents more immediate difficulties than that of its sister strongholds. Landau was always occupied in time of peace by Bavarian troops alone. Luxemburg, under like circumstances, was garrisoned by Prussians and Luxemburgers; and for the present that arrangement is not likely to be altered. Possession has been taken of Mayence by the Prussians, and it will not be surrendered. In Ulm alone the Prussians had no right of entry under any circumstances. With regard to Rastadt, some ar-

rangement must be come to speedily ; in all probability Prussia will try to uphold her right to a joint occupation with Baden, and upon the acceptance or refusal of this demand the future condition of the South German States will depend in no small measure.

At Rastadt itself the idea of being handed over to the defence of the native army has caused considerable dismay. It is not that either Austrians or Prussians were particularly popular in Baden, but that they brought a good deal of business and custom to the garrison town. As the regiments stationed there were changed very frequently, the new comers had to provide themselves with all the articles required for making life tolerable in country quarters ; and thus the town is far better supplied with shops than might be expected from its size. If in future the shopkeepers have to depend for custom on the small Baden garrison alone, they will be in a bad way. I fancy Rastadt was not disliked as a residence by the foreign troops quartered there. It was within an hour's ride of Baden-Baden ; and though the officers were strictly forbidden to play at the tables, they managed to punt a little by the hands of a friend ; and even if they did not venture on that, they could always look on at the tables, not to mention the pleasure of the balls, concerts, and theatre. If it were not for the attraction of Baden, Rastadt would be about the dullest place in the world. Darmstadt is dull, but it is lively compared with the fortress. I wonder why it is that all garrison towns have such a family air of dulness. Mantua and Magdeburg,

Fredericia and Calais, have all a peculiar flatness of their own, to be found solely in towns situated under military rule. But for absolute stagnation, I think I should give the prize to Rastadt above its compeers. Coming over here from the life and bustle and stir of Baden, you seem to have got into a deserted city. All the streets are very broad, and built at right angles to each other, as if they had been laid out by some Transatlantic architect; and the result is, that, standing anywhere, you can look pretty well from one end of the town to the other; and wherever you look you never see more than half-a-dozen people at once. Everything was scrupulously clean. There was hardly a speck of dirt on the pavement, probably because so few people ever walked along it. Almost every house had a notice up that lodgings were to be let. The silence of the place was oppressive; and as you walked about the noise of your own footsteps was enough to make a nervous man uncomfortable. Handbills upon the walls informed the passer-by that three months before there had been a travelling circus stopping at the place, and that a month ago there was an exhibition of Pepper's ghosts; so that Rastadt must have its hours of dissipation like other towns; but those hours must be very few and far between. During the intervals of excitement caused by the departure or entry of troops Rastadt goes to sleep; and to-day, the sun being hot and the air sultry, I daresay it was even sleepier than usual. The Murg runs right through the town; and if you are fond of fishing there is no place where you could follow that monotonous occupation with

a more absolute certainty of not being disturbed than at Rastadt. I saw two or three soldiers fishing. Whether they caught anything I am inclined to doubt. Even the fish at Rastadt must be too lazy to rise to the fly or nibble at the bait.

ELECTORAL HESSE.

Giessen, Sept. 6.

I AM here once more in the midst of a Prussian military atmosphere. The trains going northwards are filled with soldiers in the dark-blue, red-collared, scarlet-cuffed uniforms, which in no distant time will become the uniform of the great German army. Every soldier wears upon his left arm the white badge, inscribed with the words, "For God and Fatherland," which was adopted to distinguish the Prussian troops from the Baden and other members of the Federal forces who are dressed in the self-same colours. But for this badge, and for the fact that their faces are less sunburnt and powder-stained, their clothes less tattered, their arms more spick and span, there is nothing to distinguish the army of the Maine from the army of the Danube. The men are of the same powerful build, they have the same air of stolid doggedness, the same look of not being easily beaten, the same simplicity of expression. To an Englishman there is always something surprising in the scenes you see repeated at every station along these mid-German lines. A soldier is going home, and some score of his fellow-soldiers accompany Adolf, or Franz, or Heinrich, or whatever his name may be, to the railway

station. If he were going on a voyage of exploration to the North Pole, or about to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, the farewell taken could hardly be more affectionate. Everybody kisses him on both cheeks; some present him with flowers; others give him sausages; and as he leaves the station an enthusiastic "hoch" is raised in his honour. They are very simple, very kindly, and somewhat stupid, these great heavy North German soldiers—unless their blood is up, and then they are not pleasant customers to have to deal with. But throughout this Rhine-Maine campaign the bright aspect of their character has had most opportunity of displaying itself. The soldiers of the South are indeed naturally anxious to persuade themselves and the rest of the world that the campaign they have just undergone was not nearly so easy a thing as people imagine, and that the battles of Aschaffenburg and Tauben-Bischoffsheim stand very much on a level with Türrnau, and Nachod, and Sadowa. The judgment of the world is very often unjust, and, as I believe the absolute magnitude of the Austro-Prussian contests has been considerably exaggerated, so I think it very possible the importance of the Prusso-Federal battles has been unfairly under-estimated. At any rate, the soldiers of the Maine think that a little more might be said about them with advantage. According to the account I have heard from numbers whom I have met, the Bavarians and Würtembergers fought extremely well, and the victories were by no means easy ones. In the long-run, the estimate of the public, however unfair in particulars, is toler-

ably accurate on the whole; and I have very little doubt there was not nearly as hard fighting on the Maine as there was upon the Elbe. Still, too little attention has been paid, both in Germany and abroad, to the practical achievements of the Southern army. In some English periodical there appeared, not very long ago, a story purporting to be the reminiscences of a Pantaloon. The burden of the story was the complaint that, by some unjust dispensation, Harlequin and Clown always got all the *éclat* of a pantomimic success, while nobody ever thought of Pantaloon, whose work is quite as arduous, and absolutely essential to the triumph of his more fortunate rivals. What is true of the stage is true also of real life. In everything, even in campaigns, there is always a partner in the concern who does most of the work, and gets a tenth part of the salary, and very little of the credit. It has been so in the present war; and fortune has ordained that the Maine army should play the part of the general-utility man, while the plaudits of the public, the honours, and stars, and crosses, were reserved for the army of the Elbe. Sadowa has become a household word in the mouths of men, but nobody out of Germany knows much about the battle of Kissingen.

It is not my function to rectify the inequalities of fortune, and therefore I am not going to sing the praises of the Maine army. I only wish to remark that their triumph was absolutely more complete and thorough than that of their Northern colleagues. It is always open to the partisans of Austria to say that Vienna could never

have been captured, and that the entrenchments of Florisdorf would have defied the whole strength of the Prussian army. I doubt very greatly whether this would have proved to be so in reality ; but, after all, it is a matter of opinion ; and I candidly admit that the advance upon the capital of Austria would have exposed the Prussians to a severer test than any they had yet had to encounter. But the most embittered opponent of Prussia cannot dispute the completeness of the victory won over the Federal forces. But for the conclusion of peace at Nikolsburg, the Prussians might have occupied Baden and Stuttgart, and Munich itself, as easily as they took Frankfort and Darmstadt and Cassel. Even after the preliminaries of peace had been signed between Vienna and Berlin, it was still open to the King of Prussia to take military possession of Hesse, Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria. In fact, the facility of the operation was increased by the very compact which brought the war to a close. Herr von Bismarck positively refused to discuss at Nikolsburg the relations between Prussia and the Federal States ; and therefore it would have been competent for him to push on his conquests southwards, without further fear of any opposition on the part of the Empire. The South German States are now extremely irate with Austria, and say that after having dragged them into the war she made peace on her own account ; and they contrast her conduct with that of Prussia, who insisted upon Italy's being included in the treaty of peace. Austria, on the other hand, explains that her Federal allies afforded her no substantial assistance ; and,

having urged her on to undertake the contest with Prussia for the independence of Germany, allowed her to bear alone the whole brunt of the war. Probably on this, as on most other questions, there is a good deal to be said on both sides ; and the true history of the war is too little known as yet to determine exactly what was the real understanding between Austria and the Diet ; but there is no dispute as to the fact that, after the battle of Kissingen and the peace of Nikolsburg, the whole of non-Austrian South Germany lay utterly at the mercy of Prussia. It was therefore in the power of Herr von Bismarck to have achieved a far greater apparent success than the one with which he has resolved to content himself. It is now certain that in any project of annexation he would have had the cordial support of the Prussian people. Austria was utterly powerless to resist his demands ; and it is, I think, evident that France was either indisposed or unable to run the risk of a war for the sake of checking the aggrandisement of Prussia in Germany. Moreover, in each one of the Southern States there exists a sufficiently strong pro-Prussian party to have afforded a decent pretext for the annexation of these States, or for what amounts to much the same thing, their incorporation with the new German Confederation. All these considerations must have been better known to the Prussian Premier than to anybody else ; and the fact that he resisted the temptation appears to me the greatest proof he yet has given of the possession of true statesman-like genius. Anybody who knew Prussia might have fore-

seen that the nation would pardon anything to a Minister who took active steps towards the creation of a united Germany; many persons were probably acquainted with the fact that the power of Austria was far more formidable on paper than in reality; but I think that nothing but very high statecraft could have exactly discovered how far it was wise as well as possible for Prussia to proceed in the path of annexation. From all I have been able to observe and learn, Count Bismarck has exactly drawn the line of the new Prussian frontiers at the furthest point where incorporation and annexation can go hand in hand. Nassau, Hesse, Hanover, and Frankfort are, one and all, so close to, if not surrounded by, the territories of the old kingdom, that any internal discontent in these new provinces cannot well be of a formidable character. I have no wish to be the apologist of the Bismarckian policy with respect to these annexed kingdoms. I have no doubt that acts of great arbitrariness and illegality have been committed both in Frankfort and Hanover. I think it very likely that all manifestations in favour of the existing governments and reigning dynasties have been suppressed with very little regard for popular rights. I am also induced to believe that the Government of Berlin is more than doubtful whether a free popular vote would decide in favour of complete annexation in any one of these states. But, allowing all this, I utterly disbelieve that their annexation is regarded as an act of tyranny by their inhabitants.

I do not think the majority of the population of Savoy

was really eager for incorporation with France after the Italian war. If they had been left to their own free will and choice, they would probably have preferred independence or annexation to Switzerland; but they had no strong objection to becoming French citizens, and since the annexation they have become assimilated to France with extreme rapidity. Now, Hanover and Hesse and Nassau occupy very much the same position towards Prussia as Savoy did towards France. What they would have wished for themselves would have been such a degree of amalgamation with Prussia as would have conferred upon them all the advantages of belonging to a great German State, without the burdens and liabilities of Prussian subjects. But as they cannot have exactly what they wanted, they are by no means dissatisfied with the present out-turn of affairs. For instance, in Hanover and Nassau there is far less discontent with the new arrangements than there is in Saxony, where the State is still to be left in possession of a nominal independence. In the course of a very few years all the newly-annexed provinces will become part and parcel of the Prussian monarchy; little apprehension is entertained of any popular outbreak or disturbance against the new *régime*; and there is no idea of any large force of troops being permanently required to keep order in Hanover, or Frankfort, or Cassel, any more than at Cologne or Düsseldorf.

If Prussia, under the guidance of Herr von Bismarck, had not had the wisdom to stop where she did, she might

have annexed Germany down to the frontiers of Switzerland; but these annexations would have been to her a source of weakness and constant trouble. You cannot travel south of the Maine without seeing that the Prussians are regarded with ill-will, if not with absolute animosity. I don't deny for one moment that there may be, and are, hundreds and thousands of Hanoverians and Hessians and Nassauers who hate the Prussians bitterly. Even the old Elector of Hesse-Cassel had probably somebody who was attached to him, or who was interested in his reign. The adherents of the deposed dynasties; the men who had been great persons under a petty court, and who would be nobodies at Berlin; the people who out of principle dislike any change, and believe that whatever is right—all the members of these by no means unimportant classes will for years to come bear no love to the Prussians, and wish no good to the new order of things. But these classes, happily, do not form the nation; and the complaints of court retainers, officials, and bigoted Conservatives must not be taken as representative of popular feeling. All I assert is, that the great majority of the people in the States about to be annexed, with possibly the exception of Frankfort, have no inveterate antipathy to the Prussians, no feeling that they are oppressed by their annexation to the great neighbouring Power. But south of the Maine the case is different. There a large and, I believe, an increasing minority of the thinking and cultivated classes are friendly to Prussia; but the great mass of the

people view the idea of annexation with distrust, if not with positive antipathy. It is only south of the Maine that Prussian soldiers have been insulted and attacked by the peasantry. It was at Aschaffenburg that a Prussian officer was murdered the other day, as it is supposed from political motives. No doubt a great part of this hostility is due to the difference of religion. In Southern Germany the majority of the population are Catholics, and bigoted Catholics; and though the example of the Rhine provinces shows that Catholic populations may be loyal subjects of Prussia, yet, in the south, and especially in Bavaria, Prussia is regarded as the champion of Protestantism, and is, in consequence, an object of dislike to a priest-ridden population. Moreover, the Southerners were always taught to look on Prussia as their natural enemy, and Austria as their hereditary champion; and years must elapse before the feelings based on this impression have died away. In short, if Prussia had resolved on annexing Württemberg and Baden and Bavaria, she might have done so without fear of any successful resistance; but she would have had to hold them for years as conquered provinces in right of a military occupation. With great wisdom, as I deem, Count Bismarck has decided on leaving the south to itself for the present. Meanwhile, the passion for a united Germany, which is certainly powerful in the south as well as in the north, may safely be left to work in favour of Prussia. The weak and disjointed States on the left bank of the Maine cannot fail to see that their interests

as well as their national pride are involved in a union with that great Power which henceforth is to be Germany. In a few years hence their annexation may probably be conducted with as little opposition as that of Hanover or Nassau. For the moment, as Count Bismarck said himself, the mouthful is too big to be swallowed.

THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

WITH his wonted plain-spokenness—which you may call cynicism or courage, as you choose—Count Bismarck has confessed, in addressing the Prussian Parliament, that he considers the new North German Confederation a temporary and unsatisfactory arrangement. Certainly a more remarkable project was never devised ; and in order to understand the policy adopted by Prussia with reference to Hesse and Saxony, it is necessary to bear in mind what the new German Power is to be. Look at a map of the Fatherland, and you will find that the proposed Confederacy of Northern Germany will be comprised within an area bounded by the Baltic, the frontier of Jutland, and the German Ocean upon the north ; by the Netherlands, Belgium, and France upon the west ; by Russia upon the east ; and, roughly speaking, by the river Maine and the northern frontiers of Bohemia and Austrian Silesia upon the south. According to the latest calculations, this Confederation will comprise a population, in round numbers, of 28,500,000, and a territory of 7,500 square geographical miles. In this calculation, I should add, there are included the provinces of Prussia which did not belong to the old Confederacy, and also the Duchy of Schleswig.

Now the States of Hanover, Hesse, Frankfort, and Nassau are already annexed to Prussia. It is assumed, as a matter of certainty, that the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Free States of Bremen, Lübeck, and Hamburg will also be incorporated as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed. Moreover, at the death of the Duke of Brunswick, a childless prince of sixty, his dominions revert naturally to the Hohenzollern monarchy, as the inheritor of the Hanoverian dynasty. It follows, therefore, that Prussia will enter the North German Confederation with a population of upwards of 23,500,000. The remaining members of the body will consist of Saxony, with 2,343,944 inhabitants; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with 552,612; Saxe-Weimar, with 280,201; Saxe-Meiningen, with 178,065; Saxe-Altenburg, with 141,839; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with 99,060; Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with 164,527; Oldenburg, with 301,812; Anhalt, with 193,046; Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, with 66,189; Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, with 73,752; Reuss-Schleitz, with 43,924; Reuss-Greiz, with 86,472; Schaumburg-Lippe, with 31,382; Lippe-Detmold, with 111,336; Hesse-Homburg, with 27,374. Taking the most favourable estimate, the non-Prussian States of the new Bund will not number more than 5,000,000. Their territories are detached, and stuck in different parts of Prussia, like plums in a pudding. Their populations have no common interests or bonds of union; and, with the single exception of Saxony, not one of them has a historical existence. No doubt their sovereigns will, as a rule, be actuated by a common

instinct of self-preservation, and will do what lies in their power to thwart the further aggrandisement of Prussia. But unless we suppose—contrary to the evidence of every fact—that the peoples of these petty States attach immense value to their individual independence, there is absolutely no reason why Oldenburg, for instance, should make common cause with Lippe-Detmold upon any question in which the great North German Power and some minor member of the Bund happened to be at variance. If, however, to take the most unfavourable view, the small States should be one and all so hostile to Prussia as to resolve on forming a coalition amongst themselves, it is clear their joint and collective action could produce no result. It has been already announced that in the German Parliament each State is to return members in proportion to its population. Upon any such principle Prussia will have a majority of nearly five to one.

It may be supposed, however, that her representatives will be split up into sections; and that therefore a compact minority, composed of the delegates of the non-Prussian States, might easily obtain an influence quite disproportionate to its numerical importance. But this supposition is formed on a mistaken impression. The German Assembly is intended to bear a much closer resemblance to the American Congress than to the British Parliament. It is to concern itself exclusively with imperial questions, and the only laws which it will be competent to discuss will be those of a national character. Now, on all such points Prussia is certain to be united.

There may be, and are, great differences in the country with regard to internal politics ; but, with the exception of an utterly insignificant section, the people are agreed upon the necessity of consolidating Germany by the aggrandisement of their country. Hence, in his foreign policy, Count Bismarck may rely confidently on the support of the overwhelming Prussian majority in the North German Parliament ; and, indeed, at present his difficulty is to restrain the popular desire for the immediate prosecution of the policy which commenced in the war with Denmark, and culminated in the victory of Sadowa.

Very little foresight is required to perceive, that if the new Confederacy is ever set in working order—a question about which many shrewd observers profess still to entertain great doubts—the minor States composing it must very rapidly be absorbed in Prussia. They have no longer any excuse for existence. King William, having once been brought to see that he is justified in dethroning a brother monarch, is likely to be less and less troubled by conscientious scruples at each successive annexation. His subjects will urge him on to complete the work, and the population of the un-annexed kingdoms will soon perceive—if they do not perceive already—that incorporation is preferable to subjection. In fact, even without any effort on the part of the Berlin Government, the little States must fall to Prussia one after the other by a process of political gravitation ; and as each drops in turn, the forces operating to drive the remainder in the same direction will increase in momentum.

One contingency alone could avert—or at any rate adjourn—this consummation. Supposing the Confederacy were to include the States south of the Maine, then the non-Prussian element in the Bund and in the Parliament might possibly be strong enough to hold its own. Even excluding the German provinces of Austria, there would still be added to the body thus gained a population of some 8,000,000 of South Germans, with interests, traditions, and politics of their own, which, to say the least, would not necessarily be identical with those of Prussia. Count Bismarck is quite aware of this danger, and has done all he can to avert it; yet it cannot be said to be surmounted. The popular passion for unity, on which, he has had to lean for support, is opposed to the division of the Fatherland. The non-Prussian States of the new Confederacy will certainly be in favour of any enlargement of its area, and a large proportion of the Prussian nation would support such a scheme with enthusiasm.

Fortunately for the success of his policy, the Count can rely on the short-sighted reluctance of the South German Governments to enter into close relations with the great Northern Power. If the North Maine Federation can be practically established, the result in the course of a few years must be the fusion of all the States composing it into one compact kingdom; and then Prussia may safely proceed to extend her dominions south of their present river frontier. But though Herr von Bismarck is thus resolutely opposed at present to any further extension of his country's power southwards, he has taken pains to indicate

that his opposition is only of a temporary character. Already he is laying out the lines for the Prussia of the future. If report be correct, the hitch in the negotiations with Dresden arises from the demand that the fortress of Königstein and the capital of Saxony shall be permanently occupied by Prussian troops. The plea put forward to justify this demand is, that these points are necessary for the strategical defence of the new Confederation against an invasion from Austria. But many a year must elapse before the Kaiser can be in a position to threaten his rival with invasion. This fact is so manifest, that it is obvious the motive of the demand must be sought for elsewhere. There can be little question that its real purpose is to deprive the Saxon dynasty of anything more than a nominal royalty, and thus to promote the growing desire throughout Saxony for early annexation to the victorious State. It is understood also that the reason why some portion of the possessions of Hesse north of the Maine are to be left untouched is because the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt will, though a southern State, be affiliated to a great degree with the North German Bund. Hereby the Confederacy will acquire a right of intervention in the affairs of Hesse—a right which, as the example of Denmark showed in the old Confederation, may easily be worked so as to afford a pretext for military operations whenever the time shall come for active measures. Mayence, too, is now occupied by a Prussian garrison, and will henceforth become virtually a Prussian city.

Meanwhile it is already announced, more or less offi-

cially, that the German Parliament will not meet at Frankfort, but that Berlin is to be the seat of the Confederation. As a matter of policy, no doubt, Prussia does wisely to break altogether with the traditions of the old Diet. A Parliament at Frankfort, though composed of the same material, would never have been so thoroughly Prussian as a Parliament at Berlin. Still, the decision will not tend to reconcile the Free City to the loss of its independence.

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Frankfort.

ENGLAND, for about the ninety-ninth time, is declared to be defenceless, and dependent on the forbearance of her neighbours. The same journals who some months ago could find no language contemptuous enough for Prussia now lose no opportunity of singing the praises of the Prussian system — of exaggerating the magnitude of the Prussian victories — of holding up the Prussian army as an example to the world. The inference drawn from these pæans in praise of Prussia is obvious. Austria was crushed in a month; therefore, if England is not to be treated after the same fashion, she must at once reorganise her military system, no matter at what expense. Now, I should be going out of my province if I were to discuss here the merits or demerits of our army; but just because I am glad to see that the public are awaking to the necessity of military reform, it is of importance that popular opinion should not be misled by an exaggerated estimate of what the Prussians have achieved or might have achieved. Concerning the character of the war that has just been concluded, I have certainly had some little opportunity of forming an opinion; and I take this opportunity of say-

ing something as to the reverse side of the Prussian medal.

I do not think the readers of my letters will accuse me of any lack of appreciation for the good qualities and standard virtues of the Prussian people and army. They deserve the highest credit for the courage, discipline, and hardihood they have manifested during this war. I have not, and never have had, any particular sympathy for Austria or Austrians; but when I am told that the campaign is the most marvellous in history, that the Prussians have achieved victories of the highest order, and that the series of battles by which the war was decided belonged to the same class as Leipzig, or Waterloo, or Inkermann, or Solferino, or Gettysburg, my love of truth compels me to protest. It is very natural that the relative magnitude of the war should be exaggerated; its results have been so unexpected and so stupendous, that in popular estimation the causes which have produced these results are believed to be stupendous also. The Prussians themselves, I grant, to their credit, do not form an unduly exalted view of their own achievements; but they are not likely to disparage their triumph willingly by inconvenient admissions, while they can safely leave the task of painting everything in rose-colour to the various correspondents of foreign newspapers, who resolutely decline to say or see anything not redounding to the honour and glory of Prussia. The Austrians, on the other hand, are obliged in self-defence to join the chorus in praise of their late enemies. There are only two possible explanations of the events which

have so much astonished the world. Either the Prussians fought excellently well, or the Austrians fought extremely ill; and the latter hypothesis is certainly not likely to be received with favour at Vienna. Yet the more the facts of the late war become known, the more I believe it will be found to have been a one-sided contest. No one doubts the courage or gallantry of the Austrian army; they have proved their valour before now on many a field of battle; but on the present occasion the heart of the army was not in the war, and no stubborn resistance was ever offered on a large scale to the Prussian advance. One fact alone appears to me to be conclusive concerning the character of the fighting. The Prussians only lost in all some three to four hundred prisoners during the campaign, while the Austrian loss in prisoners—of which, as far as I am aware, no official estimate has yet been published—was certainly upwards of fifty thousand. The simple history of the whole campaign in a dozen words is that the Austrians retreated as the enemy advanced; that they never made above six or seven serious attempts to dispute the Prussian onslaught; and that even on these few occasions they offered no very determined resistance. The battles fought were, to a great extent, decided by artillery. The Prussian troops stood fire most gallantly—far more steadfastly, I should judge, than the Austrians; in consequence, their list of casualties on the field was extremely heavy. But when once the Prussians could attack the Austrian positions they were met with no great vigour. At Königgrätz, the chief loss of the Austrians was not sustained in the defence of their

positions, but in the disastrous rout which followed on their dislodgment from the line of hills about Chlum.

Thus, if this theory is right, the Prussians have not as yet had the opportunity of showing how their troops would conduct themselves if confronted by an army which attacked them with the vigour of the French, or resisted them with the firmness of the English. I do not say that they would not have come victoriously out of such a trial; I have the highest opinion of their merits as soldiers; but I do say that they have not yet been submitted to the test in question. From the day the war commenced to the day peace was concluded, the Prussians succeeded in gaining every object they aimed at, with infinitely less difficulty than they had calculated upon; they had never therefore to deal with unexpected resistance, or to retrieve an unforeseen repulse. It is no disparagement to the Prussians to state that they did not do what circumstances never called upon them to do; but till we have seen how they would rally after a repulse, we cannot form any conclusive opinion as to the excellence of their army. People may think what they like; they may hold that the Prussians, like the Peninsular army, could go anywhere and do anything; and I should be very sorry to dispute the soundness of their views. What I wish to point out is, that all this is still matter of opinion, not of fact.

Thus, it is not easy to say what lessons, in a military sense, we English ought to gather from the late campaign. If there is any one that is obvious at all, it is that when a nation is disorganised and decayed, like

Austria, a large standing army and an enormous military expenditure are not of much practical service. But if, as I suppose, the advocates of a vast augmentation of our forces were to assert that we ought to copy the Prussian system of armaments, they will be at a loss to support their case from the history of the campaign. In the first place, the system of universal military service would be impossible in any country in our days except Prussia, and, as the Prussians themselves believe, will not be possible much longer even there. It is worth while remembering that all the year-long contest between the Crown and the Parliament was really a struggle between the supporters and opponents of the existing military system. As Prussia grows wealthy, the dislike of the well-to-do classes to obligatory enlistment increases with each year; and though for the moment the Crown has won the day, it cannot be doubted that in the long-run compulsory service will break down before the determined opposition of the wealth and education and commerce of the country. Moreover, even in Prussia itself it would be very difficult to work the Landwehr system for any length of time. No war could have been less onerous or more gratifying to Prussia than the one now terminated; and yet the extreme injury caused to all the interests of the country by calling out the Landwehr was found to be so general and so grievous, that it would have been difficult to have prolonged the campaign. As to the extraordinary efficiency of the Prussian military administration, I think very little positive evidence has yet been brought for-

ward. The troops were certainly badly clothed and shod. In a very fertile country, with railway communication open in their rear, the army was ill-supplied with provisions and medicines. Considering the shortness of the campaign, the fact that it was conducted during the most favourable portion of the year, and the extent to which the labour of transport was lessened by the railways, the mortality in the Prussian army was enormous—far more so, I believe, than in the Austrian; and this excessive mortality I have invariably heard ascribed, both by native and foreign medical men, to the insufficient food with which the men were supplied, and to the unnecessary privations to which they were exposed. I wonder whether in England we should boast of the excellence of our military administration if our troops were sent into the field without tents, and had in consequence to sleep night after night without shelter of any kind. Nor is there any proof that the Prussian system is particularly favourable to the development of military talent. General Moltke is doubtless a strategist of a very high order; but, with this single exception, no officer high in command has given sign of exceptional ability; on the contrary, I cannot avoid the conviction from my own observation that, whenever Prussia becomes involved in a prolonged and embittered war the extent to which royal and aristocratic influences prevail in her army will expose her to serious danger. The Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles may be—and I believe are—good soldiers; but the system under which the chief commands in the

army belong, as it were, of right to young and inexperienced members of the royal family, cannot fail to be a faulty one.

The distinguishing merits of the Prussian army I take to be threefold. In the first place, the soldiers are personally brave to a remarkable degree; but that is a merit which owes its existence to no peculiar system of enlistment, and which is certainly not a monopoly of Prussia. In the second place, the army is homogeneous to a very great extent, and is animated with a strong patriotic spirit. That, however, is due to natural and political, certainly not to professional or military, causes. And lastly, the army is indebted for its strength to the fact, in my judgment, that the rank and file are men of education, who know what they are fighting about, not mere human machines drilled to mechanical perfection. In fact, I take the real lesson to be derived from this German war to be exactly the same as that which might have been learnt from the American conflict, namely, that, under not too unequal conditions, men of culture, educated under free institutions, will always make better soldiers than ignorant men, whose one idea is to obey the word of command. To a great extent the regular soldier, even under the most favourable circumstances, must always be more or less of a machine; and I believe the main advantage of the Prussian system to consist in the extremely small proportion of what may be called "regular soldiers" in its rank and file. It is true that the whole nation is to a certain extent soldierised by the universal obligation of

military service; but, on the other hand, the whole army is civilianised to a still greater degree by the rapid re-absorption of the military element into private life. Thus, in as far as the late campaign proves anything, it shows that the class from which our Volunteers are chosen will, in the Old World as in the New, form the most efficient soldiers that any country can desire. Whether in times of peace compulsory training is better than volunteer, is a question rather of detail than principle.

To sum up, I do not believe that the experience of this Austro-Prussian war will help us much in reorganising our system of providing troops for the defence of the Empire. England, both in her strength and her weakness, is utterly unlike either Prussia or Austria. Whether breech-loaders are better than muzzle-loaders is a point about which Törnau, and Nachod, and Sadowa can give us valuable information; but as to the theory of war and of national defences we can learn but little from the downfall of Austria. Each war stands very much by itself. It was as absurd to argue that volunteers would always beat regulars, because in 1860 Garibaldi defeated the Neapolitan armies, as it would be to assert now that regulars will always defeat volunteers, because in 1866 the Garibaldian red-shirts were left without the promised victory; but still more absurd would be that spasmodic imitation of the arms or military systems of other countries which is demanded by certain English newspapers whenever any nation has won a victory. The wisdom of such a course—to use a metaphor appropriate to the neigh-

bourhood of Frankfort—is analogous to that of those gamblers at *roulette* who always put down their money on the number which last turned up.

Moreover, it should be fairly remembered that the circumstances of this campaign have been exceptionally favourable to the Prussians. In the first place, they were able to get their armies ready for war in a much shorter time than the Austrians. This arose from the peculiar character of their military system. The army, in time of peace, consists of nine corps. The first eight are raised in the following provinces :—East Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Prussian Saxony, Posen, Silesia, Westphalia, and the Rhine districts; the ninth corps, the Guards, is composed of picked soldiers taken from each corps. Now, except during war-time, these corps are always stationed in the provinces to which they respectively belong. Even in the selection of officers a preference is given to members of families belonging to the province, so that there are certain families members of which have always served in the same regiment; one regiment, for instance, being always officered out of three families. Thus, as soon as the period of service is over, the vast majority of the private soldiers return to the occupations of civil life, and are near at hand if they are called back to the ranks. As a result, the Prussian army can be mobilised in an incredibly short time. Within eighteen days from the time the order was issued the Prussian army was on a war footing. Now, in Austria, a different system is pursued, and the process of fill-

ing up the vacancies in a regiment requires a very much longer time. The consequence is, that the Prussian armies were ready to take the field far sooner than the Austrians.

And not only were the Prussians ready first, but they had the inestimable advantage of striking the first blow, and winning the first victory. Thanks to the vigour with which the war was pushed on, the Prussians were the attackers instead of the defenders. The Duke of Wellington it was, I think, who said that young soldiers were always the best for carrying out a desperate enterprise, because they do not appreciate the magnitude of the danger; and so the Prussian troops, all of whom are young men, and most of whom had seen no serious fighting, pushed forward gallantly, without troubling themselves at all about the magnitude of the perils they had to encounter. In fact, they carried all before them. It was not only their infantry which proved superior to that of Austria; every arm in the service was tested, and proved victorious; their artillery silenced the Austrian batteries; their cavalry rode down the Austrian dragoons; their generals out-manceuvred the Austrian commanders; their military train was more efficient and more serviceable than the Austrian, under circumstances of far greater difficulty. During the whole campaign they have never been beaten, even in a skirmish; they won the day everywhere, and at all times; and for this uninterrupted success they had not to pay dearly. In the Second Army, for instance, which numbered four corps of from twenty-five

to thirty thousand men each, the total number of killed was 56 officers and 1,082 men.

Now, as I have said before, the one test of merit in war is success ; and as the Prussians have succeeded triumphantly, there is very little good in criticising their strategy. Still, with a view to form a correct estimate of the campaign, it is worth while pointing out that two conditions were essential to the success of their plan : the first was, that they should never suffer a serious defeat ; the second, that the campaign should be a short one. It is of course possible that the Prussian soldiers might have stood triumphantly the trial of a great repulse, but in an enemy's country, with no line of retreat open, with scanty supplies, and with difficult communications, the position of the army in that event would have been one of the most alarming character. For the present, the Prussian army has only shown what it could do when victory smiled upon its arms. How far it would have survived a run of ill fortune is still an open question.

We can form a better opinion as to the second condition I have described as essential to Prussian success. The campaign did not last more than six weeks, the actual fighting part of it not half so much ; and yet, the fatigues, privations, and hardships of this summer war told most heavily upon the Prussian soldiers. Under these circumstances, it is more than doubtful whether the Prussians could have stood a long and protracted campaign in the open field—such a campaign as they would have had to undergo if the Austrians could have succeeded in holding

their position before Vienna. My own belief is that the Austrians were aware of this, and only made peace because they knew their position was untenable, and that their army would be defeated at Florisdorf as easily as it had been at Königgrätz. But, on the other hand, the Prussian authorities fully appreciated the risks of any prolongation of the campaign, and therefore were willing enough to accept terms which secured their main objects. In fact, everything has gone as well for Prussia as possible; and the termination of the campaign has not been less fortunate than its commencement and progress.

That war with France is a mere question of time is, I think I may say, accepted as a foregone conclusion by the bulk of the Prussian army. Soldiers, especially after a series of brilliant victories, always like the idea of another war, and all the traditions of the Prussian people are hostile to France. Still, I do not think there is any strong definite wish for a war. Prussia wants nothing she can gain from France; and her army is quite aware that a contest with the united French Empire would be a very different thing from a conflict with the disorganised and decrepit empire of Austria. But, on the other hand, every Prussian officer I have had occasion to talk with on the subject seems convinced that war will ultimately be forced upon Prussia. Their well-nigh universal opinion is, that the French people—or, at any rate, the Imperial Government—will never permit Prussia to reap in peace the fruits of her victorious campaign, and will oppose by all possible means the formation of a great united German

monarchy. Sooner than cede any portion of German territory to France, in order to purchase her acquiescence in the reorganisation of the Fatherland, the Prussian army would gladly enter upon any war, however arduous.

Moreover, rightly or wrongly, the prospect of such a war is viewed without any particular apprehension. I have said often before that I thought the Prussians were far less intoxicated with their success than might have been expected. I believe, too, myself, that that success was not quite so wonderful or so unintelligible as at first it appeared to spectators. But still, explain it as you like, the broad fact remains that the Prussians have utterly crushed, in a war of merely a few weeks' duration, one of the greatest of the military monarchies of Europe. If they could conquer Austria, with half Germany in arms against them, they argue naturally enough that they are a match for France, with all Germany upon their side. Nor, I must own, do these expectations seem to me the mere result of national vanity. I have frequently discussed the relative merits of the French and Prussian armies with foreign officers, who certainly had no strong pro-Prussian predilections, and they all agree in thinking that the Prussian infantry is man for man decidedly superior to the French, though they believe in a long campaign the more effective organisation and generalship of French armies would tell heavily against their German opponents. We have laughed so much ourselves about German professors, and long-haired students, and "bürschen" in spectacles, that we can hardly realise the fact

that the rank and file of the Prussian army are the most stalwart, broad-built soldiers in Europe. Their arms are excellent, their discipline is admirably good ; and though in my judgment the organisation of their army is extremely defective, yet its defects are of a kind which can very soon be cured by experience, and which the results of this short campaign will tend materially to modify. In fact, I cannot express my opinion more concisely than by saying that if there were a war between France and Prussia, and I had a large sum of money depending upon the result, I should feel extremely doubtful on which side I ought to risk my stake.

In England we very naturally jump to the conclusion that in the event of a war between Prussia and France, the latter could safely rely upon the assistance and sympathy of Austria. Oddly enough, I believe this conclusion to be entirely erroneous. Austria is composed of two heterogeneous and discordant elements—her Teutonic and her non-Teutonic populations. By a curious combination of causes, both these elements view with equal disfavour the idea of a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia. The Austrian Germans urged on the war with Prussia because they hoped to see Germany consolidated under the empire, for they viewed with extreme jealousy their eventual exclusion from the great Teutonic community. But to aid France in acquiring German and non-Prussian territory would be a direct violation of all their German feelings and sentiments. Austria, as a German power, can never go to war in order to secure the

left bank of the Rhine for France. At the same time the non-German provinces, though they care little or nothing whether the Rhine provinces belong to France or Prussia, and would possibly prefer the former arrangement, yet shrink from the idea of a war, which if unsuccessful must entail fresh sacrifices upon them, and if successful would restore the supremacy of the German party in the empire. No doubt, if Austria were a united nation, the feeling that the honour of their flag must be redeemed might overpower all collateral considerations. But then Austria is not only not united, she is not even a nation, but a conglomeration of discordant nationalities, who care far more for their individual interests than for the glory of their common country.

THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

Heligoland, Sept. 8.

EVERYBODY in these evil times is supposed to know everything. I make no pretence to omniscience, but henceforth I am armed with an answer to all impertinent inquiries. To all irrelevant demands as to why I do not know something or other, I intend to reply by a query as to what my interrogator knows about Heligoland. Not one person in a hundred thousand, I feel convinced, will be able to tell me where Heligoland is, or to whom it belongs. It is, however, a possession of the Sovereign on whose empire the sun never sets; and there is already looming darkly in the future a great Heligoland question. It is on this account that I am here; and in future no student at a competitive examination shall be justified, if I can hinder it, in pleading ignorance of the rights and wrongs of the oppressed nationality of Heligoland.

All who have been to Hamburg by sea—I humanely hope that their number is not great—have caught a glimpse of a little sand rock perched in the midst of the German Ocean. That rock is the colony, town, bathing-place, gambling Bad, of Heligoland. Its aspect is welcome to the sea-sick traveller, because it is a sign that

the dry land is very near ; but feelings of gratitude never prompted any traveller to land here on his voyage. There is no harbour ; and short of being wrecked upon the cliffs, I don't exactly know how anybody could reach Heligoland by a direct route from England. There are only two ways of getting to the place at all. During the summer months steamers run two or three times a week from Hamburg and Bremen. The boats are small, the voyage is long, and generally rough. From Cuxhaven or from Geeste-munde you have to sail across the current of the German Ocean—a sea addicted to storms—and when, after some four hours' traverse, you reach the roads of the island, there is always a pleasing uncertainty as to whether the boats which ply between the steamer and the shore will be able to land passengers. When you have once got here, you have the same difficulties to encounter in order to get away again. This morning the wind was blowing hard when our packet sailed at an unearthly hour from the quay at Altona. There were ugly masses of black clouds rising in the east, and a German fellow-traveller assured me piteously that everybody would be ill before we had left the Elbe. The temptation to turn back was great ; but I had long wanted to see Heligoland, and I was not likely ever to have another opportunity. With a courage worthy of the student of knowledge I persevered, and the result is that I am writing once more from British soil, from the quaintest of the many islands which belong to England. Of my voyage I will say nothing. All sea voyages have a common monotony of

dulness. The wind did not fulfil its promise, but the rain did ; and for nine mortal hours I had the alternative of being drenched on deck or stewed in the cabin. It was too misty to see anything ; and, if it had been clear, there was nothing to be seen except the long, low, sand-bank shores of Hanover on the south, and of Holstein on the north. My companions were all Hamburg merchants, going to recruit their health or impair their fortune at Heligoland—excellent people, I have no doubt, if you knew them, but not lively upon a wet September day in a damp steamboat saloon. Conversation about stocks and shares is never particularly interesting to those who are not their possessors ; and when the stocks and shares belong to concerns in which you not only are not a shareholder, but never knew anybody who was, the interest of the subject becomes even more problematical.

Still, what with eating and smoking and sleeping, the time passed somehow or other till the Union Jack was run up to the fore, and the one gun of Heligoland acknowledged the compliment by a double salute. Why, or how, or wherefore did Heligoland ever become British territory ? The question is one I do not pretend to answer ; and the last place in the world where you are likely to find it solved is Heligoland itself. For threescore years the island has now been part and parcel of the British Empire, and to the present hour the inhabitants have been puzzling their brains to discover whatever induced England to annex them. Possibly in the archives of the Foreign Office there may exist some clue to the mystery.

My own explanation is, that some minister of the day was struck suddenly by the reflection that, after all, we ought to have something to show for the exertions we were making to put down the First Napoleon. Some years ago at Cambridge there was an undergraduate who contrived to spend nine hundred pounds in as many weeks of his first term of residence. His justly irate parent came up to investigate the matter, and insisted on having some account rendered of the expenditure. At last, after repeated inquiries what he had got to show for all the money spent, the young prodigal pulled out of a drawer, with an air of triumph, an unopened pack of cards. There, at any rate, was an asset to be placed upon the credit side of his account. Well, in much the same way, I suppose, the vision of an irate people demanding what there was to show for hundreds of millions of money, and tens of thousands of lives, and years of war, must have floated before the minds of some minister in the days of George III., and he thereupon resolved to add Heligoland to the British Crown as an answer to awkward inquiries. I don't guarantee the accuracy of my hypothesis. I only say it is supported by the fact that if anybody were to be forced to state exactly what we got by the great war with France he would find it very difficult to show any positive gain except Heligoland. The learned say that its name means the Holy Island; it certainly cost us dear enough to be sacred for ever.

When Lord Falkland, from his Majesty's frigate *Quebec*, issued a proclamation, announcing to the astonished

islanders that thenceforth they had ceased to belong to the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and were now and for ever to become subjects of King George III. and his lawful heirs, Heligoland must have been an even less imposing possession than it is at present. There is a church a century and a half old, and a beacon which looks ancient enough to have had signals lit upon it at the time when Nelson's fleet sailed past the island on its way to Elsinore and Copenhagen; but in that remote era the advantages of sea-bathing were not appreciated; hazard could be played at a thousand places short of the German Ocean, and the voyage to the mainland could be accomplished only in fishing-smacks. The town, as it exists at present, can hardly date from five and twenty years ago. How anybody ever took it into his head to settle at Heligoland at all is a point which defies explanation. Fancy Primrose-hill multiplied by six, with its top flattened down, and its sides pared straight and steep, and placed in the middle of the Northern Seas, out of sight of land, and you will have a fair idea of what Heligoland is like. A sort of monster sugar-loaf of sand, it stands out in mid ocean, bleak and bare and treeless. Guide-books say it is three miles round. I dare say if you walked carefully round and round the edge of its precipitous cliffs, following each indentation of the ground, you might do the better part of two miles' walking. But, as a matter of fact, you can walk along its flat table-land surface in about ten minutes from end to end, and across it in its widest extent in half that time. If you want to get off it you must either jump down a cliff some two

hundred feet in height, straight into the sea, or else you must descend the one flight of steps which forms the sole communication between the island heights and the shore. The old story about the American in England, who said he was afraid of going out at night for fear of stepping off the land into the sea, is literally true of Heligoland. By the gradual action of the waves, while one side of the island is being worn away, a sort of beach has been formed on the other; and on this beach the new lower town has been built. The term "town," however, can only be applied by courtesy to either the upper or the lower city. Clustered on the shore below there are a dozen streets of wooden houses, painted with colours that long ago have been reduced by the spray to one uniform gray tint, all looking as if they had been run up for the day, and were going to be taken down to-morrow. Hanging on the cliffs above, there is a row of wooden villas fronting the sea, all of the lath-and-plaster order, and behind there is a network of narrow alleys lined with red-bricked and brown-tiled cottages, debouching upon the potato-field which occupies the main part of the island.

The upper town, or Oberland, like the Marine-parade at Brighton, or the Haute Ville at Boulogne, is old-fashioned, respectable, and, in a metaphorical sense, steady. Physically speaking, steadiness can hardly be said to be its attribute, for a gale of wind would, I should think, blow half of it out to sea. The room where I have taken up my quarters is a small square edifice of boards, about the size of a Margate family bathing-machine, and stuck alone in

the middle of a grass-plot. Without being a Samson I could kick down its walls as I lie in bed; I should not be much more exposed to public gaze than I am at present, for half my walls are windows, and every window opens upon a street. Still, like every house in the Oberland, my shed has a wonderful sea view. From my bed I look right out over an unbroken waste of waters, and, for anything I can tell, upon the Polar circle itself. Indeed, it is on this sea view that we of the upper town pride ourselves. Down below they may have more of worldly amusements, but they cannot enjoy the beauties of nature. Besides, the governor, and the town-clerk, and the beadle, and all the minor official worthies, live in our quarter, which is more than the lowlanders can say, who have nobody but lodgers. Still, if I am to confess the truth, it is more gay there than here. There it is that all the shops are to be found where they sell shells, pincushions, wooden spades, and coloured views; the only articles of barter in the island. There stands the theatre—it is closed for the present, but that does not matter; there, too, is the Kursaal; and there, above all, is the roulette-table. If you want to eat, or bathe, or dance, or read the papers, or play, you must go down the one hundred and eighty odd steps, which lead to the sands from the Oberland; but if you can content yourself with lying on your back, and gazing on the immensity of the ocean, you can satisfy every desire without visiting the lower town.

Moreover, the Oberland has one great advantage for a visitor of a retiring disposition. The landladies are not

so energetically eager in their pursuit of strangers. Every house is a lodging-house in Heligoland; the season has been a bad one, and is nearly over, and almost all the lodgings are to let. So the unoccupied landladies stand at the doors of their empty houses, looking out for anyone who may possibly be in want of a chamber, and tempting him by alternate smiles and frowns. But here, above, it is considered improper actually to tout for lodgers; possibly this superior modesty may be due to the fact that the houses here are better filled; but it is never wise to scrutinise too closely the motives of human nature. However, the two boats which have arrived to-day have brought in a good number of visitors, and the population are comparatively contented. They do well to make what little hay they can while the sun shines, for the long winter is drawing close upon them. In another month the last boat will have sailed away, and then till next June, at the earliest, Heligoland will be left alone to its governor, its gloom, and its oppressed nationality.

What the inhabitants do during the winter is a subject too awful for contemplation. Somebody once suggested that the dwellers in the Isle of Man earned a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing. A similar occupation is the only one I can suggest for the Heligolandiers. Robinson Crusoe upon his rock can hardly have been more cut off from the outer world. Nobody comes near them; and I suspect the very clerk at the Submarine Telegraph office is removed during the winter. There is not a road on the island. I need hardly say

there is not a horse or a carriage. In fact, most of the residents had never seen a four-legged animal except a dog or a sheep till the other day, when three cows were imported into the island. In about a quarter of an hour an active man might walk through the upper and lower towns together, and run round the table-land above into the bargain. When he had done this he might perform the same feat again, and so on till he was tired ; but after the first day even the greatest of invalids can never expect to find a new walk in Heligoland. Now, as long as the season lasts, if you have come here to see your friends, there is some advantage in meeting every person you know about six times every hour. But supposing the whole community are at daggers drawn, and that for month after month they are doomed to be always meeting each other at every minute of the day, you can fancy that Heligoland is hardly the home of a happy family. Such is the condition of affairs ; but for the present private quarrels are laid aside, and domestic feuds are suspended. The roulette-ball, that emblem of peace and goodwill in Heligoland, still spins merrily round, and will spin on till the fatal 1st of October.

Sept. 10.

We are a moral people, and our government is a moral government. We are not as other nations are. We can afford to look with the conscious dignity of supreme virtue on the shortcomings of our neighbours. Each one of us has a just pride in our common repute for moral excel-

lence; a sort of reflected glory is shed upon us all by this national attribute of respectability. Our individual accounts at the bank of goodness may be small or overdrawn; but our moral solvency is guaranteed by the immensity of the national deposits at that establishment. St. George trampling the dragon under foot is our emblem metaphorically as well as practically. We are always stamping out vice in some form or other, as the late Sir Peter Laurie put down suicide: and among the many triumphs which we feel with honest pride are placed to our credit in the records of virtue, we reckon our suppression of public gaming. The vice of gambling is odious alike to our social, commercial, and moral instincts. It is true that, to ordinary apprehension, racing and time bargains appear to partake of the character of games of chance; but we know better. Everybody is aware, or ought to be, that when an Englishman loses his money on the turf or at the Stock Exchange, he does so in the former case to promote the breed of our national horses, in the latter to favour the development of our national commerce. But as for public licensed gaming, our hairs bristle at the very idea. We suppressed lotteries of every kind with the utmost severity; even the innocent Art-Union drew up our brows and money in our sight; and I believe the legal sale of the rifles for rapiers which used to be sold at the fairs of Niagara is open to the gravest doubt. *Prize-hunts*! Such things are nowhere to be found in England. *Quack* things may be done in back parlours and cellars of private houses; but practically there

is not a place left now in all London where a stranger could find the opportunity of staking his money on the green-baize tables. At Ascot, I have heard, there are certain booths where you can steal your way in and drop a furtive half-crown timidly upon a portable roulette-board, with the chance of being arrested at any moment by the police; and at Doncaster the game of hazard is practised, I am given to understand, with considerable regularity. Still these are the exceptions which prove the rule. If a man is resolved on gambling, no human legislation or police vigilance can quite prevent him. All that a government can do we have done to render gambling impossible. Even betting-offices have been interdicted, and for the overwhelming majority of stay-at-home Englishmen any form of public play is as unattainable a luxury as fresh bananas or bird's-nest soup. Our streets, I have always felt, may not be as decorous outwardly as those of other nations, our standard in respect of temperance may be less exalted than that of France or Italy; but as to any overt sanction of the vice of gambling, I have hitherto fondly imagined we could give points to any country in the world, and beat it hollow.

Alas, this conviction, like many others, has turned out to be a delusion! Since I have visited Heligoland I feel that I can no longer look down with contempt on nations who encourage tombolas, on Governments which are supported by roulette, on communities who trade on the depraved instincts of mankind. France, Prussia, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and even Austria, have put down

public hells; Belgium, the minor German States, the canton of the Valois in Switzerland, and the principality of Monaco were, I believed hitherto, the only European countries which permitted open gaming-tables to exist within their dominions. I grieve to say that to this ignoble category I must henceforth add the name of England. Here in Heligoland, under the protection of the Union Jack, there exists as recognised and authorised a hell as at Badenor Homburg. I had before heard rumours of roulette's being played upon the island; but I supposed that, if the practice existed at all, it was pursued under the rose in some obscure resort. Far from this being the case, play is carried on here with the most unblushing effrontery. It is true the proprietors are wise enough not to advertise their establishments; they are by no means anxious that the attention of the English public should be attracted to their proceedings. A question asked in the House of Commons, as to how a public hell was tolerated in a possession of the British Crown, might possibly interfere with the continuance of their trade. No attempt is made to conceal the existence of the tables. The Kursaal is the largest and most prominent building in the place, and the upper stories are devoted to games of hazard. You go up the central staircase and find yourself in a room fitted up with green-baize tables and all the implements of gambling. The only difference between Heligoland and Homburg, so far as play is concerned, is that the English hell is decidedly more disreputable than the Hessian, and the chances in favour of the bank are vastly greater. No-

thing is played but roulette, with a double instead of a single zero ; the minimum stake is a ten-groschen piece—that is, about a shilling. Smoking is allowed in the rooms ; the croupiers have nothing of the air of respectability cultivated by their *confrères* of Germany ; they are much quicker about raking in their winnings than paying out their losings ; and they make no attempt to preserve the sort of outward order and decorum maintained so sedulously in the establishments of Messrs. Le Blanc and Bénazet. There is always a lower depth somewhere, and there may be worse-conducted gaming-rooms than these English ones of ours. All I can say from my own small observation is, that they are not to be found in Germany. I quite admit that the public of the Heligoland roulette-board is decidedly inferior to that of the Rhine Bads. Instead of the Russian princes, English noblemen, Wal-lachian boyards, and Spanish grandees, whom you may see interspersed among the mixed company of Homburg and Baden, you have here a dead-level of Hamburg clerks, German officers, and Bremen brokers. They are not fine players, and they don't play high enough to invest their losses with even a spurious dignity. The vast majority of the gamblers potter about with shillings and half-crowns, exhibit an indecent exultation when they win half-a-dozen thalers, and wrangle about their losings. Still, for all that, the profits of the bank are large. Half-crowns mount up wonderfully fast when the ball goes spinning round with scarcely a minute's stoppage between the deals ; and you have only to look at the worn eager faces of the players to

see that their losses are to them, at any rate, by no means insignificant. It is this paltry sordid play which suits best the purposes of a hell. Nobody ever broke the bank in Heligoland; nobody departs from the island carrying money away with him. Dribblets by dribblets, the coffers of the bank are filled; and every year there are hundreds of visitors who lose everything they have with them before they can get away from this British gaming-room. In every German Spiel-Bad I am acquainted with, there exists a salutary provision forbidding the inhabitants of the town to enter the rooms; but here, under English rule, the doors are open to everybody; and every clerk and shopboy and servant in the place is exposed to the temptation of knowing that, if he has got a shilling in his pocket, and happens to guess the right numbers, he may win more in half-an-hour than he is likely ever to earn by a year's honest labour.

Of course the tables pay largely in one form or other for their privileges, and the expenses of the town are thereby considerably relieved. Still many of the inhabitants believe that the place suffers more from the existence of the roulette-board than it profits by it in a direct or indirect fashion. I own that I myself incline to their opinion. Heligoland does not possess the requisite capacities for a first-class gambling place. Its virtues are of a domestic and family kind. Bar the roulette establishment, and life at Heligoland is of an almost Arcadian simplicity. Everybody gets up early, and goes to the shore to bathe.

Parallel to the island, about a mile away, there lies a

long low breakwater of sand, where all the bathing-machines are placed. Scores of little sailing-boats ply between the town and the "Sand-Insel," as the breakwater is called, in the morning hours; and there is just sea and wind enough in the quarter of an hour's passage to give ladies a pretence for being afraid, and gentlemen an excuse for offering their services, and thus forming an acquaintance. But when you arrive upon the sand-bank, there the acquaintance terminates for a time. Everything at Heligoland except the tables is conducted upon principles of the most rigid propriety. One-half the island is devoted to the male, the other to the female portion of the bathing community; and sign-posts placed at every turning direct visitors which way they ought to go according to their sex. No indignant parent could ever write to the *Heligoland Herald* complaining of the disregard for decency exhibited by the local authorities. In fact, the bathing arrangements are better managed than in any sea-side place I have ever visited. Between the two domains there is a neutral ground, and on this strip stands a little wooden *café*, the only habitation on the whole of this outlying territory of Heligoland. Here, on squat tables, placed under the veranda, the bathers breakfast fraternally. The company eat as only Germans can eat; the vigour of their appetites, strengthened by the salt fresh sea air, surpasses that of ordinary Teutonic nature; and then, when innumerable beefsteaks and eggs have been consumed, and an immense quantity of beer has been imbibed, the bathers take boat again and cross back to the island. By this time

it is getting on to twelve, and the gentlemen play long whist, or a mysterious game called "six-and-sixty," and the ladies repair the damages which the morning's sail has inflicted upon their toilettes. At three the world assembles again at the Kursaal, and dines there at an enormous *table d'hôte*. When this is over, the adventurous spirits who are resolved to fulfil the whole performance climb up the steps, and drink coffee and play dominoes at a sort of restaurant in the upper town. After this the next event is the arrival of the steamer, a spectacle which offers especial attractions from the fact that the sea-sick passengers have to land in little boats, and then have to run the gauntlet through a path marked out by ropes. You may walk up and down the parade; you may go and get weighed; and if these amusements pall, you may procure the excitement of seeing a scramble by tossing a halfpenny to a crowd of little urchins, who always follow the track of the visitors, pestering them with applications to be presented with a Hamburg shilling. By indulging with moderation in these various enjoyments, you can get rid of the afternoon till seven o'clock, when the public meet once more in the Kursaal to eat supper on the most substantial scale. Then the band plays, and every now and then there is a dance afterwards; or, if the night be fine, parties are formed to go out in boats to see the phosphorescent light on the waves. By nine or ten quiet respectable people drop off to bed; and after that hour there is not much moving in Heligoland, except the roulette-ball wabbling about the rim of the revolving basin.

Now, I do not pretend to say that life in Heligoland is one round of amusements. If I were to speak the truth, I should say it might verge upon dulness. Brighton and Scarborough, Trouville, Biarritz, Boulogne, and even Ostend, offer a greater variety of resources. Probably, too, persons who have a mania for pedestrian exercise would object to a place where you cannot possibly walk anywhere; and there are some valid objections to the total absence of carriages or horses of any kind. I doubt, too, whether ladies would choose a place in which shops were almost unknown, and where, so far as I can learn from observation, there is not even a hairdreser. Still, if you happened to be a family man, not over rich, and a North German to boot—misfortunes which may happen to any created being—I don't know that you could do better than bring your family to Heligoland for the season. The children might tumble over the cliff; but there is a bright side to every human calamity. And, indeed, the real Heligoland public seems to me to consist almost exclusively of the steady-family class we all know so well at home. The rapid young second-rate man about town in Homburg, the broken-down blacklegs, the ladies of doubtful or undoubted character, who congregate about the tables, are the sediment of the Homburg and Baden world, and have no affinity with, and actually repel, the regular visitors. The sooner the croupiers are sent away, the better it will be for Heligoland. Anyhow, it is not to the credit of England that such an establishment as the roulette-rooms of the Kursaal should be allowed to exist under the protection of our flag.

In the days of the Sonderbund war, the contending factions, by common consent, suspended their warfare till the season was over, and the tourist had been despoiled by Catholic and Protestant alike. A similar interest has dictated a similar resolution in the island whereon I write, during the summer. The great conflict between the population and the government of Heligoland has been allowed to slumber. Everybody here except the governor lets lodgings, and the lodging-house-keeper instinct has prevailed over every other, even over that of insular patriotism. But in three or four weeks the season will be ended, the last steamer will have sailed, not a stray tourist will be left; all communication with the mainland will be cut off; and then the oppressed nationality of Heligoland will once more reassert its dormant claims. Some time ago there appeared a statement in the German papers, which was copied into our English ones, announcing that the Heligolandiers were up in arms because the governor insisted on introducing rabbits into the island, and these conies threatened to destroy the foundation of the sand-bank on which Heligoland is built. The credence accorded to this random statement only shows the unsatisfactory manner in which history is formed. The rabbits might have been, probably were, objected to by the inhabitants. If the governor had imported an elephant, he would doubtless have been accused of a desire to shake down the island by the weight of the animal's tread; but the rabbits were no more the fountain and origin of the feud than the rain-drops are the cause of a storm. Students of

the great Heligoland question must push their researches much further back. The whole affair is of the tempest-in-a-teapot order. But still, serious complications have arisen out of much smaller causes, and in the present excited state of German public feeling, I should be by no means surprised if the Heligoland difficulty were to become a matter of diplomatic interest. Nothing could well be more paltry or more obscure than the Schleswig-Holstein question ; and yet this question has led not indirectly to the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. A score of years ago Louis Philippe, then King of the French, is said to have put his finger upon the Elbe Duchies in a chart of Europe, and to have said to a diplomatist standing by his side, " There, sir, will arise the question which will uproot the peace of the Continent." I don't profess to say as much for Heligoland. You must find a chart on a gigantic scale to be able to put anything larger than a pin's point on it ; but I do venture to prophesy that if Prussia goes on annexing the North of Germany, we shall, before many years are over, have diplomatic representations made to us on the subject of the one German nationality, small as it is, which still remains subject to non-German rule.

Once upon a time—so at least its inhabitants fondly believe—Heligoland was what Americans would call " quite a big" place. It had seven parish churches, and extended ever so far. Little by little, however, the waves have eaten it away, until it is reduced to its present minute dimensions. You may believe these stories or not, as you

like ; but there is no doubt that, so far as the memory of man extends, the island was part and parcel of Schleswig-Holstein. Under the rule of the dukes or kings who in turn ruled over the Cimbrian Peninsular, it enjoyed all sorts of prescriptive rights and privileges, subject, like those of the parishes on the mainland, to the ill-defined arbitrary authority of the reigning sovereign. When the British Government, for reasons best known to itself, took possession of Heligoland, it guaranteed the Heligolanders the full possession and exercise of all their historic liberties and institutions. In this clause lies the whole legal point of the Heligolandic difficulty. The islanders themselves allowed that the Crown of England became possessed of all powers vested in the dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein ; but then, as these powers were utterly undefined and irregular, it is very hard to say what liberty of action in internal affairs became thus vested in the Government of Great Britain. The whole arrangement was utterly anomalous. To take one example I have heard quoted out of many, the National Church of Heligoland is Lutheran, and formed part of the diocese, if I may use the term, of the town of Husum, in Schleswig. After the annexation to England the Synod of Husum ceased to exercise any clerical jurisdiction in the island, and the "status" of the Church in Heligoland has now become a problem, the solution of which would perplex all the ecclesiastical lawyers in the world. Nobody seems very clearly to understand what the exact constitution of the island was in its pre-British era. There was a provost and six councillors, and eight

quarter-men and sixteen elders, who managed the affairs of the community, and were all, somehow or other, subject to the decisions of an extraordinary assembly of the islanders, which was summoned when needful by sending the eldest of the councillors to carry a stick from house to house. In fact, the power of these authorities appears to have been most scrupulously circumscribed, as the quarter-men, who had command of the insular treasury, were expressly forbidden by the laws from expending, of their own free-will and decision, any sum amounting to more than thirty shillings. I believe myself, that the government of Heligoland, in former days, very much resembled that of an old Scotch burgh, and was liable to much the same irregular interference on the part of the Crown. When England became mistress of the island she allowed things to go on after their old fashion. The ancients and elders and the worshipful the provost managed, or mismanaged, the government amongst them ; and, being relieved from all external supervision, formed themselves into a close corporation, and, like all close corporations, jobbed to their heart's content. The British governors were easy quiet-going gentlemen, who took things as they came, and troubled themselves very little about any matter except how to kill time as well as possible while they remained in this dreary, out-of-the-way settlement, and to get away from it as fast as might be. That their administration was not, at any rate, economical may be gathered from the fact that while the public debt at the time we took the island amounted to about 1,600*l.*, it has now

reached the creditable figure of 6,600*l.*—a sum which, as the whole population is some 3,000 souls, represents a debt of 2*l.* 4*s.* per head.

No doubt there was ample room for a Heligoland Reform Bill; and the present governor resolved to introduce one. Alas, like many other intending benefactors of his species, he has only succeeded in reaping the ill-will of the people he designed to serve. Of the governor himself, let me say, I know nothing personally. Even if the despot and dictator Maxse, as the insular Hampdens and Bealeses delight to call him, had been guilty of any monstrous outrage upon all human and divine law, I could not find it in my heart to judge him severely. You must have seen Heligoland on a wintry rainy day to realise what it must be for a man of activity and education to be shut up there with nowhere to go, nothing to do, and nobody to speak to. If he took to pitching babies over the cliff for his amusement, or rolling stones upon the heads of the fisherwomen coming up the steps, any rational jury would find a verdict of extenuating circumstances. I have listened to numerous versions of his misdoings; I have read the solemn bill of indictment against him, addressed by the burghers of Heligoland to her most gracious Majesty; and in his private capacity I have not been able to discover that he has been guilty of any greater offence than having a bathing shed of his own, of having dressed his boatman in a sailor's uniform, and of having used a certain number of planks, which belonged to the town, to build a shed used as a public theatre during the season.

His real sin and offence is, that he undertook to remodel the institutions of the island. The 7th of January 1864 is the 2d of December of Heligoland. On that day a new constitution, based upon a foreign model, was introduced into the island. Provost, councillors, elders, and quarter-men, and Wittenagemote, were all swept away; and in their stead the administration of the commonwealth was intrusted to two chambers, one consisting of twelve nominees—"hirelings," so the patriots call them, of the governor; the other composed of a dozen deputies, elected by the inhabitants yearly. The constitution may have been as excellent a one as ever the Abbé Sieyès formed. Unfortunately it did not suit the people for whom it was designed. It is quite dreadful to read the list of awful consequences which, in the opinion of the malcontents, are likely to result from this new order of things. According to the ancient laws of the island, nobody could become a citizen of Heligoland unless he chose to marry in lawful wedlock a woman of the island; but the governor and his hirelings know nothing of time-honoured rights; henceforth every British subject may be a deputy, and thus it may come to pass that if Englishmen enough should settle in the island the very existence of the Heligoland nationality may be placed in jeopardy. It is quite true no Englishman has ever shown any inclination to settle on this bleak wretched sand rock; but still theoretically there might be an English immigration, and then there is no knowing what might be the result. According to the protest of the islanders, every sort of enormity has been already committed. The

new-fangled government is, they assert, a mere organisation designed to secure the supremacy of the "audacious man who has thrown aside all sacred reverence for the nationality, the rights, and the laws of our people." Thanks to the base compliance of his creatures, the finances of the island have been burdened by the appointment of a number of officials who threaten to be its ruin. A power of disposing of the enormous sum of 30*l.* without even the sanction of the Parliament has been conferred upon a finance committee, the majority of which are appointed by the governor; an import duty has been placed upon wines and spirits; an error of no less than 57*l.* 10*s.* 11½*d.* has been discovered in the Heligoland budget; and, above all, trial by jury, a thing unknown to the laws of the State, has been imposed upon an indignant people.

Such is the drift of the solemn protest and petition which has been drawn up by a committee of the burghers, and is addressed to the Queen in particular, and to the friends of freedom in general. There have, of course, been counter petitions and addresses, and I have no doubt the clerks at the Colonial Office are beginning to hate the very name of Heligoland. Probably the British public are utterly unaware that the new constitution of Heligoland has already had to be upheld by force, and that the British marines have been employed to support the authority of the Crown, as represented by Major Maxse. It was not a Jamaica business. All that was done was to put a certain number of the disaffected burghers under arrest, and then let them out again; but the harmony of Heligoland has

received a fatal shock. There is a governor's party and a patriots' party, and the two are at daggers drawn on an island where there is hardly elbow-room to move.

My own private opinion is, that the sooner we get rid of the island the better for all parties concerned. The place is not of the slightest value to us or to anybody. It has no fortifications and no harbour, and therefore can be, so far as I can see, of no practical service even as a naval station in time of war. The people are Germans, with German interests and sympathies; and though, like all Schleswig-Holsteiners, they have no particular love for Prussia at the present moment, their manifest destiny is to belong to the Fatherland. If we retain the island, you may depend that before long we shall have Prussia requesting us to put down the gambling-rooms in the interest of public morality, or else directing her ambassador to make representations concerning the infringed rights of this Heligoland, the "Stamm-verwandt." We are strong enough, I hold, in spite of the panic cry raised at home, to keep our own against half-a-dozen Prussias; but why we should keep a sandbank which can do us no good or credit, and may give us trouble, I cannot pretend to understand.

THE CITY OF THE GUELPHS.

Hanover, Sept. 13.

HANOVER at the best of times was a sombre place. Very few travellers, I should think, have pleasant recollections of it, or have seen it under circumstances conducive to good-humour. By an arrangement eminently characteristic of the whole system of Hanoverian administration, almost every through train was required to stop here for a space of two or three hours. There was a game played in my childhood—it may be played still for aught I know—called the railway labyrinth. You spun a teetotum, and took a stage upon your travel from the Land's-end to John o'Groat's, according to the number you threw. On the road there were certain snares and pitfalls, into which if you chanced to fall you were required to stop so many turns, and examine at your leisure the curiosities of the locality. Now, Hanover was the realisation in practical life of the idea embodied in this game. For no conceivable reason, every traveller was obliged to halt in the middle of his journey, and promenade the streets of Hanover. In this way it has been my lot to make long stoppages in this German halting-place. At two in the afternoon, at one in the morning, after travelling for a

couple of nights, I have been turned out of the train with the dismal information that I had to pass some half-dozen half-hours loitering about Hanover. By night and by day I have lounged about its silent streets, and I have never yet been able to decide whether they were more dreary in the light or in the darkness. But still I always thought till now that the impression of dismal dulness left upon me by Hanover might be due to the conditions under which I visited it. At last, however, I have seen it under normal circumstances, and I still see no cause to alter my conviction that of all royal residences it is, somehow, the most monotonous and depressing. The town is a fine one enough, the streets are broad and very clean, the public buildings are handsome structures; yet everything is unaccountably and dolefully quiet. I never saw anywhere such large streets with so few people in them. Everybody seems to take pains not to make a noise in walking; the very school-children—and half the population of Hanover appears to consist of school-children—trot along demurely, without playing on the way; the shops and *cafés* close at the earliest of hours; the gas-lights themselves, I fancy, burn more dimly than in any city I have ever visited.

But apart from its inherent dreariness, Hanover is just now very dull at heart. The leaves are falling thick and fast under the chill, damp September breezes; and tomorrow or the day after the Royal House which has ruled over the country for so many generations is about to take its departure for ever. There is no need to be a senti-

mentalist about the past, or a believer in the sanctity of royalty, to feel that there is something sad in the termination of the Guelph dynasty. To an Englishman, I think, this erasure of the name of Hanover from the map of Europe cannot be altogether a matter of indifference. I believe that it is better for Europe, for Germany, and for Hanover itself that the kingdom should be absorbed into Prussia; but still, that this should be, and must be so, is not quite satisfactory to our English feelings. I am old enough to remember, as a child, when the papers were lined with black on the death of the last King of England and Hanover; and though we never much liked the kingdom from which we derived our royal family, and held its separation on the accession of Queen Victoria to be an unmitigated advantage for ourselves, yet we had all, I think, something of the feeling towards it which we might have towards an old partner whom we were glad to get rid of, and yet should be sorry to see in the *Gazette*. And here, in Hanover itself at the present moment, this kind of vague regret cannot well fail to take hold of an Englishman's mind. The town is not English, still less is it Anglified, but it has many things in common with England. There, right in front of the hotel, whence I write, is the statue of King Ernest-Augustus, whom we in England knew better as the Duke of Cumberland. We had no particular love or respect for him; nobody on either side the Channel ever had; but still he was an English celebrity—a man whose name will, for good or evil, remain recorded in the annals of our English story. So

you cannot stroll a hundred yards or so about the city without coming across some trace, or memorial, or record of different sovereigns who since the death of Queen Anne have ruled over the British Empire. They were not a race to inspire their contemporaries, still less succeeding generations, with enthusiastic admiration or devoted loyalty; but they were integral portions of our English history, and however philosophical you may be, you do not altogether like seeing the gaunt black flag of Prussia flaunting over the palaces of English sovereigns. On every public building, over every court tradesman's shop, "the lion and the unicorn are fighting for the crown." George-street and Waterloo-place, and Guelph-square and Cumberland-row, and a score of other names you read upon the corners of the streets, have an odd English twang about them after all. The Hanoverian flag, indeed, the very counterpart of the Union Jack, except for the small white horse in its centre, has been taken down since the occupation of the city by the Prussians, but you still meet about the town the royal servants, with their bright red liveries; you pass the royal carriages, with the arms of England, as it seems, emblazoned upon their panels, and you feel—at least I know I did—a slight pang of annoyance when you behold a Prussian sentry pacing up and down before the chief inn of the place, which, situated in a German town, still boasts the name of the "British Hotel." G. R. (Georgius Rex) is inscribed upon walls without number in Hanover as it long was in England. Soon, I suppose, the initials will be altered, and

the F. W. of the Hohenzollerns will be exalted in its stead.

To-day I caught a glimpse of the Queen of Hanover driving, for I suppose nearly the last time, through the streets of her former capital. The unfortunate lady has remained steadily in Hanover, greatly to the annoyance of the Prussians. But at last she has received an intimation from Berlin that her stay can be permitted no longer; and in a day or two she quits the capital. Numbers of the Hanoverian officers and officials have called to bid her farewell; the old uniforms have been brought out for the last time; and personally I believe the Prussians have treated her with every respect consistent with getting rid of her at the earliest opportunity. There is always something pitiable about the aspect of deposed royalty. I wonder how many sometime sovereigns there must now be in Europe who, morning, noon, and night, must keep thinking of some place they can never see again. There must be at least a score of royal personages who feel a pang when they hear others talk of Paris, of the city which, centuries ago, Henry of Navarre said was "well worth a mass," and which they have never seen, or can scarce remember. Francis II. must often long to see the sun rise once more over the Bay of Naples; the Grand Dukes of Tuscany must dream at night that they have changed their residence at Lindau for the Boboli gardens on the banks of the Arno; poor luckless Otho may feel a hankering for the Piræus; and so, amidst the darkness which surrounds him, George V., Prince of Great Britain

and Ireland, Duke of Cumberland, will pine in brighter climates for the air of Hanover. The consideration, that he never could himself have seen the grand new Guelph Palace, which he left all but finished, is not likely to reconcile him to the consideration that it will henceforth be occupied, if at all, by the princes of another and a rival dynasty. He will, however, have the consolation of knowing that the termination of his reign and house was not unworthy of a race which, whatever its other faults, has seldom been wanting in courage. If he had remained neutral in the war it is possible, though not certain, he might have preserved a nominal sovereignty; but, on the whole, it is more dignified to be deposed than to be converted, like the King of Saxony, into a dependent of Prussia.

Moreover, from all I can learn, I should say the House of Hanover will have the satisfaction of knowing that they leave behind them few enemies, many friends, and a multitude of well-wishers. I believe the intelligent and educated classes in this kingdom, as in every other North German State, hold that their national, moral, and material interests will all be promoted by annexation to Prussia; but they do not altogether relish the annihilation of their separate existence, still less the manner in which it has been effected. Nobody could have any pride in being a Hessian or a Nassauer; but Hanover had a history and traditions of her own. No nation likes to have its armies defeated, its flags and cannon captured and exhibited in triumph, and its capital occupied by an

invading force. The Prussian authorities are anxious to conciliate the Hanoverians, and the Prussian soldiers are well conducted ; but an armed occupation is always galling. In the rural districts there is undoubtedly a good deal of attachment to the old government ; and it is a significant fact that only two days ago the Prussian governor found it necessary to issue an order, stating that if any injury be done to public or private property, and the offender is either not to be found or is unable to make the loss good, the district in which the injury is inflicted will be held liable for the damage.

That the Guelph dynasty was very narrow-minded and prejudiced, and did little or nothing to promote the development of the kingdom, is a charge commonly made, and I daresay true enough. But of late years its sins were rather of a passive than an active character. There have appeared lately in the *Cologne Gazette* a series of letters purporting to be written by a Hanoverian to point out the benefits and blessings of annexation to Prussia. The writer is a most bitter enemy of the late dynasty, and can hardly find language strong enough to stigmatise their vices and failings. The fact, however, that the chief part of his case is based upon Lord Hervey's memoirs and the misdeeds of the early Georges, serves to show that there is not very much to be urged against the later kings of Hanover. In a stolid, torpid kind of way the Hanoverians had a regard for the Royal House of the country. The shops are full of photographs of King George V. and his family ; and if he was to return to-morrow, there would be a

considerable minority, at all events, very glad to welcome him home.

I do not say that this loyalty towards a fallen house is altogether disinterested. Hanover, with much good reason, extremely dislikes the idea of losing the Court. The residence of a royal family amidst it is of no great practical importance to a town which has other and larger resources than the artificial expenditure caused by court life; but it is of vital importance to a place which exists only because it happens to be the abode of royalty. Thus Naples is more prosperous now than she ever was during the reign of the Bourbons; but Modena has decayed and gone down in the world since her palaces were left empty. And Hanover is eminently a place which lives by court custom. It may become hereafter a great manufacturing centre; the pro-Prussian party assert it will. But all this is problematical; and on the other hand it is certain that, with the departure of the Guelphs, the little world of courtiers whose centre was the palace will take their flight also. The grand theatre is closed, the public gardens are already out of repair, the shops have lost their best customers, and trade of all kind is at a standstill. The only article of commerce in which a brisk traffic is carried on is Prussian military caps, with which the shop-windows are now filled.

So it is not wonderful that the town is even more sad and sombre in aspect than was its wont, and that is saying a good deal. Even the purveyors of amusement appear to be doing a very poor business. If you want to pass an hour in Hanover, there is a public garden where they

exhibit panoramic views of the battle of Lissa and the victory of Königgrätz, dedicated especially to the Prussian army; and this is all. No; there is still one other pastime left. Large handbills inform the loungeur about the streets that for the sum of twopence he may visit the wonderful waking apparatus which created such attention in the great London Exhibition. Frequenters of the Hyde-park show may possibly remember an extraordinary American contrivance by which an alarum first sounded over your bed at a fixed hour; then, if you failed to get up, your bed-clothes were jerked off; and if that proved unavailing, a bucket of water was poured over your head. Nobody patronised the invention—it was not, financially, a success; but here, after years of oblivion, it is being exhibited at Hanover at the present time. Is there, I wonder, a grim satire intended to be conveyed by the patentee? Does he mean to hint that the Guelphs, like the sluggards for whose use the machine was designed, persisted in lying in bed after the clarion had sounded? If so, they have met with their fate as surely as if they had lain in that bed of torture. Stripped of their covering, doused with cold water, rolled out upon the hard floor, they must surely be awake at last.

THE ELBE PARIS.

Hamburg, Sept. 19.

"SUCH larks." This, as everybody knows who has read *Great Expectations*—and who has not?—was the post-script which Joe Gargery caused to be inserted in the letter announcing to Pip his proximate arrival in London. The "larks" did not come off; premeditated larks seldom do in this world. Possibly it is best for us they do not. Once upon a time I was presented with a copy of the *Spiritualist Herald*, or some journal of that description, in the hope—vain as it proved—of converting me to the faith according to Mr. Home and the Davenport Brothers. I am sorry to say I have forgotten all about the lessons imparted by the table-turning luminary, except this one memorable passage. A spiritualised cobbler, communicating his experiences from the unseen world, desired his old pal Jem to be asked whether he remembered the larks they used to have together, because if he did, he—the messenger from the celestial spheres—wished to tell him that in a future state of existence "larks didn't pay." But leaving aside these abstruse speculations, I assert confidently that if you want to have "such larks," and are of a seafaring turn of mind, the place to have them is not

London-upon-Thames, but Hamburg-upon-Elbe. The latter must be the Elysium of sailors, the Paradise of pursers, the Eldorado of sea-captains out for a spree. We talk of Paris as being the place to amuse yourself. Paris in this respect is, vulgarly speaking, not a patch upon Hamburg. In all the *arrondissements* of the city of Lutetia there are not, I should think, as many *cafés chantants*, Tivolis, Vauxhalls, music-halls, casinos, beer-cellsars, dancing-rooms, cabarets, bastingues, saloons, and I know not what besides, as in that German Liverpool. Parisians boast about the "Boulevard du Crime," with its rows of theatres. What, I should like to know, is it, compared with the High-street of Altona, in which every house for half a mile or more is devoted, in some form or other, to the supply of dramatic, musical, Terpsichorean, or convivial entertainment. There is no season at Hamburg; or, if there be, it is one which commences on the first of January and closes on the thirty-first of December. There Jack is always ashore at all times of the year; Jack has always money in his pocket; Jack is always on the lookout for "such larks;" and Hamburg ministers to Jack's wants with unsparing liberality.

But though Jack is the staple customer of Hamburg as he is of Liverpool, New York, Marseilles, Genoa, Trieste, Melbourne, Valparaiso, or any seaport town in the known world, the remarkable feature about Hamburg, as apart from all these towns, is that the whole community appears to be actuated by Jack's passion for "such larks," in season and out of season. On no other supposition can the

multitude of places of public entertainment in and about Hamburg be accounted for rationally. A profound student of human manners assured me that the *cafés* of Paris were able to support themselves because each *café* spent the whole of his day drinking *eau sucré* at his neighbour's establishment; but no similar hypothesis will explain the success of the purveyors of amusement at Hamburg. The only way in which I can at all understand their countless number is by assuming that the whole community of the city—burgomasters, senators, syndics, merchants, brokers, shippers, cashiers, clerks, and office-boys—all make a rule of visiting one or more places of amusement in the course of every evening; and I really believe that this guess is not far wrong. It is dull work making money, after all; still duller work losing it; and every grown-up man in Hamburg is engaged in one process or the other. Liverpudlians, New Yorkers, and Marseillais are employed in the same uninteresting pursuit; but then, apart from their local concerns, they have the interests of the great community to which they belong to elevate their minds, and to occupy them out of office-hours. But Hamburg is a mere mart of exchange and barter. The millionaires of the town would as soon think of becoming senators as in London they would of becoming common councilmen. If you live in Hamburg at all, the only thing you can do is to grow rich; and during the intervals of growing rich you try and amuse yourself to the best of your unlimited wishes and your limited resources.

To-day is an off day at Hamburg. Yesterday was

Sunday, and the whole population ate oysters and drank beer, strolled about concert-rooms, sat at theatrical performances, and danced on platforms illuminated with variegated lamps, till you would think their one desire to-day was to get home early and go to bed. But Hamburg is indefatigable in the pursuit of pleasure. The chief mercantile paper of the city—a grave journal, filled with price-currents, rates of exchange, and quotations of the rise and fall of stock on every Bourse in Europe, provided with telegrams from all parts of the world, including a despatch from New York dated Saturday last, informing me that shirtings have fallen, and breadstuffs have risen, or *vice versa*, I forget which, and don't care to look—a sort of *Shipping Gazette* crossed with the *Economist*, lies before me; and out of the columns of this grave and respectable journal I may learn some small portion of the pleasures which are provided for me this night in the city of the Elbe. There is the English Tivoli, with a performance of dance-music of unusual brilliancy. At the Walhalla to-night there is a winged ball. I have heard of legs being used in balls—are wings a euphemism for that useful but despised portion of the human frame? At the Muhlen-kamp I am offered a grand fruit-gala festival. I am further promised a polonaise and a cotillon, with presents; and, last of all, I am told that, in addition to manifold astonishing surprises, at ten o'clock there will be a general scramble. Entry, I observe, is free. In what form am I, the solicited visitor, expected to pay for my entertainment? If I am addicted to agricultural pursuits, I can go to-night to the harvest

feast at the Rutsch-Bahn. If I am the happy father of a family, the portals of the Belle Alliance and Lubber's Saloon—the latter name is objectionable—are open to me, and both these establishments offer me the delights of a family ball and social reunion. If, again, I belong to the upper ten thousand, the Faubourg St. Germain, the Belgravia of Hamburg, I can desport myself at the Elbe Hall, which, I am assured per programme is frequented by the *haute volée*. But, supposing the simple pleasures of the mazy dance do not suffice, at the Odéon I may indulge in the varied delights of chromatropes, tableaux vivants, dissolving views, and a gorgeous ballet supported by the whole strength of the company. At the English garden I may put into a tombola, and may—or may not—become the fortunate possessor of a silver watch, a pair of gold earrings, a meerschaum mouthpiece warranted genuine, and a bottle of champagne. At the Central Hall, for fourpence I may see two farces, hear a dozen songs and recitations, behold the wonders of a magnifying lens, feast my eyes upon the beauties of a *pas seul*, and finish up with a brilliant ball. And so on, through column after column.

The other night I visited several of these establishments. Music-halls are much the same everywhere. There is always the young lady with the white shoulders and low dress, who sings in the bravura style, and throws up her eyes to the ceiling; there is ever, too, the invariable comic man, who wears such a shocking bad hat, and walks round the stage like the Polar bear in a hurry, before he begins to sing. The only noteworthy fact about

these establishments at Hamburg is the extent to which the drama is performed within their walls. There is no Lord Chamberlain upon the Elbe, and, so far as I can learn, no license is required in order to give a theatrical performance. But, in spite of that, the drama seems to flourish extremely well. The "Stadt" Theatre is amongst the best in Germany, and there are at least half-a-dozen theatres besides, where plays are acted nightly with quite as much regard to the dramatic unities as you would find in London. Yet any music-hall may enhance the attractions of its programme by theatrical performances. I have seen half-a-dozen farces, proverbs, and comediettas acted here in the presence of audiences who smoked and drank beer during the whole of the performance, and I certainly could see no evidence that the dignity of the drama suffered any injury thereby. In fact, these music-hall plays, against which our managers are invoking the manes of Shakespeare, seemed to me by far the most rational and unobjectionable part of the exhibitions I was present at. The company, let me add, was in the main quiet and well behaved. It is true I did not wait till the dancing commenced. I saw that the family parties were beginning to go home, and I departed also. Two gay young men, of maritime appearance, who were seated beside me, volunteered the information, that if I stopped till the fun set in, I should see a lark; but whatever may be the case in the spiritual world, I am quite old enough to know that "larks" do not pay in this one, when you have to write in the morning.

Apart from the endless list of music-halls and saloons, the newspapers of Hamburg afford a curious study to the philosophic inquirer. In one of Mrs. Trollope's novels, *The Man with One Fault*, the husband of the heroine is described as being in the habit of never communicating with his wife by word of mouth, but of always writing notes to her conveying his wishes, even if he passed the whole day in her company. The Hamburgers have improved upon this idea, and convey their sentiments to each other through the medium of the newspapers. Mrs. C. S., who signs herself "Thy wife," informs her—let us hope loving—husband, per advertisement, that she wishes him the heartiest congratulations on this his fourth wedding day. A number of gentlemen who visited the Thalia Theatre were so delighted with the performance that they rushed off to the next newspaper office, and inserted notice that they wished the manager and proprietor a thundering "hoch, hoch, hoch," and three times "hoch." Mrs. Matilda M—— is about to depart for Melbourne, and bids her relatives, acquaintances, and lady friends a hearty farewell, at so much per line. A gentleman, name not given, is distressed, because his "sweet, beloved, heartless charmer" kissed her lovely fingers once too often to his "hated rival" (capital letters), and trusts that next time they meet she will favour him with the same salute. Another love-smitten swain wishes to know whether and when the lady of his affections will allow him to visit her at her dwelling.

Altogether, I am afraid Hamburg is a good deal too

much like Vanity Fair. Books which you do not find in most places, and which you ought not to find anywhere, are exhibited here openly for sale ; and if Mr. Knox were a Hamburg magistrate, he would find so much work to do, he would hardly know where to begin. That man must, indeed, be a moral Hercules who could succeed in cleaning out the Elbe Augean stables. The truth is, Hamburg is a sort of Noman's Land, without any national life or interests, and addicted to pleasures of a sordid and grovelling kind. The time has gone by when these petty independent communities could be of any possible good either to themselves or the world at large. The strong iron rule of Prussia is wanted to make Hamburg decent and respectable ; and unless the signs of the times are strangely deceitful, this rule will not be long in establishing itself here. When it has done so, I think that even people by no means desirous that there should be "no more cakes and ale" in the world will not regret the curtailment of the liberties of the Free City.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

Berlin, Sept. 20.

UNDER the Linden, wreathed round with oak leaves, are a number of white canvas pedestals. Let into the front of each one of these pedestals, on which no statues stand, there is a plain yellow placard, presenting a few lines of close black type, and looking like a playbill only half filled up. On each of these bills is recorded a part of the history of the war. While the armies were still in the field, the authorities of Berlin used to publish from day to day telegrams containing the latest news from the different camps. Somebody suggested that no worthier memorial could be raised on this, the day of the triumphal entry of the victorious armies, than the republication of these daily bulletins. The idea was adopted; and so the story of the war is told upon a series of saffron tablets. Not a word has been altered, not a line has had to be added, not a despatch has been omitted. Plain, curt, concise, they tell in the disjointed language of telegrams one unbroken tale of victory. The first, dated the 19th of June, announces the unopposed entry of the Prussians into Dresden; the twenty-fifth and last, bearing date the 29th of the month following, contains the tidings that Baireuth had been

occupied by the Prussians, and that to-morrow they would march further forwards. To-morrow came, and the war was over, and with the occupation of Baireuth the chronicle of the campaign closes. Within a month an empire had been overthrown, a new Power had been created, the face of Europe had been changed, and yet the army who had accomplished all this had not amidst its records one defeat, or repulse, or check to register. Scarcely a day was without its victory. In gilt letters, upon a dark blue background, there hang, emblazoned beneath the lime-trees, the names of all the battle-fields on which, in this strange campaign, the Prussians have fought and conquered always. Türrau and Nachod, Langen-Salza and Münchengrätz, Skalitz and Sadowa, Gitschin and Königshof, Kissingen and Aschaffenburg, are only the best known among some six-and-thirty battles which the Prussians claim, and justly claim, to have won in the space of not thirty days. A longer time has well-nigh been spent in raising these tablets, and decking them out with chaplets of oak, than was required to march from Berlin to Vienna.

To-day has witnessed the closing act of the drama which the world has been watching eagerly since the time when the vote of the defunct Diet rendered it necessary for Prussia to advance or recede. The curtain has fallen upon the stage of Sadowa; when to rise again is a mystery still buried in the annals of the future: this much at least may be said now, that the close of this far-famed campaign has been worthy of its brief glory. For days

and weeks past Berlin has been making ready to welcome home her returning warriors. A few hours ago it seemed almost incredible that the confused mass of wood-work, awnings, balustrades, galleries, triumphal arches, stands of flags, and festoons of leaves, with which the streets of the city was encumbered, could be brought into anything like order before the hour arrived when the troops were to make their entry. All day and all night the workmen have been toiling in relays, and the sound of the hammer has never ceased in Berlin for many a long hour past. By this morning everything was in readiness. The last plank had been placed, the last garland wreathed, the last nail driven in, and by early dawn the work was over. Anxiously have the Berliners watched the signs of the weather. One shower of rain might have spoiled it all. Even Bismarcks are powerless to command the elements, and ever since the close of the war the North of Germany has been visited with a succession of cold, cheerless, rainy days. But the gods themselves smile upon success; on Sunday last the skies brightened up, and the rain-clouds rolled away; and since then we have had day after day of an Indian summer.

There was not much sleeping in Berlin last night. Till long after midnight a dense crowd kept surging up and down the Linden, and before daybreak the throngs of spectators had begun to collect again. Henceforth, so Berlin says, the name of "Unter den Linden" is to be changed into that of the Street of Victory. But to all who have lived in the Prussian capital its one great

thoroughfare will still be known by its wonted title of "Under the Limes." This one street, with its long rows of dwarfed, stunted trees running down the centre is to strangers Berlin itself. Here are collected all the buildings of the city which sightseers ever visit; here alone in this dull, sombre, flat city of the Spree is there anything of gaiety or life or brightness. It is the Rue Rivoli, the Piccadilly, the Broadway, the Corso, the Toledo, the Kärnthner Strasse of Berlin. The Prussians hold the same faith about it that the Marseillais do about the Cannebière. You may have travelled all round the world, but if you have not walked beneath the lime-trees you have in their eyes seen nothing. It is not good to quarrel with received opinions on local matters. On the top of Calton Hill at Edinburgh there stands, or stood some years ago, a sign-board on which was written in staring letters the announcement that the view from this point was confessedly finer than the view of the Bay of Naples. Within the walls of "Auld Reekie" I should never think of disputing this statement; and therefore, being at Berlin, I acknowledge freely that "Unter den Linden" is the finest street in any known city of the inhabited universe. But, even if I were far away, truth would still compel me to own that it is a very noble thoroughfare in its way, and admirably adapted for triumphal processions. In ordinary times, its defect, like that of everything else within Berlin, is that it is gray, colourless, dull of aspect, and monotonous in architecture; but to-day that fault, at any rate, could not be assigned to it. Draperies and flags and

garlands gave it a lightness and a brilliancy which were not its own.

All Berlin was astir betimes. The morning mist still hung over the flat horizon, the gray fleecy clouds still clustered over the sky, when I was woke up by the sound of music along the side street where I have found a room with extreme difficulty : the guilds were marching to take up their position on the Linden. As I looked out of my window troop after troop of the Berlin workmen came marching past in military order. Each group was headed by a band, had its own banner, and was composed of men all dressed alike in black suits and white neckties. The worshipful companies of ribbon-makers, tailors, cigar-workers, carpenters, machine-builders, and gun-founders, were all represented there with the emblems of their trades. Every guild bore aloft some specimen of its manufacture : model guns, toy derricks, play steam-engines, saddle-trees, monster hats, skeleton baby-carts, Brobdignag scissors, and Lilliputian boilers, were some among the many products of the workshop I saw carried aloft in triumph. Nineteen thousand workmen, so the programme stated, were to be found in this procession ; and I should think the estimate was not exaggerated. The noteworthy feature about the procession was that the men, one and all, marched in time with a military step. That they should do so was natural enough, as, with the exception of the small proportion of foreigners who might be employed in the workshops, every one of them had served in the army.

Thanks to the kindness of the authorities of the city, I

had been provided with passes to make my way through the streets closed by orders of the police, so that I was not obliged to take up my position along the line of march at the same unearthly hour as most of the visitors to the show. Already every tree along the Linden was loaded with a living freight. Street urchins had swarmed up to every branch and cleft-stick where a footing could be gained, and sat there in triumph, bandying jokes and abuse with the crowd below. The leaves, luckily enough, hung still upon the boughs, waiting for the first cold north wind to sweep them to the ground; very faded, very dusty, and very jagged and riddled, they yet had a look about them of the departed summer, giving a sort of gala air to the scene. The broad road between the limes was cleared by the police, and against the railings a dense crowd kept surging constantly. To those who, like myself, had the right of pacing up and down this reserved walk, the sight presented was very curious. On either side were ranged the cannon captured from the Austrians. There is something strangely quaint in the aspect of these guns, polished up, scoured, and brightened, decked out with wreaths, labelled with tickets, telling where and by whom they were taken. Most of them were of the newest make, and bore little trace of hard usage. A few weeks ago, covered with smoke and dust, bespattered with blood, surrounded by dying men, they were dealing out death amongst the Prussian ranks; now they served to grace a Prussian triumph, and when war begins once more they will be turned perhaps against their former masters, to be recap-

tured possibly, but if so, after a far harder struggle than that which has lately decided their change of ownership. In truth, to me, the strange feature of the whole varied scene on which I looked was the motley union between peace and war. The background of the spectacle, if I may use the phrase, was filled up with pictures of peace and prosperity, wealth and ease; the implements of industry carried by the guilds, the flowers and wreaths and garlands, the rich hangings of the windows, the gaily-dressed crowds of ladies who stood grouped on every balcony, the long lines of carriages, the gaudy liveries, the lace-covered court uniforms—everything which caught your eye as you looked around, reminded you of peace; and the cannon, peeping out from amidst their covering of leaves, contrasted grimly with the tokens of peace around, like the death's-head at an Egyptian festival.

But there was not much time or leisure for moralising about the spectacle on which I looked. The long alley was filling fast with officers and civilians in evening dress, who were all hastening towards the seats secured for them in front of the Brandenburg Gate. The crowd which lined the sides, after the wont of crowds waiting for the show to begin, cheered and chaffed everybody in turn who happened to attract their attention. The inevitable dog, that always runs down every course in the world the moment it is cleared, was not wanting on this occasion. The dog of the day had been adorned by some wag with a chaplet of oak-leaves, and trotted demurely down the centre walk

amidst a chorus of cheers. But, to do the crowd justice, their loudest shouts were for the wounded soldiers who came limping along to find their way to the galleries reserved for them. Amongst the number there was one poor fellow whose eyes were covered over with a deep white bandage, and who was led along by his wife, holding in her hand the oak-leaf chaplet with which well-nigh every soldier was provided. As the couple passed along the bystanders cheered again and again, till the tears came into the woman's eyes, and the blind man himself walked forward for a step or two boldly and cheerily. It was a proud day, doubtless, for both; but, ah! there is the terrible long hereafter, when the cheers have died away, and the war is forgotten, and the bread-winner lives on maimed and sightless. Well, if there were no killed and crippled, there would be no battles and no triumphal entries, and somebody must suffer in order that the Linden may earn the title of the Street of Victories.

It was at the Pariser Platz, the great square in front of the Brandenburg Gate, that the chief ceremony of to-day was arranged to take place. Everybody who has turned over books of prints of the famous buildings of Europe knows the grand portico, copied from the Piræus, with its Corinthian pillars, which leads from the Linden to the Thiergarten Park. Of all triumphal arches I have seen it is the handsomest; and alone of its kind, so far as I know, it has the merit of being the real gate of entry into a great capital. On the summit stands the famous car of victory, with the four bronze plunging steeds,

formerly of the Carousel in Paris. Amongst the crowd there were old soldiers who had marched with Blucher into France, and who might well have kept guard within the Louvre courtyard on that day half a century ago, when the Prussians lowered the car from the pedestal on which the great Napoleon had placed it as a trophy of Jena. It was through this gate the King was to lead the returning army. He had parted from them on the field of Austerlitz; he met them once more outside the capital beneath the statue which stands as the emblem of Prussia. The sides of the great square were fitted up with immense semicircular galleries, rising tier by tier till the topmost benches reached above the first-floor windows of the lofty barrack-like palaces which surround the Pariser Platz. Looking upon it from the centre, you seemed to stand in the midst of a vast amphitheatre. In the front ranks of these extemporised galleries were the wounded soldiers who had been brought from the hospitals to witness the entry; and behind was a confused mass of colour in the seats where the ladies of Berlin were arranged in all that gorgeous variety of colour so dear to the female heart of Germany. Every window was crowded; the parapets of every house were marked out with dark lines of people; upon the chimney-tops there were lads perched, whose figures stood in dark relief against the clear blue sky. Upon the broad open space enclosed between the galleries, and kept clear by mounted police, the sunlight shone brightly; and from every side there came the clang of military bands, mixed with the con-

stant deep murmur of a great multitude swaying to and fro.

The hours passed on rapidly enough. Beyond the sight of the great crowd—a sight like the sea, on which you cannot well grow tired of gazing—there was not much to note while waiting. On the pavement, in front of the wounded soldiers, there were drawn up a number of little boys all dressed in black, all holding tiny nosegays in their hands. They were the orphans of soldiers who had been killed in battle, and who were being brought up at the public expense. At that age sorrow is shortlived; the people about made much of them, and their holiday was bright enough. Then, too, one great centre of attraction was the gallery appropriated to the fifty maidens of Berlin, who were deputed to present the King with a triumphal wreath upon his entry. Beauty is not plentiful in Prussia; but a crowd of young girls dressed in white, and with oak leaves bound round their foreheads, always looks pretty in the distance; and the officers waiting in the square, who posted themselves right in front of the bevy of damsels, seemed to find them charming upon closer inspection. A stern parent standing beside me complained of this conduct, and said he did not send his daughter to be stared at; but on this point the views of fathers and daughters are not always identical. Why fifty maidens should have been faced by a corresponding number of musicians is a problem the Berlin municipality alone can solve. Possibly it was thought that if any Eurydice were to faint away, there must be an Orpheus to charm her back to life.

Eleven o'clock came, and, punctually almost to the minute, there was a stir and a movement, and then a cry came that the King was at hand. One by one a few of the chief generals rode into the square. Foremost among them was Field-Marshal Papa Wrangel, as the Berliners call him, the veteran of the Prussian army. Eighty-two years have come and gone since the tough old soldier first saw the light; but he still rode gallantly upon his prancing horse, erect and upright. The face, indeed, wrinkled and puckered and colourless, and the arms shrunk and withered, tell of extreme old age; but at a distance, in his white cuirassier uniform, with the heavy brass helmet, the general looks like a man in the full vigour of life. Nodding to everybody, shaking hands with any one, waving his shrunken arm cheerily, chattering to himself, riding about to and fro, with an utter disregard of military orders, or police regulations, Papa Wrangel exhibited himself to the crowd, greeted by the cheers, half respectful, half ironical, and altogether kindly, which the old man loves so well. General Moltke was very warmly received on entering the arena, and then, after a minute's pause, the King came galloping in from the side alleys of the Linden, followed by a brilliant cavalcade of mounted officers, rode round the square, bowing to the crowd, who stood up to welcome him, and passed on through the Brandenburg Gate, accompanied by his escort. After the staff followed a dozen carriages, containing the ladies of the royal family. The Queen, a stately lady, with traces of great beauty in her pale marked features, sat in the first

carriage, faced by the Crown Princess, with her bright kind English face, holding the hands of her two little boys, who were seated on either side. Next came the Queen Dowager, in a carriage, which, like that of the Queen, was drawn by six black horses. Her life, unless reports be strangely false, has been a sad one enough; and the smile upon her face was, I think, sadder than tears to look upon. All that a woman in her position could do to hinder the war she did, though without success; and to her to-day's gala must have been marred by bitter memories. Princesses, whose names carry no recollection to English ears, and ladies-in-waiting filled the other carriages. Every member of the royal family was well received; but neither here, nor indeed at any period throughout the day, was the reception given to them such as in other and more demonstrative countries would be counted enthusiastic.

The troops which were reviewed to-day were stationed about a quarter of a mile outside the gate, close to Kroll's Gardens. The King rode up to them, and, after a very short halt, the army, numbering some five-and-twenty thousand men, began their march towards the town, preceded by the royal staff. The actual entry would, I think, have been more striking if the effect had not, to some extent, been discounted by the previous appearance of the King upon the Pariser Platz. The study, however, of theatrical effects is one to which the Prussians are not much given; and as the Linden road was the shortest way from the palace to the camp, it never entered anybody's

head that the spectacle of the entry would be more imposing if the grand cavalcade left the city by a different route from that by which it had to return. Still, the sight of that gorgeous troop of riders, debouching into the square, was grand enough to bear repetition. The bells rang out, and the bands struck up the Royal Anthem, as the King rode once more into the capital. Again the multitude rose up, and again handkerchiefs were waved from tens of thousands of hands; and again the great square filled, as if by magic, with the motley throng of riders. Stopping for a minute or two to receive a wreath, woven, so it was supposed, by the hands of the fair maidens of Berlin—and, at any rate, presented by them—the King passed on to the entrance of the Linden Alley, where the corporation of the city had assembled to present an address. Dressed in the plain dark-blue uniform of the Prussian Guards, with the broad orange sash of the Black Eagle bound round his great broad chest, the King sat straight and upright on a coal-black horse, one that he had ridden on the day of Königgrätz. His threescore years sit very lightly on him; there is scarce a stoop in those massive shoulders; and the iron-gray moustache and close-cut whiskers are still as thick and bushy as they must have been when they wore the light-brown colour of his son's, who rides a short way behind him. It is a face that can be stern and hard enough; and the cold light-blue eyes, which he shares in common with his race, are not soft or tender in their look. But to-day his whole countenance is so beaming with pleasure, that he cannot well but look lovable.

To him, perhaps more than to any one person in that great multitude, the moment must have been one of exceeding pride. The Prince who, as the story goes, had shed tears of anger at the language addressed to his brother by the Czar in the days of Prussia's dependence upon St. Petersburg—who had declared, the moment he came to the throne, that the humiliation of Olmütz must be avenged—who had been for years at variance with his own people—who had been hissed in his own capital—who had been held up to ridicule throughout the world—was now, in his old age, hailed as conqueror abroad, as the idol of his people at home. In deep, clear, ringing tones he replied to the address of the burgomaster, thanking him and his colleagues for the welcome which they had tendered the army in his name. How far God extends a greater protection to Prussia than to the other countries of the world is a point on which philosophers and theologians may alike be sceptical; but King William, at any rate, has no doubt as to the Divine favour watching over Prussia above other lands; and the short broken words in which he expressed his gratitude to Heaven for the victories his troops had won, had about them the ring of deep conviction.

But, for my part, I own I could spare but little attention for the King himself. A few yards further on there stood a group of horsemen. One was General von Roon, the Minister of War; another was General Moltke, the soldier to whom more than to any single person the conduct and conception of the campaign are due. On the

extreme right, in the white uniform of a major of the Landwehr Cuirassiers, a broad-shouldered, short-necked man sat mounted on a brown-bay mare. Very still and silent the rider sits, waiting patiently till the interview between the King and the civic worthies is concluded. The skin of the face is parchment-coloured, with dull leaden-hued blotches about the cheeks; the eyes are blood-shot; the veins about the forehead are swollen; the great heavy helmet presses upon the wrinkled brows. The man looks as if he had risen from a sick-bed which he never ought to have left. That is Count Bismarck-Schönhausen, Prime Minister of Prussia. Yesterday he was said to be well-nigh dying; ugly rumours floated about the town; his doctors declared that rest, absolute rest, was the only remedy upon which they could base their hopes for his recovery. But to-day it was important that the Premier should show himself. The iron will, which had never swerved before any obstacle, was not to be daunted by physical pain, or to be swayed by medical remonstrances. And so, to the astonishment of all those who knew how critical his state of health had been but a few hours before, Count Bismarck put on his uniform and rode out to-day to take his place in the royal cortège. Even now, the man who has made a united Germany a possibility, and has raised Prussia from the position of a second-rate Power to the highest rank amongst Continental empires, is but scantily honoured in his own country; and the cheers with which he was greeted were tame compared with those which welcomed the generals who had been the instru-

ments of the work his brain had planned. But to those, I think, who looked at all beyond the excitement of the day, the true hero of that brilliant gathering was neither King nor Princes of the blood royal, generals nor soldiers, but the sallow, livid-looking statesman, who was there in spite of racking pain and doctors' advice and the commonest caution, in order that his work might be completed to the end.

Amongst the crowd of gaily-dressed officers who followed in the King's suite there were few, if any, of more than local note; the war has been too short and too feebly contested to give opportunity for the creation of any first-class military fame; and of illustrious strangers or distinguished foreigners there was an almost complete absence. The military *attachés* of the different embassies were, so far as I could observe, nearly the only persons in the cortège who were not dressed in the Prussian uniform. Even in the crowd which lined the route, I noticed but few faces not belonging obviously to the German nation. Whatever its defects or merits, the entry was a purely native ceremony, conducted by native actors.

Meanwhile the troops were already crowding into the square, and the base of the Brandenburg Gateway was now hidden from view by the long lines of bayonets. Down the Linden, underneath the lime-trees, between the captured cannon and the war-despatch placards, and beside the overhanging trellis-work of oak wreaths, the royal cavalcade rode along slowly. Every band was playing "God save the King," and every guild of work-

men chanted forth the National Anthem lustily; flags waved across the streets, and from every balcony, gallery, window, and parapet handkerchiefs were fluttered; the whole long façade of the many-windowed lofty Linden houses seemed to be dotted over with lines of bright bonnets, gay parasols, and floating muslins; and the sunbeams shone hot and bright upon the broad Linden-street. So the procession went on, past the iron statue of the Great Frederick, past the Royal Palace, past the great State Theatre, till the Blucher Monument had been reached. There, beside the grim gaunt likeness of the general for whom Wellington waited so anxiously on the day of Waterloo, the King took up his post. His own staff placed themselves behind him, and covered the carriage where the Queen and the Crown Princess—alone amidst the royal ladies—kept their station. Here, in this part of the great central artery of Berlin, the lime-tree avenue no longer intersects the street; and from pavement to pavement a great unbroken space stretches, twice as wide perhaps as Portland-place at its broadest. On and on the advancing troops had kept pressing, till the whole distance along the Linden from the Brandenburg Gate to the statue of Frederick the Great was filled with one dense and apparently confused mass of troops. But the confusion was only apparent. As fast as their turn came, regiment after regiment detached itself from the sea of bayonets which glittered away as far as the eye could reach, and came marching past the King. Loud and long were the shouts on every side as the eleven flags

captured from the Austrians at Königgrätz and Nachod were borne along in front of the army. Then came four regiments of foot Guards, sweeping by with that quick swinging step which is peculiar to the Prussian army. Each company, some hundred and fifty to two hundred strong, marched in ranks of fifty abreast. Active, lithe, stalwart, and tall, the troops pressed on, never pausing even to present arms to the King. As the colours of each regiment were carried by, his Majesty saluted them with his sword; but this was all the recognition made formally on either side. But from time to time, as the troops swept on, the King would beckon to some one or other, sometimes an officer in command, sometimes a sergeant, sometimes a private soldier. The individual beckoned advanced to the King's side, was honoured with a grasp of the hand, or with permission to kiss the royal fingers, and then ran off to take his place again in the ranks. Each time that this was done, especially when the recipient of the honour was a common soldier, the crowd cheered lustily. On, on, on, the great tide of armed men came rolling; and still, as far as you could see, the Linden Alley was blocked with troops. The movement was so rapid, that the uniforms seemed to change like the colours in a kaleidoscope if by chance you for the moment turned your glance aside. Foot Guards in dark blue, riflemen in green, hussars in red, artillery in black, lancers, dragoons, and pioneers came on, following each other in orderly disorder. One and all had wreaths or oak-leaves or flowers wound round their arms; all were soiled with dust, and

weather-stained. When the regiments were recognised as those which had fought at Königgrätz or stormed the heights of Chlum, they were greeted with rounds of cheers. But somehow the real fervour of the popular enthusiasm was reserved for the wounded, who, unarmed, hobbled along as best they could after their respective regiments. The vivandières, too, tripping on jantily in coquettish costumes, received an amount of applause due, I am afraid, rather to their looks than to their actual services.

But everything, even a review, comes to an end, and the procession concluded with a detachment of the covered wagons of the transport corps. Then the King bowed to his officers, and old Wrangel, who had been hanging about the Queen's carriage, rode up with a great oak chaplet, which he placed himself upon the sword-hilt of the Sovereign, who in his eyes no doubt is still a young man, just entering life. And then the officers of the other staffs came up, and the whole crowd of riders scattered at once upon the broad clear space over which the troops had lately passed, like horsemen at a meet when the hounds have broke away. In a few minutes more the crowd outside had squeezed through the barriers, behind which they had waited so long and so patiently, and came pouring into the open street. Tossed to and fro amidst the surging crowd, I came upon a group of some twenty very old men, with medals upon their breasts, trying feebly to find their way out of the *mêlée*. They were the veterans of the Napoleonic wars, the men who had fought at Jena and

Leipzig and Waterloo. Some half century hence, a similar knot of shrunk, withered, pottering old men may be brought out to swell the procession at another triumphal entry, and may complain that the soldiers of the day, brave though they may be, are not such as the men who conquered at Königgrätz and Nachod and Trautenau. And with this the first day's festival was at an end.

Sept. 21.

The morning looks dull and rainy. The servant, who called me at an hour when the gas lamps were still flickering feebly, added the information that it was raining heavily and that it would be wet all day. But by the time I had got up and dressed the rain had ceased, and, though the storm-clouds still lay dark and heavy over the sky the wind had become so strong that there seemed little prospect of the weather's proving irredeemably bad.

Unless you have overweening confidence in your own powers of judgment, it is very difficult to act in opposition to the universal opinion of the world in which you are placed. The tickets which had been kindly given me by the civic authorities entitled me to a place in the magistrates' gallery in the Lustgarten, where the "Te Deum" was to be performed. The ceremony was not to take place till one o'clock at the earliest; but everybody without exception assured me that I should have no chance whatever of getting a seat unless I was there by eight. I felt convinced from my observation that this was a complete mistake; and it turned out I might have gone three

hours later with the most perfect ease and convenience. However, I gave way to the voice of the majority, and had in consequence to wait for a considerable number of hours, kicking my heels literally as well as metaphorically. I believe that I missed very little, if anything, by not seeing the march of the troops down the Linden, as I might have done. To-day's entry was the exact counterpart of yesterday's except that the crowd was not so great, owing to the prospect of rain, and that naturally the affair lacked the enthusiasm of novelty.

Still, the sight on which I looked for about six mortal hours from the benches of the magistrates' gallery was in itself very brilliant. The great irregular square of the Lustgarten is the finest open space in Berlin. The Dom-Kirche, the long façade of the Royal Palace, and the immense portico of the Museum, enclose it on three sides, while on the fourth it opens upon the wide entrance to the Linden through the Opera-Platz. Our gallery was placed in front of the cathedral, so that from its higher seats you could look almost straight down the Linden. There were flags and wreaths and flowers everywhere. Between the Lustgarten and the Linden there runs a branch of the Spree, a slow, sluggish canal, in which a number of huge wooden barges float about with no apparent object. But to-day these unwieldy canal-boats had been turned to some account. Gigantic masts had been run up upon them, and from these flag-bedecked masts great wreaths of oak-leaves had been hung, so that the little bridge which crosses the canal, best known to

travellers from the marble statues with which its parapets are surmounted, was covered over with a sort of canopy of wreaths and garlands. Across this network of festoons you looked down the Linden. The roof of every building from which any view could be obtained of the Lustgarten was covered with spectators; the roofs of the King's and of the Crown Prince's palaces, which stand close to the end of the Linden, were absolutely black with the mass of spectators collected upon them. The royal standards floated gaily above these palaces; and over the portico of the Crown Prince's residence the royal flag of England was hung out in honour of the Princess. Amidst the multitude of flags which glittered in every direction, I saw a few Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes; but foreign flags of any kind were very rare in number. The dead-coloured black and white flag of Prussia had it all its own way within the walls of Berlin.

In the centre of the Lustgarten there had been raised a wooden altar of that kind which children addicted to building with wooden bricks affect on account of the simplicity of its construction. A flight of plank-built steps led up to a low desk covered over with red-velvet cloth. On this altar there were placed four tall gold candlesticks, a large Bible, and a plain cross. Of decoration there was very little of any kind; and, indeed, gorgeous hangings or rich tapestries would have matched but ill with the long straight serge cassocks and the black-velvet Geneva caps of the ministers who were collected about the steps. Round the base of the altar there were

rows of plants and shrubs, and a series of plaster figures representing angels or figures of Victory—if the two may be considered identical—bearing aloft chaplets of laurel. On the right-hand side of this extemporised altar, looking towards the Linden, was the Royal Pavilion, a long open shed, supported by gilt pillars, wreathed round with leaves, and filled with a number of chairs with gilt arms and red-velvet cushions. On the left was the giant statue of Prussia, rising some fifty feet above the ground. No human talent can make much of a plaster cast of abnormal dimensions; but still, at a distance, the monster image of “Borussia” looked a sufficiently stalwart and well-proportioned dame to stand as a symbol for the great Prussian nation. Eagles and cannon were ranged about the base of the pedestal, and on it were inscribed the names of the victories which have gradually raised the Brandenburg Electorate to the first rank amid continental Powers. To sixteen battle-fields in all are assigned the honour of being the decisive struggles in Prussia’s history. The list begins with Warsaw two hundred years ago, and ends with Kissingen, which was fought but yesterday. Prague and Rossbach, Leuthen and Zorndorf, recall the memory of the Great Frederick. Leipzig and Paris and the Belle Alliance carry one back to the wars of Napoleon, to the days when Prussia and England fought side by side; and the last chapter of Prussia’s history is closed with the name of Düppel, Skalitz, and Königgrätz. Indeed, the inscriptions throughout were, I think, happier than is common in memorial tablets. Beneath the saying of the First Fre-

derick uttered four centuries ago, that he had extended his kingdom from the rock to the sea, "Vom Fels zum Meer," there is written the converse motto, "Vom Meer zum Fels," with the date of 1866. The process by which the Hohenzollern monarchy has been first extended, and then consolidated, could hardly, I think, be expressed in fewer or happier words. Behind the Borussia statue stretched the great Italian terrace which fronts the palace. Along the balustrade were placed the statues of the seventeen Hohenzollern Princes who have ruled in Berlin since Prussia became an independent State. Of the merit of the statues as works of art there is not much, perhaps, to be said; but they all have a sort of hard family resemblance, and the models were all taken—so I was assured—from authentic likenesses. Beneath each statue was written the motto of the sovereign, or some saying which he was reported to have uttered at a critical period of the nation's history. And throughout all the sayings and mottoes thus recorded there runs the same odd mixture of ambition, religion, and soldier-like views of life which characterise the utterances of the present sovereign. Frederick I., the founder of the dynasty, pinned his faith to the declaration that "Whoso places his trust in God will not be deserted." His successor, Frederick II., is the author of the saying "that the only riches it becomes us to seek are honour, power, territory, and subjects." And the third Elector, Albert Achilles, indorses the sentiment that "the death best worth dying is on the battle-field." To Frederick the Great are ascribed the words, "It is not

needful that I live, but it is needful that I do my duty and fight for my country." And the series ends with the characteristic utterance of poor Frederick William IV.—whose intentions were so good and whose practice was so imperfect—"I and my house will serve the Lord."

Gradually the square filled. The stands, which were placed round about the altar, were occupied by the happy possessors of tickets of invitation. The windows of the palace were lined with rows of eager faces; and the few houses which commanded any view of the Lustgarten were all crowded from the doorway to the chimney-pots. For the general public there was no admission to view the ceremony, as the space unoccupied by the stands and galleries was reserved for the troops. At the feet of the steps leading up to the altar there were a number of benches for the wounded soldiers. Men who have just come out of a hospital are not a pleasant sight to look at. Maimed and crippled, with bandages about their heads, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, these poor fellows hobbled up to the seats reserved for them. They were, of course, the heroes of the day. There was one amongst the number, a wounded officer, who had lost both his legs, and who was wheeled up to his place in a child's perambulator. He was very young, very pale, and very handsome, and the crowd cheered him loudly; hundreds of handkerchiefs were waved towards him, smiles without number were bestowed upon him, and one of the prettiest girls in Berlin came forward from the place where she stood to lay a laurel wreath in the thin bloodless fingers which were too

weak to hold the garland offered. At the moment, I dare say, the poor lad thought the loss of his limbs was an evil cheaply purchased by that public ovation ; but I wonder whether he will think so to-morrow and the days after. There is a French story about a young lover, who to win the heart of a lady devoted to military glory, enlisted in the army of Algiers. He served with credit, won his epaulettes, and lost his leg at the siege of Constantine. Arriving home, he was received with rapturous enthusiasm by his lady love, and promised her hand at once. Unfortunately, the promise could not be ratified without the necessary delays ; the enthusiasm cooled down ; and before the wedding-day the lady eloped, leaving a message to the effect that she had every respect for her disappointed lover, but that her nerves could not bear the sound of a wooden leg stumping about the house.

Thoughts like these might have consoled a Berlin civilian ; but for the day black coats and white ties were at an utter discount, and the military element reigned supreme. At eleven o'clock the hoarse shouting of the crowd along the Linden told us that the King had left the palace to take his place at the head of the troops, who were about to enter the city. One by one small detachments from the regiments who had been reviewed yesterday marched into the Lustgarten, and took up a position near the pavilion. As each detachment entered, the flag of the regiment was placed at the foot of the altar, till at last the structure was surrounded with a fringe of standards. Then after another hour we could hear the clang of military

music, and see the broad lines of troops, with their bayonets flashing, come marching down the Linden, past the Blucher statue, where the King had again taken up his position. The sky had cleared, the sun shone brightly, and the flags from the mastheads waved merrily in the rising wind. As the regiments passed on from the Linden, you could mark their progress by the fluttering of the white handkerchiefs which waved from every window and house-top along their route. After crossing the bridge, they turned to the right towards the Schloss-Platz, and so disappeared from view. But every now and then a detachment separated itself from the main body, and came to take up its place amongst the troops that were assembling round the altar. For some two hours the troops kept passing down the Linden in one unbroken mass; and then the sight of the crowd pressing forward over the ground so long occupied by the soldiers told us that the marching past was concluded, and that the King's arrival was near at hand. Diplomats and officers, in gorgeous uniforms, had already taken their places in the seats surrounding the centre of the pavilion, all the bands struck up the National Anthem, and the King, accompanied by his staff, came riding into the Lustgarten. Stopping to say a few words to the wounded soldiers, he took his seat in front of the pavilion at the foot of the altar-steps. Next to him was the Queen, who had driven up at the same time; on her right was the Crown Princess; the other members of the royal household placed themselves near; but the front line, as far as I observed, was occupied solely by the King and the

ladies of the royal family. The Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles stood side by side in the second row. Count Bismarck was not present, as yesterday's exertion could not safely be repeated.

At a signal from the King the chorus of a thousand singers commenced the ceremony with Luther's Hymn. The words and air of that famous melody are grand enough, but in so vast a space as the Lustgarten even a thousand voices can produce little effect; and though I was within a few yards of the orchestra, the volume of sound was not sufficiently great, even at that short distance, to make a very powerful impression upon me. The moment the hymn had been sung, the head chaplain of the army advanced to the top of the altar-steps, and after a short prayer, during which the King removed his helmet, and the whole audience stood up, he delivered a sermon in memory of the day. The wind was too high to allow me to catch any of the preacher's words; but, from the report in this evening's papers, it appears to have been of the same style and calibre as every such sermon has always been, since the days when the God of battles and the God of peace and goodwill to men were first considered to be identical. The finger of God was—the hearers were assured—to be traced in the successive victories which have crowned the Prussian arms; and the fact that the Austrians had always been defeated was a convincing proof that the cause of Prussia had gained favour in the sight of the Almighty. However, a military chaplain is the last man who ought to entertain doubts about the

innate righteousness of victory; and if the Herr Feld-Probst had not been a believer in the mission of Holy Prussia, he would certainly not have been deputed to preach before the King. Taking up a Berlin paper, I saw a statement that it was much to the credit of the King that even in the hour of his triumph he had not forgotten the share of gratitude which was due to God; and to a Prussian public this statement does not appear as ludicrous as it would to one less used to connect royalty with religion.

When at last the sermon ended, the great orchestra rose again to sing the "Te Deum." Their voices were almost lost amidst the boom of the bells from the great cathedral, the roar of the cannon, the clash of a score of bands, and the hum of the distant crowd. But the volume of sound rose and sank, and rose again; and, even though the words were unintelligible, the grand strains of the Ambrosian hymn harmonised with the scene around, with the flashing bayonets and sparkling swords, the dark masses of troops and the flaunting standards, with "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." When the last notes died away there was a moment's hush, and then the chaplain advanced again by the cross, and, surrounded by the Lutheran clergy, the Roman Catholic priests, and the rabbis of Berlin, recited the Lord's Prayer. Next, the members of the military bands sang the hymn "Glory to God," and then the old white-headed chaplain rose once more, and, holding his hands out, called down the blessings of God upon the King and the country. For some moments after the

benediction had been given the King stood uncovered, with his head bowed and his hands clasped; and then turned round to shake hands with the generals and ambassadors who stood near him. The horses and carriages were brought up amidst loud cheers from the troops. The royal party drove away; the crowd pressed into the square, to see the scene of the late ceremony; and the official part of the triumphal *fêtes* was concluded.

Oddly enough, the weather, which had been bright and sunshiny during the "Te Deum," clouded over almost the moment that the last act of the entry had been performed. Before the evening had closed in and the lamps could be lit, the rain began to fall with a hopeless, heavy drizzle. In consequence, the illuminations, on which the heart of the Berliners had been set for weeks, were a comparative failure. It had been intended to have a great procession of carriages through the streets, with Chinese lanterns and torches; but the night was so wet that the idea had to be abandoned, and the crowd abroad was in no part a very dense one. When you see illuminations, as I have just done, with your clothes soaked to the skin, and with your eyes half scratched out by the points of the umbrellas which drip over you on every side, you are not likely to take a very enthusiastic view of the beauty of the exhibition. But still, judging of it so far as I can apart from the circumstances under which I saw it, I should not say it would rank on the same level with the grand illuminations of southern countries. On the other hand, it was extremely general. There was hardly a house in the

streets I traversed which had not rows of candles stuck in its windows. Last night I drove through the town, and even then, though there was not the slightest necessity to illuminate, which to-night there was to some extent, the number of private houses lit up was something extraordinary. The prettiest effect I witnessed was the illumination of the Royal Palace with a succession of coloured lights. At the time these hues were turned on, the rain came pelting down with a violence I have seldom known equalled anywhere. Indeed, it rained so hard for a few minutes that it almost cleared the Linden. The King, however, had promised to come and see the effects produced by the variegated lights, and, with military punctuality, he drove out in an open carriage at the very moment the rain was hardest. The Queen and the Royal Princesses accompanied his Majesty, though I need hardly say they were in closed carriages. The crowd appreciated the good-nature which had led the King to come out on such a night, rather than disappoint those who had expected to see him, and he was cheered with a hearty enthusiasm I had not witnessed before. The behaviour of the people was altogether excellent. There was a good number of crackers let off in defiance of the police; and strings of lads, carrying Guys upon their shoulders, rushed up and down the Linden, somewhat to the discomfort of peaceful and nervous passengers. But otherwise there was nothing to complain of; and I may almost say that, in the course of two days' general holiday, I have not seen a dozen men drunk in the streets.

THE NEW GERMANY.

WHENEVER a fresh edition of *The Decisive Battles of the World* is brought out, Sadowa or Königgrätz will have to be added to the list. Already historians and critics are disputing about the facts of the battle itself: and I have no doubt they will succeed, before long, in rendering the narrative of one of the simplest fights that was ever fought utterly unintelligible to the ordinary reader. But, though we probably understand more now of the actual nature of the battle than we are ever likely to do hereafter, years must elapse before we can hope to realise fully the results of this memorable victory. Naturally enough, the attention of the world is first turned to the fate of Austria. I see, in English papers, encouraging speculations as to the future of the great East German Empire. I am requested, as an intelligent reader, to observe that Austria has still fifty-five thousand and odd square geographical miles of territory, and thirty-three millions of inhabitants. I am further told to note that she has suffered manifold calamities before now, and has recovered from them with a marvellous vitality; and I am informed with that dictatorial omniscience so characteristic of the English press, and so comically absurd to anyone who knows how articles

are written, that Austria has only to remove her capital from Vienna to Pesth, in order to emerge vigorous and rejuvenated, like Jason's father from Medea's caldron. To my own apprehension, it would be about as sensible to tell a man shot through the heart that, after all, the greater portion of his body was whole and intact; that he had often got over severe attacks of gout; and that, if the worst came to the worst, he could get on as well or better if his heart were removed from the left to the right side of his breast. However, time must show how far Austria has or has not received a death-blow. Our sympathies may be as pro-Austrian as possible; but, for the present, we may dismiss all consideration of Austria from the German question. The point which most nearly concerns England is the character of the new Power—the Prussianised Germany—which has sprung into being with the downfall of Austria. To this question also the answer cannot yet be fully given; but still there are certain data open to us, from which we can form a proximate opinion. As a contribution to these data, let me give my own observations for what they are worth.

Of all the many fashions of speech which have misled mankind, I believe generalisations as to the character of nations have been the most fertile sources of deception. Somebody or other once gave utterance to the sapient phrase that the French were a light-hearted people, and since that time we have gone on, not only talking of our volatile and gay neighbours, but actually forming our judgment of their acts in accordance with the "light-

hearted" hypothesis. Napoleon uttered the dictum that we were a nation of shopkeepers; and, up to the present hour, our character and policy are utterly unintelligible to nine-tenths of the Continent, because they are determined to explain these in accordance with the principles of book-keeping by double-entry. Whoever first stated that the Americans worshipped the almighty dollar is justly responsible for no small part of the misapprehensions which led England to believe in the eventual triumph of Secession. Italy would, I think, have been a nation long ago if the *mot d'ordre* had not passed through the world that the Italians were a romantic people. And so, in the same way, we shall never be able to understand Germany unless we free ourselves from the stereotyped impression that the Germans are dreamers, enthusiasts, and sentimentalists. The odd feature about these and all similar delusions is, that they are encouraged by the very nations concerning whom they are propagated. Just as men and women are flattered by having qualities attributed to them which they do not possess, so nations value any definition of their character in an exactly inverse proportion to its truth. The Germans being, as a rule, eminently matter-of-fact, delight at the accusation of sentimentalism; being prosaic, they are pleased to be called dreamers; being somewhat of the earth, earthy, it is gratifying to them to be stigmatised as enthusiasts. I think, myself, that anybody who studies their literature, without any foregone conclusion, will discover in it very few traces of transcendentalism. No doubt they have contributed largely to the study

of metaphysics ; but the fact that they make a hobby of metaphysical inquiries no more proves that they are transcendentalists than the circumstance that Lord Palmerston had a taste for astronomical researches shows that he was a book-worm or a *savant*. It is true that German metaphysical works are signally unintelligible ; but then, apart from the intricacy of the language in which these works are written, I think no small part of their involvedness is due to the matter-of-fact Teutonic intellect being eminently unadapted to abstract speculations. Putting aside metaphysics, you will find that all the branches of literature in which Germany has achieved the highest success have been of a positive and realistic order. She has contributed largely to history, and mathematics, and grammar, and philology, and science ; but her share in the world's property of poetry and fiction is, to speak the truth, a very small one. In ballad-poetry alone, if we except Goethe's poems, has Germany produced works of the highest excellence ; and even Goethe, for a genius—which he was most assuredly—was the most matter-of-fact of geniuses. Heine was, perhaps, more of a true sentimentalist than any other German writer I can call to mind : but then Heine was not a German, but one of the most cosmopolitan of a cosmopolitan race, who happened, by the accident of birth, to write in German. If we exclude *Wilhelm Meister*, which is not properly a novel, I do not know of any single German work of fiction that could fairly be placed in the first rank of romance-literature ; very few which would hold a high place even in the second or third.

This view of the German character will, I think, be confirmed by any one who has lived much in Germany, or known much of Germans. Industry, common sense, matter-of-fact appreciation of the circumstances in which they are placed, and a keen taste for material comfort, are, I should say, their national characteristics. They have many virtues and many excellences. As a rule, I think they are honest, hard-working, truthful, and kind-hearted above any nation I have ever been acquainted with; but they are not a romantic or enthusiastic nation. It would never be a Teutonic dog who would drop his bone of meat for the shadow magnified in the water. His mistake, if mistake he made, would consist in appreciating his bone so keenly that he could not make up his mind to drop it in order to pick up a joint which lay within his reach. Let me not be misunderstood as wishing to generalise about all Germans as being matter-of-fact. On such subjects, as I have said before, generalisations are delusive. My own belief is that all nations resemble each other much more than we like to allow, and that their differences of character arise from variations of position and circumstances, not from any great inherent difference of vices or virtues, qualities or deficiencies. But whether this matter-of-fact tendency, which I attribute to the Teutonic mind, be due to external or internal causes, you must take it into account, in order to understand in any way the movement towards unity which seems about to create a new Germany.

Ever since the days of "Karl der Grosse" (it is a

cruel offence to German pride to speak of him as Charlemagne), if not since the older days of Herman, there has been a German nation occupying more or less of the area bounded within the limits of the now defunct Confederacy. The whole confused and uninteresting history of the Fatherland is, with rare exceptions, one of domestic wars and civil strife, not of resistance to foreign invasion. The wars of Gustavus Adolphus, of Louis XIV., of Charles XII., of Marlborough, of Frederick the Great, were all more or less, as far as Germany was concerned, internal struggles, waged to insure the supremacy of some state or party. With the exception of the wars against the Turks, none of these wars can strictly be said to have had a national character. Practically, the old Empire prevented Germany from conquest or annexation; and, till the era of the First Napoleon, the greater portion of the Fatherland never experienced the miseries of a prolonged subjection to foreign rule. The War of Independence laid, I think, the first foundation of the desire for a united Germany. But, as it happened that the restoration of the different princes to their thrones was simultaneous with the expulsion of the hated foreigner, the patriotism of the Fatherland naturally, for a time, associated the existence of the community of independent States with the idea of national independence and freedom. In the literature of that time, in many respects the Augustan era of Germany, you find hardly any trace of the demand for unity. The patriots of that day would, I think, have looked very coldly on anybody who proposed the suppression of the

small States. Those petty independent communities were regarded traditionally as sources of protection for popular liberty and intellectual development against the overwhelming power of the Empire. In fact, all German political notions of the period were based upon the idea of a Confederacy, in which it was desirable to strengthen by all means the independence of the individual members. That the Empire was a thing of the past, in name as well as in fact, was a truth Germany did not begin to realise till a much later date. The other day there was a poem in the *Kladder-a-datsch* describing the old "Reich" as a stately cathedral, very cumbrous as a building, very insecure, and very old-fashioned, but still sufficing to shelter the worshippers who collected within its walls. When this old shrine—the poem declared—was thrown down by the storms, the princes of Germany set to work to build it up again; but, the moment they had erected thirty and odd comfortable stalls for themselves, they suspended the construction of the edifice. Now this metaphorical account expresses accurately enough the nature of the Confederation which was established after the overthrow of the Napoleonic régime. The thirty and odd sovereigns provided for their own continuance upon their several thrones, and troubled themselves very little about anything else. Henceforward there was no central authority in Germany which sufficed to keep the governments of the minor States in some sort of order. Austria alone, or Prussia alone, could have exercised a sufficient control; but, as neither of the two

would allow the other to interfere, the result was that the petty governments did pretty much what they liked in all internal matters. From 1815 to 1866, the history of Germany has consisted in a perpetual conflict between the decaying power of Austria to maintain its hereditary supremacy and the gaining efforts of Prussia to assert her leadership. The instinct of self-preservation, common alike to all created things, from kings to spiders, taught the German princes that Austria was less dangerous to them than Prussia, and therefore they sided almost invariably with the least aggressive of the two great States.

It was, however, very slowly that the German mind awoke to the conviction that the interests of the nation were directly opposed to those of its rulers. Many of the minor governments were extremely bad ones, but their faults were negative rather than positive. Even at their worst they were German governments; and their princes were men speaking the same language, having the same prejudices, and sharing the same sympathies with their subjects. Moreover, during the last half-century the social unification of Germany has proceeded at a rate out of all proportion to her political development. There has existed for ever so long a common German language and literature and life. And thus the passion for unity has been a plant of much slower growth north than south of the Alps. The Italians desired one Italy, because they wished to be masters in their own country; the Germans learnt to desire one Germany because they wanted to be a powerful nation abroad, and to get rid of a cumbrous and vexatious

system of internal organisation. In the Peninsula, the cry of "Italia una ed indipendente" appealed to that most widespread and deep-rooted of all popular passions, the hatred of foreign domination : but in the Fatherland, the movement for "Deutsche Einigkeit" only came home to the educated and thinking classes.

It so happened, by a combination of circumstances, that the way in which the unity of Germany seems likely to be brought about was one which met with little favour from the men who were the most active propagandists of the unitarian doctrine. If Germany becomes one at all, it will be by being absorbed into Prussia; yet this is a contingency which the original leaders in the demand for unification regarded with the utmost ill-will, if not with absolute incredulity. In the days when Charles Albert ruled as a despotic prince, any Italian Liberal who had proposed to unite Italy under the House of Savoy would have been considered a lunatic or a traitor. In the same way, till after 1848, no friend of German unity would ever have regarded the aggrandisement of Prussia as anything but a calamity to the national cause. Even in that *annus mirabilis*, when well-nigh every government in the Fatherland was overthrown by the Revolution, nobody proposed the annihilation of the minor States as independent communities. The ideal of the German Liberals of the time was a federative commonwealth. It was only at the last moment, when the reaction was triumphing everywhere, that the Frankfort Parliament, as a forlorn hope, offered the King of Prussia the nominal

crown of Germany. The utter and lamentable failure of 1848 discredited the Republican creed with the nation; the leaders of the party were scattered—some dead, some in prison, many in exile—and a new generation grew up in the Fatherland, who were even less disposed than their fathers to pin their faith in a democratic Republic. The first Schleswig-Holstein war did much to identify the intensely strong sentiment of German nationality with the comparatively feeble desire for unity. Whether rightly or wrongly, reasonably or unreasonably, the cause of the Germans in the Elbe duchies was universally regarded in Germany as a national cause; and the defeat of the insurgents by the Danes was considered a national defeat. A popular history of the Schleswig campaign, written some years ago, concludes with the following words: "The result of this war should be a lesson to Germany how a nation of forty millions was defeated by one scarcely numbering a million and a half, simply and solely because the latter were united." The lesson conveyed in these words sunk deep into the heart of the people. Then, too, within the last twenty years, owing to emigration and facilities of travel, the Germans have become far better acquainted with foreign countries than they were before. Their emigrants and travellers discovered that abroad the "great German nation" was reckoned of very little account by reason of its divisions and internal dissensions; and the effect thus produced reacted at home, and strengthened the desire for a strong Germany.

But, till within a very recent date, no German popu-

lar writer advocated the aggrandisement of Prussia as a means of securing national unity. The common panacea for the evils which afflicted the Fatherland was to supersede the authority of the Bund by some form of German Parliament. In fact, a federation of States subject to the decisions of a popular Congress, but maintaining their individual independence, was, I think, the constitution which, till a year or so ago, would have recommended itself to the vast majority of German Liberals; but after the second Schleswig-Holstein war the unity party were opposed to the incorporation of the duchies with Prussia, and wished to see Schleswig-Holstein admitted to the Bund as a new and independent State under the House of Augustenberg. Even in Prussia itself the programme of the Liberal party was not the absorption of Germany by Prussia. On the contrary, the leaders of that party shared the common German preference for a federation resembling that of the United States, with the difference, that they personally were disposed to attach more importance to the supremacy of Prussia than their southern and non-Prussian fellow-thinkers. I remember three years ago asking an advanced Berlin Liberal, since one of the staunchest supporters of Count Bismarck, whether there was much feeling of Prussian (as distinct from German) patriotism among the educated classes in Prussia; and was assured by him, I believe with perfect sincerity, that of local or sectional patriotism there was very little in Northern Germany.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the Berlin Chambers,

whether owing to the novelty of parliamentary institutions in Prussia, or to the system of double election, have never represented more than one class—though a very important and worthy class—of the Prussian nation. Of all the States of the extinct Confederacy, Prussia was really the only one which had a distinct and individual nationality of its own. Austria was a mere conglomeration of heterogeneous kingdoms, of which the ruling one happened to be German; the other States were too small and powerless to have a national character strong enough to counterbalance the German element which was common to the whole Bund. But Prussia stood apart from the rest. Her dominions were better governed, her administration was more upright, her people were more prosperous and more educated, than was the case in any of the other countries which composed the Confederation. Prussia, too, had not only, like some of her fellow States, a great history, but she had also a great future. I think that to Count Bismarck, as to Count Cavour, history will give the credit of being the author of the unity of his country. The Piedmontese statesman most certainly did not originate the idea of Italian unity. It is doubtful whether he would ever have conceived it if others had not suggested it to him; but, having become a convert to its desirability, he had the genius to see in what way it could alone be carried out. He perceived that the homogeneous and energetic kingdom of Sardinia must be made the nucleus round which a united Italy might hereafter be formed. In the same way Herr von Bismarck deserves

the credit of having made the discovery — that, if Germany was to be united at all, it must be by making Prussia the foundation of a united Fatherland, not by fusing Prussia into Germany. In order to effect Cavour's object, it was necessary to make Piedmont the leading constitutional State in Italy. In order to realise Count Bismarck's idea, it was necessary to render Prussia the chief military State in Germany; and both statesmen carried out their designs with equal resolution, if not with equal ability.

It is a great deal too early in the day to pronounce generally on the success of the new German policy, or to give any just estimate of its author. The fact that the Austrian armies were defeated everywhere with ease does not necessarily prove that the Prussian Premier was justified in the course he pursued; but I think no candid person can read the series of speeches that he has delivered in Parliament since the war in defence of his policy without seeing that he is a very different person from the reckless, insolent adventurer we were all disposed to consider him in England. What I want to point out is that the new Germany, whose creation we are now witnessing, does not owe its being to the realisation of popular passion. Whatever you may say against the new system of making Germany into one country, you cannot justly call it either Utopian or theoretical. It is eminently matter-of-fact, prosaic, and commonplace, and therefore, in my judgment, very well suited to commend itself to the instincts of the German nation.

Nor do I think this scheme can fairly be charged with injustice or being based solely upon brute force. It is curious, if not edifying, to note how the organs of public opinion at home, who could never see the slightest iniquity in the Austrian occupation of Italy, are filled with indignation at the outrage of popular rights and national independence involved in the forcible annexations of Hanover and Hesse. Now, from all I can learn, I do not believe the majority of the population in any one of the annexed States actually wished for annexation to Prussia. The reason why the Prussian government has not appealed to universal suffrage to justify its taking possession of the new provinces is because it is by no means confident of what the result might be. The act of manipulating votes so as to elicit a foregone result is one for which Prussians have very little liking or aptitude; and they attach small value to any artificial indorsement of claims which they allow candidly are mainly due to conquest.

As a mere matter of liking, the Hanoverians, at any rate, would probably prefer to retain their old dynasty; but there is not the slightest evidence to show that they are prepared to make any sacrifices in order to give effect to their predilections. They do not cease to be German; they are not brought under foreign rule; they retain all their freedom and rights; the utmost they have to complain of is that their wishes have not been consulted as to a change in their internal administration. As members of an individual State they may have been ill-used; but as members of the great German community they have no

grievance to allege; and it is this fact which, in my mind, places the forcible annexation of Hanover in a completely different category from the partition of Poland, or any other of the national crimes with which I see it compared by unreasoning opponents of Prussia. The Prussians themselves believe that any objections entertained to their rule by the newly-annexed States are of a temporary and incidental character, and that no lasting violence is being inflicted on the inhabitants of the States in question. Whether this belief is true or not time must show; but the conviction the Prussians entertain of its truth relieves the act of annexation of much of its apparent lawlessness.

Be this as it may, there is no reason to doubt the permanence of these annexations. With the marked prudence Count Bismarck has lately exhibited, and which contrasts so strangely with his previous reputation for recklessness, he has confined the extension of Prussian territory within such limits that the population of the new provinces, willing or unwilling, must by the mere force of circumstances be speedily absorbed into Prussia. People who talk of annexed Nassau or semi-annexed Saxony being a source of weakness to Prussia, in the event of a foreign war, talk about what they do not understand. If the French were to invade Germany to-morrow, I do not believe they would find the slightest substantial assistance in any one of the annexed States; and, half a dozen years hence, they would be as ill-received in Hanover and Dresden as in Berlin itself. As soon as the necessary period of tran-

sition has elapsed, the only difference between the old and new of Prussia will be that the latter is larger and more powerful than the former. And this is the aspect of the German question which the outer world would do well to bear most in mind. In the future, we shall have to deal not so much with united Germany as with an extended Prussia. If the schemes of the old unity party had been carried out, Germany would doubtless have possessed much greater power and influence abroad than she did in bygone days, but she would still have remained the same collection of heterogeneous States, united by certain common bonds and interests, but divided by diversities of institutions, traditions, and dynastic arrangements. But now, according to the Bismarckian system, everything is to be cast in the Prussian mould, cut down or extended to the Prussian standard by a sort of Procrustean process.

It is of course possible this plan may be frustrated by events, just as the somewhat similar design entertained by Count Cavour, of Piedmontising Italy, was defeated by a combination of circumstances which no foresight could have provided against. But Bismarck's enterprise is much easier than that attempted by his Italian predecessor. In the first place he can afford to work slowly, which Cavour could not; in the second, Prussia, unlike Piedmont, is immeasurably more powerful than any or all the kingdoms she is about to incorporate with her own. Moreover, the success of this scheme does not depend upon a single life. Another fanatic may succeed where young Blind failed; and yet the Prussianising plan is so based upon the tra-

ditions of the Prussian crown, so harmonious with the instincts of the Prussian people, that it is pretty sure to be prosecuted even if its original parent was removed from power by caprice or fate.

Thus the new Germany will be virtually Prussia under new conditions of existence. No doubt the annexed provinces will react in their turn upon the old; and the Prusso-German kingdom will, one may fairly hope, be less provincial than old Prussia. But, though the wheels may run somewhat more smoothly, the machine will remain the same. For a time, at any rate, the internal system of government will remain of the standard Prussian type, in which the Parliament reigns, but does not govern. The Prussian constitution is the exact counterpart of our own, with this single difference, that the Crown, and not the Commons, is the most powerful of the three Estates. Our constitution is worked, and is workable only, upon an unexpressed understanding that, if the three Estates cannot agree, the House of Lords and the Crown must ultimately give way to the House of Commons; and this understanding is due to a consideration, whether sound or unsound, that, if it came to a contest, the nation would support the Parliament in preference to either Peers or Sovereign. Now in Prussia, according to the Crown theory, the three persons of the Constitutional trinity are equal and independent; but, if it comes to an irreconcilable issue, the Crown has the deciding vote. This theory of course is based upon a conviction that the nation would in the end support the Crown rather than

the Parliament: and the Constitutional party have always shrunk from disproving the truth of this assumption by the test of experience. The parliamentary Liberals base their hopes upon the fact that the present King is old, and that the Crown Prince is of a liberal turn of mind. I can recollect exactly the same hopes being based on the supposed liberalism of the present King, when he was heir presumptive to the throne. Personally, I attach very little confidence to the parliamentary proclivities of Prussian princes. One may be wiser than another; but they all hold in their hearts the same creed, that they are kings, not by the will, but for the good, of their people. To do them justice, according to their lights, they have ruled honestly for what they considered their people's good; and it is the knowledge that they have done so in the past, the belief that they will do so in the future, which gives them such a hold upon a nation to whom parliamentary institutions are still extremely new. So, for many years to come, I expect the Prussian monarchy will be governed on the principles laid down by the King at his coronation at Königsberg. In the days of 1848, the Hessians sent a deputation to the Elector to ask for a constitution. The disreputable old despot heard the petition, and asked the spokesman what he was. "A brewer," was the answer. "Brewers sha'n't govern." This was all the reply that the deputation received. The Hessians have changed their dynasty, and have got an honest upright sovereign in

the place of one of the most ill-conditioned royal gentlemen who ever sat upon a throne. But I suspect the new ruler is as resolved in his heart as the old that "brewers sha'n't govern."

So I doubt whether the cause of parliamentary government, in the way in which we understand the word, will profit much by the aggrandisement of Prussia. On the other hand, representative institutions will be a reality in the new kingdom, as in the old; and it is possible the Germans may ultimately learn the true working of parliamentary life more thoroughly by the restrictions which for the present are placed upon the action of their legislature. The military system in force in Prussia will unquestionably be extended to the whole of the North German Bund. An oppressive system it is, undoubtedly, but the fact that it presses on everybody alike relieves it of much of its unpopularity. It is only in the great commercial centres that the enforced service is felt to be an intolerable burden; and, though the growth of commercial prosperity in Prussia is immensely rapid, yet a long time must elapse before the trading element in the state becomes powerful enough to outweigh the influence of the Crown and the army. One result, indeed, of these annexations will be to give greatly-increased strength to this trading element—an element always favourable to political freedom. In the course of a very short time, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg will be annexed virtually

—for my own part, I believe, openly—to the Northern kingdom, and then Prussia will become at once second maritime commercial power in Europe.

How far the establishment of a great and united military monarchy—for Prussia is nothing more or less than this—will prove conducive to the interests of peace is another question. For the present, Prussia has enough to do at home to occupy herself. Her manifest destiny is to swallow up the adjacent States, one after the other, until she has become identical with Germany. She will not seek a foreign war; but, if a foreign war were forced upon her, she would accept it gladly, as the best means of consolidating her empire. Whether, when she has accomplished the consolidation of her kingdom, she will be an aggressive power, it is impossible to say. As a mere matter of opinion, I think Italy has been extremely fortunate in securing Venetia before Germany became united under Prussia. But, as far as England is concerned, we have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, from the aggrandisement of our old ally. A Prussia extending from the Danube to the Rhine, from the Baltic to the Alps, will be a barrier against any possible encroachments of Russia westwards; and England, allied to Prussia by interest and race and religion, will no longer have any necessity to dread the immense military power of France. These, of course, are mere vague speculations concerning events not yet accomplished. But thus much we can already see, that the

tendency of this great national movement is not to create a united Germany so much as an enlarged Prussia. And, whatever amount of truth there may have been in our old theory about the dreamy unpractical character of Germany, it is utterly and absurdly false when applied to Prussia. A more matter-of-fact prosaic nation will not exist in Europe than the new Germany whose formation we are now criticising. The fact is one that, both for good and bad, foreign countries and foreign governments would do well, as Captain Cuttle said, "when found, to make a note of."

THE END.

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